



The Puritan.

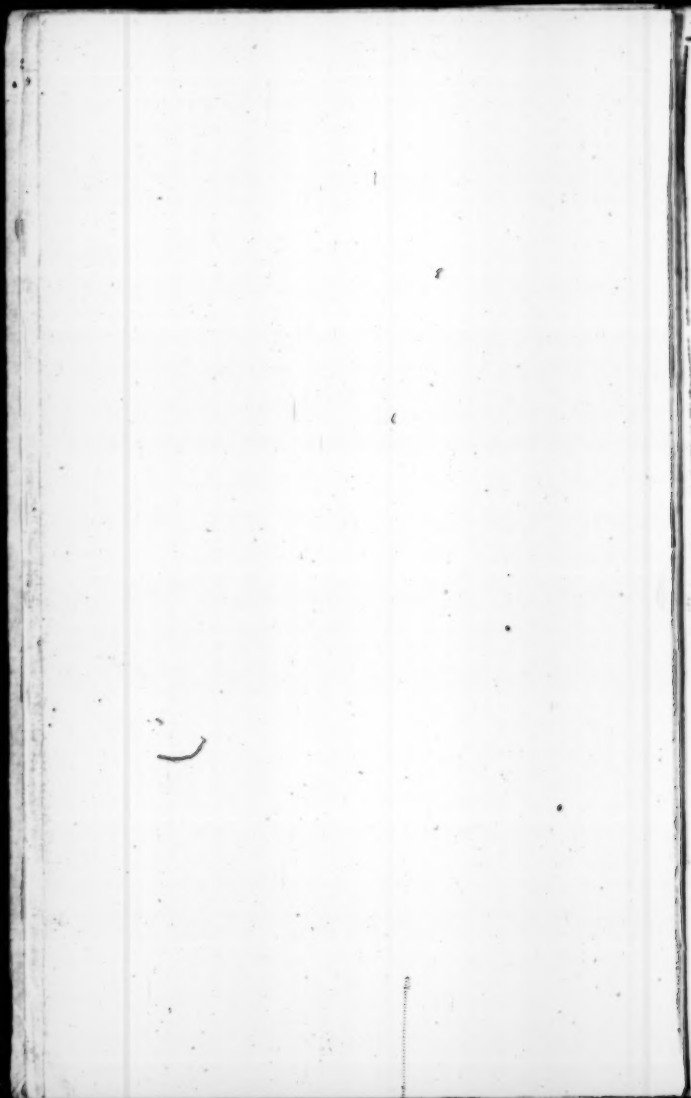


Covenanter,



An Exact  
COLLECTION  
of y<sup>e</sup> Choicest Poems  
& Songs, Relating to  
the late times, & Con-  
tinued by the most  
Eminent Wits, from  
A 1639. to 1661.





R U M P:

OR AN

EXACT COLLECTION

Of the Choycest

P O E M S

AND

S O N G S

RELATING TO THE

Late Times.

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By the most Eminent Wits, from *Anno*  
1639. to *Anno* 1661.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gun in *Ivy-*  
*lane*, and *Henry Marsh* at the *Princes Armes*  
in *Chancery-lane*. 1662.

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R U M P :

PR 1211  
R7  
1662  
office

P O E M S

S O N G S

Late Times.

the most important & best from the  
1862 to 1863

L O N D O N

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the  
New York Office, No. 10, Nassau Street, N.Y.



TO THE  
R E A D E R.

**T**hou hast here a Bundle of Rodds; not like those of the Roman Consulls, for these are signes of a No-Government. If thou read these Ballads (and not sing them) the poor Ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one Author; (thou wilt soon perceive the same hand held not the Pen) yet none but shew either Wit or Affection (and that's better) or Both, which is best of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the whole

A 3

## To the Reader.

whole Carcase was so odious and bloody a Monster, that every man has a stone or rotten Egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who nam'd it Rump, know 'twas so stil'd in an honest Sheet of Paper (call'd **The Bloody Rump**) written before the Tryal of our late Sovereign of Glorious Memory: but the Word obtain'd not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major General Brown at a Publick Assembly in the daies of Richard Cromwell. You have many Songs here, which were never before in Print: We need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoyned any Authors Names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the Gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did His Majesty some Service, 'twas for that end they were scribbled. Now (thanks be to God) we have liv'd to that day, that there is no Cavalier, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majesties Faithfull Subjects

## To the Reader.

jects, who were ready to hang the Authors of these Ballads. But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their New Allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve Universal Peace and Charity, let him be Anathema; For he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the King do now write for Him, and those who wrote for Him, need now write no more. Let Heaven now continue these Blessings on His Majesty, that no one Enemy live unreconciled, nor any false Friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most Duty to so Excellent a KING.

Farewell.

---

The



## The Stationers to the Reader.

Gentlemen,

**Y**OU are invited here to a Feast, and if  
Variety cloy you not, we are satisfied. It  
has been our Care to please you; and it is our  
Hope you will retribute an Acknowledgement.  
These are select Things, a work of Time, which  
for your sake we Publish, assuring you that  
your Welcome will Crown the Entertainment.

Farewell.

Yours,

H. B. H. M.





# RUMP-SONGS.

## The First Part.

The ZEALOUS PURITAN.  
1639.



Y Brethren all attend,  
And list to my relation :  
This is the day, mark what I say,  
Tends to your renovation ;  
Stay not among the Wicked,  
Lest that with them you perish,  
But let us to New-England go,  
And the Pagan People cherish ;  
*Then for the truths sake come along, come along,  
Leave this place of Superstition :  
Were it not for we, that the Brethren be,  
You would sink into Perdition.*

There you may teach our hymns,  
Without the Laws controulment :  
We need not fear, the Bishops there,  
Nor Spiritual-Courts inroulment ;

B

Nay,

Nay, the Surplice shall not fright us,  
 Nor superstitious blindness;  
 Nor scandals rise, when we disguise,  
 And our Sisters kiss in kindness;  
*Then for the truths sake, &c.*

For Company I fear not,  
 There goes my Cousin Hannah,  
 And Ruben, so periwades to go  
 My Cousin Joyce, Susanna.  
 With Abigail and Faith,  
 And Ruth, no doubt, comes after;  
 And Sarah kind, will not stay behind,  
 My Cousin Constance Daughter;  
*Then for the truth, &c.*

Tom Tyler is prepared,  
 And th' Smith as black as a coal;  
 Ralph Cobler too with us will go,  
 For he regards his soul;  
 The Weaver, honest Simon,  
 With Prudence, Jacobs Daughter,  
 And Sarah, she, and Barbary  
 Professeth to come after;  
*Then for the truth, &c.*

When we, that are elected,  
 Arrive in that fair Country,  
 Even by our faith, as the Brethren saith,  
 We will not fear our entry;  
 The Psalms shall be our Musick,  
 Our time spent in expounding,  
 Which in our zeal we will reveal  
 To the Brethrens joy abounding;  
*Then for the truths sake, &c.*

*Pym's Juncto. 1640.*

**T** Ruth I could chide you Friends, why, how to  
My Watch speaks Eight and not one pin o' th  
State (late?)

This day undone, can such remissness fit  
Your Active spirits, or my more Hellish wit?  
The Sun each step he mounts to Heavens Crown,  
Whilst Pym commands, should see a Kingdome  
down;

Y'ave spurs enough I'me sure to make you run.  
HOPES guilty, FORTUNES crackt, and th' ILLS  
y'ave done,

Thus Whilome seated was Great *James* his Heir,  
Just, as you see me now, ith' Kingdoms Chair:  
There the Great Seal, there *Richmond*, *Hertford*  
late,

There *Marshall*, *Dorset*, *Bristol's* temperate pate,  
But there late *Pembroke*, life of Loyalty,  
There *Holland*, flower of Fidelity.

We are no lesse then *Charles* in power and state,  
You are our Junctoes, who were his of late;

Here sits *K* ——— Holy Say, and Seal,

With *Wharton*, *Warwick*, *Brookes* inspired zeal:

*Stroud*, *Hampden*, *H* ——— *Hasturidge*, bold spirits,

Bold *Martin*, *Ludlow*, *Vain*, unmatched wights,

But their Church-Elder, *Whites* Religious beard,

There sits Abomination Statists: *Perd*:

*Charles* wear at *York* thy Crown that pretty thing.

We must most humbly be at *London* King.

But what's the businesse of the House this day,

How speaks my note, Commissioners of Array,

The nineteen Propositions to be scand  
 A second time, M—— Train-band,  
 Letters from *Tristram Whitcombe*, and from *Hull*,  
 From *Amsterdam*, the Admirall; how full  
 Of high concernments are we Sirs, advise  
 How we most warily may weigh our prise:  
 I do conceive it must be our first play,  
 Be't right or wrong, by Vote to damn th' Array,  
 If ever that take footing and advance,  
 Farewell Militia, and our Ordinance,  
 But what will the appearance be? yet stay,  
 Who dares our leading Votes and Wills gainsay?  
 Should any haughty spirit presume so far,  
 What serves the Tower for then, or the Bar?  
 But if we fear the businesse will not bend  
 As may be most conducing to our end:  
 By some feign'd wile it must be our next Plot  
 To put it off, and a new time alot,  
 And just Junpe for our turn: these Letters shall  
 From *Whitcombe*, *Hotham*, or our Admirall,  
 (Though forg'd untruths) be interpos'd and read,  
 To spend the time, and maze the Peoples head;  
 If the next day we yet suspect to find  
 Such whose just Conscience cannot be inclin'd  
 To be made Vassals to our desperate sence,  
 'Tis easie to procure a Conference,  
 Which shall out-spin the leisure of the morn,  
 Then we'll resume the House, and so adjourn  
 Till five at night, the moderate wearied thus,  
 Will quit their seats and leave us, none but us;  
 There's President for this, this was the feat  
 That pluckt the Bishops from the Barons seat,  
 This wrought good Orders, manag'd many a Vote,  
 This Art must my Disciples learn by Rote.

But

# Part I. Rump Songs

5

But if the Accommodation chance to spring  
 Into debate, then your Artillery bring,  
 And lay that flat, that cold: my Genius starts  
 With fear to find ith' House two Loyal hearts;  
 Seem though we must teeth outwards to comply,  
 And humbly kisse the feet of Majesty,  
 Yet live we cannot, but obedience dead,  
 Nor stand elsewhere but on the Kingdoms head;  
 Calmes proper are for guilelesse sons of Peace,  
 Our Vessels bear out best in storming Seas;  
*Charles* must not reign secure whilst reigns a *Pym*,  
 The Sun if it rise with us must set with him;  
 You have one pleasure which must be exprest  
 To *Leicester* *Pembroke*, *St* — and your rest,  
 Bid *Essex*, *Percy*, and your *Quondam* Groom  
 O'th stool, to wait us in the Princes Room:  
 Some of you subtilly may in *Cottons* walk,  
 Sic and allure Affections by your talk,  
 'Twill be a work worthy your nimble wit,  
 To gain the Devil and us a Profelyte.  
 So, to your businesse, yet ere you be gone  
 Take my advice, then blessing light upon  
 Your nimble Votes, and first be ture you shroud  
 Your dark designs in a Religious Cloud,  
 Gods Glory, Churches Good, Kings head Supreme,  
 A Preaching Minister must be your Tneame;  
 Next structure of your *Babel* to be built,  
 Must speciously be varnisht o're, and gilt  
 With Liberty, Propriety of lives  
 And fortunes, gainst th' high stretcht Prerogatives;  
 And then a Speech or two most neatly spent,  
 For Rights and Privilege of Parliament;  
 These two well mixt, you'll need no other lures  
 To gain the People, and to make them yours.

If *Charles* displeased, with some witty, tart  
 Message ( and justly too ) shall make you start,  
 Saying ye have put him to his Guard, be sure  
 Ye then be loud enough, and first cry Whore,  
 War rais'd against the Parliament, a great  
 Hinderance of the *Irish* Ayde, and strong Abet  
 Unto the Rebels : then if any thing  
 You have may blast the Honour of the King,  
 Be it bad enough, no matter from what hand,  
 Wee'l Vote it true, and then to believe command;  
 But on your memories if I impose no more,  
 You cannot misse your way when I'me before :  
 Rise *Synna*, *Sylla*, *Marius*, *Gracchus* Ghost,  
 With the rest of the whole Mechanick Host,  
 Comes greatest Earth-quakes, and this little trunck  
 Make with your desperate Spirits deeply drunk,  
 Up from your droulie urnes, the Ghost of those  
 My Ancestors that *Richard* did depose,  
 Drop fresh into my breast, my soul inspire,  
 And strongly actuate me with your fire,  
 That theirs thus mixt with my Malitious Gall,  
 Mine may with theirs fully possesse you all.  
 Go and exceed their Villanies as much more  
 As theirs did all attempts that was before;  
 Act past example, that it may be known  
 You copied no example but your own.  
 And if in after times, when silently  
 We sleep, another firebrand chance to be,  
 'Twill be chief Crown and Glory unto him,  
 To say he playd his Pranks like you and *Pym*.

Upon

*Upon Mr. Pym's Picture.*

**R**eader, behold the Counterfeit of him  
 Who now controuls the Land; *Almighty*  
 ( *Pym!*

A man whom even the Devil to fear begins,  
 And dares not trust him with successeles sins;  
 A man who now is wading through the Floud  
 Of Reverend *Lands*, and Noble *Straffords* Bloud,  
 To strike so high as to put Bishops down,  
 And in the *Miter* to controul the *Crown*;  
 The Wretch hath mighty thoughts, and enter-

( *tains*

Some Glorious Mischief in his Active Brains,  
 Where now he's plotting to make *England* such  
 As may out-vye the villany of the *Dutch*;  
 He dares not go to Heaven, 'cause he doth fear  
 To meet ( and not pull down ) the Bishops there :  
 Is it not strange, that in that Shuttle-head  
 Three Kingdoms ruines should be buried ?  
 Is it not strange there should be hatch't a Plot  
 Which should out-doe the Treason of the *Scot*,  
 And even the Malice of a *Puritan* ?

Reader behold, and hate the poysonous man;  
 The Picture's like him; yet 'tis very fit  
 He adde one likeness more, that's hang like it.

## A Song.

To the Tune of *Blue Cappe for me.*

**L**et *Scots* now return at *Lesleys* demand,  
 How all the Affairs in the North-part do stand,  
 And tell him the Parliament is fully agreed  
 To send him good store of Mony with speed,  
 To serve their occasions: thus say, they shall find  
 For to come to passe, when the Devil is blind.

Let all their Brethren be new circumcis'd,  
 And *burton* and — for Saints canonis'd,  
 And at the Sacrament sit for their ease,  
 And pray unto God, even just when they please,  
 The *Scots* in despite shall please their own mind,  
 And do what they please, when the Devil is  
 (blind.

Next they will have in each City and Town  
 All painted Glasse-windows to be pull'd down ;  
 One Bell in a Church to call them away,  
 It's enough when the Spirit doth move them to  
 (pray,  
 Without any Surplice or Tippet behind  
 The Priest shall say Service , when the Devil is  
 (blind.

Lastly, the Parliament in any case  
 Will down with all Organs, for Piping is base;

No



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 9

No cringing below the Altar shall be,  
For that is a Trick of Idolatry.:

Now tell me good *Scots*, are not *English-men*  
( kind,  
But when this comes to passe, say the Devil is  
( blind.

---

*Mr. Hampdens Speech against Peace at the  
close Committee.*

To the Tune of *I went from England.*

**B**Ut will you now to Peace incline,  
And languish in the Main design,  
And leave us in the lurch?  
I would not Monarchy destroy,  
But only as the way to enjoy  
The ruine of the Church.

Is not the Bishops Bill deny'd,  
And we still threatned to be try'd?  
You see the King embraces  
Those Councillours he approv'd before:  
Nor doth he promise, which is more,  
That we shall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot*,  
( For 'tis no Secret new ) the Plot  
Was *Sayes* and mine together:  
Did I for this return again,  
And spend a Winter there in vain,  
I went more to invite them hither.  
Though

Though more our Mony than our Cause  
Their Brotherly assistance draws,  
My labour was not lost.  
At my Return I brought you thence  
Necessity, their strong Pretence,  
And these shall quit the Cost.

Did I for this my County bring  
To help their Knight against their King,  
And raise the first Sedition ?  
Though I the Business did decline,  
Yet I contriv'd the whole Design,  
And sent them their Petition.

So many nights spent in the City  
In that invisible Committee;  
The Wheele that governs all;  
From thence the Change in Church and State,  
And all the Mischiefs bear the date  
From *Haberdashers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to despair,  
Upon the King to cast the War,  
To make the World abhor him :  
Because the Rebels us'd his Name,  
Though we our selves can do the same,  
While both alike were for him.

Then the same Fire we kindled here  
With that, was given to quench it there,  
And wisely lost that Nation :  
To do as crafty Beggars use,  
To maim themselves thereby to abuse  
The simple mans compassion.

Have

t I. Part I. *Rump Songs.*

II

Have I so often past between  
*Windsor and Westminster* unseen,  
And did my self divide :  
To keep his Excellence in awe,  
And give the Parliament the Law,  
For they knew none beside.

Did I for these take pains to teach  
Our zealous Ignorants to preach,  
And did their Lungs inspire ,  
Read them their Text, shew'd them their Parts,  
And taught them all their little Arts,  
To fling abroad the Fire.

Sometimes to begg, sometimes to threaten,  
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,  
And stroke the Peoples ears;  
Then streight when Victory grows cheap,  
And will no more advance the heap,  
To raise the price of Fears.

And now the Book, and now the Bells,  
And now the Act the Preachers tells  
To edifie the People;  
All our Divinity is News,  
And we have made of equal use  
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And shall we kindle all this Flame,  
Onely to put it out again,  
And must we now give o're,  
And only end where we begun  
In vain this Mischief we have done,  
If we can do no more.

If

If men in Peace can have their right,  
Where's the Necessity to fight,  
That breaks both Law, the Oath;  
They'le say they fight not for the Cause,  
Nor to defend the King and Laws,  
But as against them both.

Either the Cause at first was ill,  
Or being good it was so still;  
And thence they will infer,  
That either now, or at the first  
They were deceiv'd; or which is worse,  
That we our selves may erre.

But Plague and Famine will come in,  
For they and we are near of kin,  
And cannot go asunder :  
But while the wicked starve, indeed  
The Saints have ready at their need  
Gods Providence and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,  
And Gallant Villains if we fail,  
When to our fame 'tis told;  
It will not be our last of prayse,  
Sin' a New State we could not raise  
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote  
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;  
Oh 'tis a patient Beast :  
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,  
And can no longer have the rule,  
We'le have the Spoyle at least.

## A Song.

To the Tune of *The Queens old Souldier.*

TO make *Charles* a great King, and give him no  
 To Honour him much, and not obey him an  
 To provide for his Safety, and take away his  
 And to prove all is sweet, be it never so lower.

*The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.*

To secure men their Lives, Liberties and Estates  
 By arbitrary Power, as it pleaseth the Fates  
 To take away Taxes, by imposing great Rates,  
 And to make us a Playster by breaking our Pates:  
*The new Order of the Land, & the Lands new Order.*

To fit and consult for ever and a day,  
 To counterfeit Treason by a Parliamentary way,  
 To quiet the Land by a tumultuous sway,  
 New Plots to devise, then them to betray.  
*The new Order, &c.*

To leave all Votes free by using of Force.  
 That one make Petitions for Countie by course,  
 To make *Pym* as great as his Mothers great Horse,  
 Which *William* left *Agnus*, though his meaning was  
 (worse.

*The new Order, &c.*

To encourage good Souldiers by cashiering the  
 To hearten brave Spirits by expelling the Land,  
 To

To quit *Digby* and *Deering*, whom they can't un-  
(derstand

To frame not new Laws, but new Words, if well  
(scan'd.

*The new Order, &c.*

To put by brave Doctors, because th'are not  
(taught,

To set for Preachers men, very well wrought,  
Who all the day fish, but nothing ere caught;  
This, Bretheren, were good, if not very naught.

*The new Order, &c.*

To send them their Zealots to Heaven in a string,  
Who else to Confusion Religion will bring,  
Who say the Lords Prayer is a Popish thing,  
Who pray for themselves, but leave out their  
(King.

*The new Order of the Land, and the Lands new Order.*

### A Song.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

**K** Now this my Brethren Heaven is clear,  
And all the clowds are gone,  
The righteous men shall flourish now  
Good dayes are comming on;  
Come then my Brethren and be glad,  
And eke rejoyce with me,  
Lawn sleeves and Rochets shall go down,  
And hey then up go we.

Wee'll

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 15

Wee'l break the Windows which the Whore  
Of *Babylon* hath painted,  
And when the Popish Saints are down,  
Then *Burges* shall be Sainted ;  
There's neither Crosse nor Crucifix  
shall stand for men to see,  
*Romes* trash and trumpery shall go down,  
And hey then up go we.

What ere the Popish hands have built,  
Our Hammers shall undoe,  
Wee'l break their Pipes, and burn their Copes,  
And pull down *Churches* too :  
Wee'l exercise within the Groves,  
And teach beneath a Tree,  
Wee'l make a *Pulpit* of a *Cask*,  
And hey then up go we.

Wee'l down with all the *Verfities*,  
Where Learning is profest,  
Because they practice and maintain  
The language of the Beast ;  
Wee'l drive the *Doctors* out of doors,  
And parts what ere they be ;  
Wee'l cry all *Arts* and *Learning* down  
And hey then up go we.

Wee'l down with *Deans* and *Prebends* too,  
And I rejoyce to tell ye  
How that we will eat *Pigs* our fill,  
And *Capon* by the belly ;  
Wee'l burn the *Fathers* Learned Books,  
And make the School-men flee ;  
Wee'l down with all that smells of wit,  
And hey then up go we.

If once the *Antichristian* crew  
Be crush'd and overthrown,  
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to stoop,  
And keep the Gentry down :  
Good manners have an ill report,  
And turns to pride we see,  
Wee'l therefore cry good manners down,  
*And hey then up go we.*

The name of *Lords* shall be abhorr'd,  
for every man's a Brother,  
No reason why in *Church* and *State*  
One man should rule another.  
But when the Change of Government  
Shall set our fingers free,  
Wee'l make the wanton *Sisters* stoop,  
*And hey then up go we.*

What though the *King* and *Parliament*  
Do not accord together,  
We have more cause to be content,  
This is our Sun-shine weather ;  
For if that reason should take place,  
And they should once agree,  
Who would be in a *Round-heads* case ?  
*And hey then up go we.*

What should we do then in this case,  
Let's put it to a venture,  
If that we hold out seven years space,  
Wee'l sue out our indenture.  
A time may come to make us rue,  
And time may set us free,  
Except the *Gallows* claim his due,  
*And hey then up go we.*



*The Humble Petition of the House of Commons.*

**I**F *Charles* thou wilt but be so kind  
To give us leave to take our mind,  
Of all thy store.  
When we thy Loyal Subjects, find  
Th'ast nothing left to give behind,  
Wee'l ask no more:

First, for Religion, it is meet  
We make it go upon new feet,  
'Twas lame before:  
One from *Geneva* would be sweet,  
Let *Warwick* fetch't home with his Fleet,  
Wee'll ask no more.

Let us a Consultation call  
Of Honest men, but Round-heads all,  
God knows wherefore;  
Allow them but a place to baul  
'Gainst Bishops Courts Canonical,  
Wee'll ask no more.

Let him be hang'd a Surplice wears,  
And Tippet on his shoulders bears,  
Raggs of the Whore;  
Secure us from our needlesse fears,  
Let — and *Burton* have their ears,  
Wee'll ask no more.

Reform each University,  
 And in them let no Learning be,  
                     A great Eye-sore ;  
 From hence make *Romes Arminians* flee,  
 That none may have free-will but wee,  
                     Wee'll ask no more.

Left the Elect should go astray,  
 Let Coblers teach you the right way  
                     To Heavens door ;  
 And lest their soles should wear away,  
 Let them their Sisters underlay,  
                     Wee'll ask no more.

Next from the Bishops Hierarchy,  
 Oh the word sounds but scurvily,  
                     Let's hear't no more ;  
 It ne're was taught the Apostles by,  
 Lay-Elders may the place supply,  
                     Wee'll ask no more.

Next, for the State, we think it fit  
 That Mr. *Pym* should govern it,  
                     He's very poor :  
 The money that's for *Ireland* writ,  
 Faith let them have the Devil a bit,  
                     Wee'll ask no more.

For ordering the Militia,  
 Let us ordain a new new way,  
                     Ne're heard before ;  
 Let the Great Council bear the sway,  
 If you will give us leave you may,  
                     Wee'll ask no more,

In this we will not be deny'd,  
Because in you wee'll not confide,  
We know wherefore  
The Citizens their Plate provide,  
Do you but send in yours beside,  
Wee'll ask no more:

Now if that you'll make *Hull* your own,  
There's one thing more we must set down:  
*Forgot before ;*  
Sir *John* shall then give up the Town,  
If you will but resign your Crown,  
Wee'll ask no more.

*The Answer to the Petition, &c.*

**I** Charles the King will be so kind,  
To give you leave to take your mind,  
Of all my store,  
When I you Loyal Subjects find,  
And you those Members have resign'd,  
I askt before.

And when Religion's all your cares,  
Or *London* have such heed of theirs,  
They had before :  
When *Warwick* from *Geneva* dares,  
Now Printed, bring the Common-Prayers,  
And read them o're.

When all your Consultations tend,  
 To pay what you have made men lend,  
                                 None knows wherefore ;  
 When you no more shall say you'll lend,  
 And bring me fairly to mine end,  
                                 You'll ask no more.

When your Smeetymnus Surplice wears,  
 Or Tippet on his shoulders bears,  
                                 Raggs of the Whore ;  
 When Burton, — and Baswick dares,  
 With your good leaves, but shew their Eares,  
                                 They'll ask no more.

When what I borrowed I shall see,  
 Y'have paid each Univerfitie,  
                                 Of th' City store :  
 And Doctors, Chaplains, Fellows, be  
 Free-willers of pluralitie,  
                                 They'll ask no more.

When the elect shall make such hast,  
 By th' Bretheren to be embrac't  
                                 In Tubs on floore ;  
 When Coblers they shall preach their last  
 At Conventicles on a Fast,  
                                 They'll ask no more.

When Bishops all the House adorns,  
 And Round-heads for their absence mourns,  
                                 A great Eye-sore ;  
 When ev'ry Citizen lesse scorns  
 Lord *Wentworth's* head, then *Essex* horns,  
                                 You'll ask no more.

When

When you no more shall dare hereafter,  
 A needlesse thing which gains much laughter,  
     Granted before;  
 When *Pym* is sent to *Ireland* slaughter,  
 And ne're more hopes to marry my Daughter,  
     You'll ask no more.

When you have found a clearer way  
 For ordering the *Militia*,  
     Then heard before;  
 When *Atkins* on the Training day,  
 Sha'nt dare his Office to bewray,  
     Hee'll ask no more.

When naught to me shall be deny'd,  
 And you shall all in me confide,  
     Good cause therefore;  
 When *Deumark* shall for me provide,  
 And now Lord *Digby's* on my side,  
     Ask me no more.

Last, when I shall make *Hull* my own,  
 This one thing more I must set down,  
     Forgot before,  
 When I have got into the Town,  
 I'll make ten more besides that Clown,  
     Kneele and implore.

To the five Principal Members of the Honourable House of Commons.

The Humble Petition of the P O E T S.

**A**FTER so many Concurring Petitions  
From all Ages and Sexes, and all conditions,  
We come in the Rear to present our Follies  
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden and —  
And we hope for our labour we shall not be shent,  
For this comes from *Christendom*, & not from *Kent* ;  
Though set form of Prayers be an *Abomination*,  
Set forms of Petitions find great Approbation :  
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their souls,  
So wee from the depth and bottom of our Bowles,  
According unto the blessed form taught us,  
We thank you first for the *Ills* you have brought us,  
For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it,  
And you for the Confidence only to crave it.  
Next in course, we Complain of the great violation  
Of *Privilege* (like the rest of our Nation)  
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken  
Which never had being, untill they were broken :  
But ours is a *Privilege* Antient and Native,  
Hangs not on *Ordinance*, or power *Legislative*.  
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please  
Without fear of a *Prison*, or *Pursuivants* fees.  
Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority,  
But in that also you have got the Priority.  
Next, an old Custom, our Fathers did name it  
*Poetical license*, and alwayes did claim it.

By

By this we have power to change Age in Youth,  
 Turn *Non-sence* into *Sence*, and *Falshood* to *Truth*;  
 In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty,  
 This art some *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye;  
 And this our *Property* you have invaded,  
 And a *Privilege* of both Houses have made it :  
 But that trust above all in *Poets* reposed,  
 That *Kings* by them only are made and *Deposed*,  
 This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;  
 But when we undertake *Deposing* or *Killing*,  
 They're *Tyrants* and *Monsters*, and yet then the *Poet*  
 Takes full *Revenge* on the *Villains* that do it,  
 And when we resume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,  
 We are *Modest*, and seek not to make it our own.  
 But is't not presumption to write *Verses* to you,  
 Who make the better *Poems* of the two,  
 For all those pretty *Knacks* you do compose,  
 Alas, what are they but *Poems* in prose,  
 And between those and ours there's no difference,  
 But that yours want the rhyme, the wit and the  
 But for lying (the most Noble part of a *Poet*) (sense:  
 You have it abundantly, and your selves know it,  
 And though you are *Modest*, and seem to abhor it,  
 'T has done your good service, and thank He'ven  
 ( for it :

Although the old *Maxime* remains still in force,  
 That a *Sanctified Cause*, must have a *Sanctified*  
 If poverty be a part of our *Trade*, ( *Course* :  
 So far the whole *Kingdome* *Poets* you have made,  
 Nay even so far as undoing will do it,  
 You have made *King Charles* in manner a *Poet*,  
 But provoke not his *Muse*, for all the world knows,  
 Already you have had too much of his *Prose*.

*The Parliaments Pedigree.*

**N**O Pedigrees nor Projects  
Of after-times I tell,  
Nor what strange things the Parliament  
In former times befell,  
Nor how an *Emperour* got a *King*,  
Nor how a *King* a *Prince*,  
But you shall hear what Progenies  
Have been begotten since.

The *Devil* he a *Monster* got,  
Which was both strong and stolt,  
This many-headed *Monster*  
Did strait beget a *Rout* :  
This *Rout* begat a *Parliament*,  
As *Charles* he well remembers,  
The *Parliament* got *Monsters* too,  
The which begot *Five Members*.

The *Members Five* did then beget  
Most of the House of *Peers*,  
The *Peers* mis-understandings got  
All *Jealousies* and *Fears* ;  
The *Jealousies* got *Horse* and *Men*,  
Left *Warrs* should have abounded,  
And I dare say this *Horse* got *Pym*,  
And he begot a *Round-head*.

The *Round-head* got a *Citizen*,  
That great *Tax-bearing Mule*,  
The *Mule* begot a *Parliament Ass*,  
And he begot a *Fool* :



Some say the Fool got *Warwick*,  
 And *Rich* gave him his whole Land,  
 In zeal Lord *Rich* got God knows who,  
 And God knows who got *H*——

This *H*—— *Surplices* got down,  
 And those Church Rites that were,  
 He hath Petitions enough each day,  
 No need of the *Lords* Prayer :  
 But it's no wonder that's cry'd down,  
 And that indeed the rather,  
 'Cause *Pym* and he two Bastards are,  
 And dare not say, *Our Father*.

Now since this is the chiefest thing,  
 Hath got this great division,  
 Which *London* for to reconcile,  
 Hath got this great Munition :  
 The City hath now been refin'd,  
 From all her Droffe and Pelf,  
 They're now about for to new mold,  
 And Coyn the *Common-wealth*.

---

*To those who desire no Peace.*

Should all those various Gales, whose titles are  
 Enrol'd within the Pilots Register, (layn  
 Break from their drowfie Dens, where they have  
 Bound up in slumbers, and invade the Main,  
 They could not raise a storm like that which they  
 Raise in the *Common-wealth*, who would betray  
 Our

Our Peace to Civil War, in which the State  
 Must bleed it self to death, and have the fate,  
 After its stock of life is spent, to lye  
 Buried i'th Rubbish of an Anarchy.  
 Should Ravens, Bats, and the shrill Owl conspire  
 To twist their Notes into a General Quire,  
 And chuse the Mandrake for the Chaunter, they  
 Could not shrill forth such an ill-boding lay,  
 Or strains so Jarring, as do those whose throats  
 Warble the clamorous and untunefull Notes  
 Of Blood and Death, some whirle-wind, Sirs, has  
 Its Lodging up in the Fanatick brain (ta'en  
 Of these bold sons of tumult, I dare say  
 They moulded were of some distemper'd Clay,  
 Which from its Centre was by Earth-quake torn,  
 A Tempest shook the world when they were born;  
 Sure from its Sphere the Element of Fire  
 Is dropt, and does their bosomes now inspire,  
 The flame lockt up in bold Ravillacks urne, (burn.  
 Is snatcht from thence, and in their hearts does  
 Night, open thy black wombe, and let out all  
 Thy dreadfull furies, yet these furies shall  
 Not chill my heart with any fear, since day  
 Has furies shewn, blacker by far then they.  
 Let *Vaux* now sleep untill the day of Doom,  
 Open his eyes, forgotten in his Tomb,  
 I et none revile his dust, his Name shall be  
 Extirpated from every History,  
 To yield a room for others. for 'tis fit  
 Their Names in place of his should now be writ,  
 Who think that no Religion can be good,  
 Unlesse't be writ in Characters of Blood,  
 No marvail if the Rubrick then must be  
 Blotted from out the Sacred Liturgie,

And

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 27

And those red Letters now no more be known,  
They'le have no other Rubrick but their own.

But shall they thus impetuously roule on,  
And meet not any Malediction?

Yes sure, may sleep, that milde and gentle balme,  
Which all unkind distempers does becalme,  
Be unto them a torture, may their Dreams  
Be all of Murders, Rapes, and such like Theams;  
And when they're spent, may Wolves approach and  
(howle,

To break their slumbers; may the Bat and Owle,  
Before their Gates, to usher in the dayes  
Unwellcome light, stretch out their direfull layes;  
'Mongst their disordered humors, may there be  
A deadly Feud, and fatal mutiny;  
May sudden flames their houses melt away,  
And Feavers burn their houses too of Clay;  
May all their faculties and senses be  
Astonisht by some drouisie Lethargie,  
That there may be allow'd them only sence  
Enough to feel the pangs of Conscience,  
Griping their souls, that they who thought it sin  
To have peace without, may have no peace within

---

*The French Report.*

**M**E have of late been in *England*  
Vere me have seen much sport,  
De raising of de Parliament,  
Have quite pull'd down de Court,

De

De King and Queen dey seporate,  
 And rule in Ignorance,  
 Pray judge ye Gentlemen, if dis  
*Be a la mode de France:*

A vise man dere is like a Ship  
 Dat strikes upon de shelves,  
 Dey Prison all, Behead and Whip  
 All viser den demselves,  
 Dey send out men to fetch deyr King,  
 Who may come home perchance,  
 Oh fye, fye, fye, it is be Gar  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Dey raise deyr Valiant Prentices,  
 To guard deyr Cause with Clubs,  
 Dey root deyr Bishops out of doors,  
 And Presh demselves in Tubs,  
 De Cobler and de Tinker too,  
 Dey will in time advance,  
 Pox take dem all, it is ( *Mort Dieu* )  
*Not a la mode de France.*

Instead of bowing to deyr King,  
 Dey vex him with Epistles,  
 Dey furnish all deyr Souldiers out  
 With Bodkins, Spoons, and Whistles,  
 Dey bring deyr Gold and Silver in,  
 De Brownists to advance,  
 But if dey be cheat of it all,  
*'Tiz a la mode de France.*

But if when all deyr wealth is gone,  
 Dey turn unto deyr King,

Dey

Dey will make all amends again,  
 Den merrily we will sing,  
*VIVE LE ROY, VIVE LE ROY,*  
 Vee'le Sing, Carouse and Dance,  
 De English men have done fort Bon,  
*And a la mode de France.*

---

*A Loyal Subjects Oath.*

**T**His is my Oath, for ever to despise,  
 With heart and soul and all my Faculties  
 The Kings proud foes, and with my life subdue  
 All that to his Sacred Majesty are not true,  
 To execute his Precepts with my Blood,  
 So far as Conscience dictates it is good ;  
 To make my body a Bullwark 'gainst his foes,  
 And to maintain his red and whitest Rose,  
 Venture Life and Living, Sword and Muse,  
 Still to uphold the Glorious Flower-de-luce :  
 To be the same to Prince, and Duke of York,  
 Or for a cursed Jew that eats no Pork,  
 Let me be Cursed, and receive the Curse  
 Hangs over *Pym*, and *Hotbam*, and a worse  
 I cannot wish, he that denyes this Oath,  
 Let these, and my Curse, light upon them both .

*Short*

*Short and Sweet.*

**W**ise men suffer, good men grieve;  
Knaves devise, and Fools believe,  
Help, O Lord, send ayd unto us,  
Else Knaves and Fools will quite undoe us.

---

*To the City of London.*

**T**ell me Cittz. what ye lack,  
That the Knaves of the Pack  
Ye do not see forth comming,  
Love ye Treason so well,  
That ye neither buy nor sell,  
But keep a noise with your Drumming.

What is't that you guard,  
With your double watch and ward,  
Your own wares, or your wifes things,  
If down come the Blades,  
Then down go the Trades,  
They'll not leave a dead or a live thing.

What doth your profit say,  
When shall we see the day,  
That money shall be paid in,  
Great *Strafford* he is dead,  
Ye have cut off his bead,  
And the Bishops all are laid in.

And

And yet you grow poor,  
As any Common whore,  
That hath been long a fading;  
There's no man will buy,  
Ye may leave to swear and lie,  
As ye use to do in your trading.

There's something Behind  
That lies in the winde  
And brings you thus to nothing;  
What doth then remain?  
O the Parliament must raig,  
And you'll have *A King and no King.*

But though their power can  
From a VWoman turn a Man,  
If they please so to declare him;  
Yet let them take heed,  
The King is King indeed,  
And the Souldiers cannot spare him.

Is't nothing ye think  
24. in a *Link*  
Kings that make his succession:  
Besides for our Good,  
Three Princes of the *Brood*,  
And three Kingdoms in Possession.

And all his Vertues too  
Should be something to you,  
If they could ought amend you;  
But 'cause Hee's Chaste and Just,  
You'd have Cruelty and Lust,  
Another *King Harry* God send you.

But if you mean to thrive,  
 And keep your trades alive,  
     And bring to your City treasure,  
 Give the King his full Rate,  
 As well as to the State,  
     And let Him have *London* measure.

---

*The Players Petition to the Parliament.*

**H**EROICK Sirs, you glorious nine or ten,  
 That can depose the King, and the Kings men,  
 Who by your Sublime Rhetorick agree,  
 That prisons are the Subjects libertie :  
 And though we sent in silver at great rates,  
 You plunder, to secure us our Estates.  
 Your serious subtilty is grown so grave,  
 We dare not tell you how much power you have,  
 At least you dare not hear us ; how you frown  
 If we but say, King *Pym* wears *Charles* his Crown,  
 Such a word's *Treason*, and you dare not hear it,  
*Treason* to speak it, and yet not to wear it.  
 O wise mysterious Synod, what shall we  
 Do for such-men as you e're forty three  
 Be half expir'd, and an unlucky season  
 Shall set a period to *Triennial Treason*,  
 When the fields pitch, and some, for all their skill,  
 Shall fight a Bloody Battel on *Tower-Hill* ;  
 Where Master *Pym*, your wise judicious Schollar,  
 Ascends his Throne, and takes his Crown in Coller ;  
 When *Canterbury* coming forth shall wonder  
 You have so long secur'd him from the Thunder



Of King-hunting Prentices, and the Mayor  
 Shall jussel zealous *Isaack* from his Chair.  
 Fore-seeing *Brookes*, thou drewst a happy lot,  
 'Twas a wise Bolt, although 'twas quickly shot;  
 But whilst you live, our loude Petition craves,  
 That we the true Subjects, and the true Slaves,  
 May in our Comick mirth and Tragick rage,  
 Set up the Theatre, and shew the Stage,  
 The shop of truth and fancy, and we Vow  
 Not to Act any thing you disallow:  
 We will not dare at your strange Votes to Jear,  
 Nor personate King *Pym* with his State-shear;  
 Aspiring *Cataline* shall be forgot,  
 Bloody *Sejanus*, or who e're would Plot  
 Confusion to a State; the Warrs betwixt  
 The Parliament, and just *Henry* the sixt, (power,  
 Shall have no thought or mention, cause their  
 Not only plac'd, but left him in the Tower;  
 Nor yet the Grave advice of Learned *Pym*,  
 Make a Malignant, and then Plunder him.  
 All these and such like actions as may mar  
 Your soaring Plots, and shew you what you are,  
 We will omit, lest that your mention shake 'um,  
 Why should the men be wiser then you make 'um.  
 Methinks there should not such a difference be  
 'Twixt our profession and your quality,  
 You meet, plot, talk, consult, with minds immense,  
 The like with us, but only we speak sense  
 Inferiour unto you; we can tell how  
 To depose Kings, there we are more then you,  
 Although not more then what you would; then we  
 Likewise in our vast Privilege agree,  
 Only yours are the longer, and controules,  
 Not only Lives and Fortunes, but mens Souls;

For you declare by Ænigmatick sense,  
A Privilege over mens Conscience,  
As if the *Trinity* would not consent  
To save a Soul without the Parliament.  
Wee make the People laugh at some vain shew,  
And as they laugh at us, they doe at you;  
But then i<sup>th</sup> Contrary we disagree,  
For you can make them cry faster then wee:  
Your *Tragedies* more really are exprest,  
You murder men in *Earnest*, wee in *Jest*.  
There we come short: But if you follow't thus,  
Some wise men fear you will come short of us.  
Now humbly, as we did begin, Wee pray,  
Dear *School-masters*, you'd give us leave to play  
Quickly before the King come, for we wou'd  
Be glad to say y'ave done a little good  
Since you have sate, your Play is almost done,  
As well as ours, would it had ne'er begun;  
For we shall see e're the last Act be spent,  
*Enter* the King, *Excunt* the Parliament.  
And hey then up go we, who by the frown  
Of guilty Consciences have been kept down:  
So may you still remain, and sit and Vote, (more,  
And through your own beam see your brothers  
Until a legal trial do shew how  
You us'd the King. and hey then up goe you:  
So pray your humble *Slaves* with all their powers,  
That they may have their due, and you have yours.

A

*A Madrigall on Justice, alluding to the*  
PARLIAMENT.

Justice is here made up of Might,  
With two left hand<sup>s</sup>, but ne're a right,  
And men that are well-sighted, find  
This Justice sit<sup>s</sup> with both eyes blind:  
Yet though the Matron cannot see,  
She holds that edg'd Sword, *Cruelty*;  
Which that it may not rust, she whets  
In cutting off the Islands *Teats*,  
Who long since did *Anathemize*  
Englands too too much seeing eyes,  
Because they have been found to be  
Guilty of *Wit* and *Piety*:

All this and more they rudely vent,  
By Privilege of Parliament.

All former Laws fall head-long down,  
And are themselves now lawless grown;  
Equity hath been lately try'd,  
And Right it self been rectin'd;  
The rules that shew a Christian how  
To live, must all be ruled now;  
The lesson here to learn, is brought,  
And *Ethicks* better manners taught;  
Religion, and the Churches wealth,  
Of late deprived of their health,  
Were brought to th' House, that they might be  
Cured of their Integrity;

We found a seam for this great rent,  
By Privilege of Parliament.

Most men do now the Buttocks lick  
 Of their great body Politick;  
 For not the head, but breech, is it  
 By which the Kingdom now doth sit;  
 The world is chang'd, and we have Choyces,  
 Not by most Reasons, but most Voyces,  
 The Lion's trod on by the Mause,  
 The lower is the upper House:  
 As once from Chaos order came,  
 So do their orders Chaos frame,  
 And smoothly work the Lands delusion,  
 By a Methodical Confusion;  
 These are the things that lately went  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

They would not have the kingdom fall  
 By an Ignoble Funeral;  
 But piously prefer the Nation  
 To a renowned Decollation,  
 The feet, and lower parts, 'tis sed,  
 Would trample on, and off the head,  
 What ere they say, this is the thing,  
 They love the *Charles*, but hate the *King*;  
 To make an even Grove, one stroke  
 Should lift the *Shrub* unto the *Oake*;  
 Anew-found musick they would make,  
 A *Gamut*, but no *Ela* take.

This is the pious good intent  
 Of Privilege of Parliament.

In all humilitie they crave  
 Their Sovereign, to be their *Slave*;  
 Desiring him, that he would be  
 Betray'd to them most loyally:

For

## Part I. Rump Songs

For. it were *Meeknesse* sure in him  
 To be a *Vice-Roy* unto *Pym*;  
 And if he would a while lay down  
 His Scepter, Majestie, and Crown,  
 He should be made for time to come  
 The greatest Prince in Christendom.  
*Charles* at this time not having need,  
 Thank'd them as much as if he did.

This is the happy wish'd event  
 Of Privilege of Parliament.

*Pym*, that ador'd *Publicola*,  
 Who play'd the base ———  
 Who got a Lust to sacrifice  
 The *Heroë* to the Peoples Eyes,  
 Whose back-from-Hell-fetch'd-knaverie  
 By some is nick-nam'd policie,  
 Would be a *Lyon* with a pox,  
 When at the best hee's but a *Fox*;  
 And just like him that set on fire  
 The hallowed *Ephesian* Spire,  
 Hath purchas'd to be largely known,  
 In that he is an Addage grown :  
 All this to honest *John* is lent,  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

The Valiant House was not afeard,  
 To pull our *Aaron* by the Beard ;  
 To hide dark deeds from *Gazers* sights,  
 Strove to blow out the Churches Lights,  
 That squares might run round as their head,  
 They long to have the *Rochet* sped :  
 They Vote down Universities,  
 Left men from thence become too wise,

And their benighted deeds display,  
 Whose works of darknesse hate the day;  
 Hence they prefer in every Town,  
 The Petticoat before the Gown;  
 Their blessings to the Land are sent  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

They put forth Orders, Declarations,  
 Unacted Laws, and Protestations,  
 Of which all can be said, is this,  
 The whole is one Parenthesis,  
 Because the sence (without all doubt)  
 Were ne're the lesse, were all left out.  
 Petitions none must be presented,  
 But what are by themselves invented,  
 Else they not heal, but Cicatrize,  
 And from the cure a Scar doth rise,  
 Though Holy Cut, the fault commit,  
 Yet long rail must be paid for it;  
 Unto this wound was laid a Tent,  
 By Privilege of Parliament.

They paid the *Scottish* debt, and thus,  
 To be more honest, they rob'd us;  
 They feed the poor, with what think ye,  
 Why sure with large Calamity,  
 And once a month they think it fitting  
 To fast from sin, because from sitting,  
 They would have winde and storms suppress,  
 To drive the Halcyon from her Nest:  
*Charles* is a Picture, they make bold  
 To use the Scepter he should hold:  
 They'd pull down one, but give as good  
 A Golden Crown, made up of Wood,

And thus is Justice justly rent,  
By Privilege of Parliament.

---

*The Call.*

*Hoe Yes,*

**I**F there be any Traytor, Viper, or Wigeon,  
That will fight against God for the true Religi-  
That to maintain the Parliaments Votes, (on,  
Of all true Subjects will cut the throats,  
That for the King and his Countries good,  
Will consume all the Land with Fire and Blood.

*If say,*

If any such Traytor, Viper, Mutineer, be born,  
Let him repair to the Lord with the double gilt  
(Horn.

---

*Englands Woe.*

**I** Mean to speak of *Englands* sad fate,  
To help in mean time the King, and his Mate,  
That's ruled by an Antipodian State,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But had these seditious times been when  
We had the life of wise Poet Ben,  
Parsons had never been Parliament men,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Had Statesmen read the Bible throughout,  
 And not gone by the Bible so round about,  
 They would have ruled themselves without doubt,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But Puritans now bear all the sway,  
 They'll have no Bishops as most men say,  
 But God send them better another day,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Zealous P—— has threatned a great downfall,  
 To cut off long locks that is bushy and small,  
 But I hope he will not take ears and all,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

P—— Burton, sayes women that's lewd and loose,  
 Shall wear no stallion locks for a bush,  
 They'll only have private boyes for their use,  
*Which no body can deny.*

They'll not allow what pride it brings,  
 Nor favours in hats, nor no such things,  
 They'll convert all ribbands to Bible strings,  
*Which no body can deny.*

God bleffe our King and Parliament,  
 And send he may make such K—— repent,  
 That breed our Land such discontent,  
*Which no body can deny.*

And bleffe our Queen and Prince also,  
 And all true Subjects both high and low,  
 The Brownings can pray for themselves you know,  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Upon*



*Upon Ambition.*

*Occasioned by the Accusation of the Earl of  
STRAFFORD, in the year 1640.*

**H**ow uncertain is the State  
Of that greatnesse we adore,  
When Ambitiously we fore,  
And have ta'en the glorious height,  
'Tis but Ruine gilded o're,  
To enslave us to our fate,  
Whose false Delight is easier got, then kept,  
Content ne'er on its gaudy Pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,  
With such superstitious care,  
To build Fabricks in the Ayre ?  
Or seek safety in that sky,  
Where no Stars but Meteors are,  
That portend a ruine nigh ?  
And having reacht the object of our ayme,  
We find it but a Pyramid of flame:

---

*The Argument.*

**W**hen the unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas,  
The Rivers, found their silver feet at ease,  
No sooner summon'd, but they swiftly went  
To meet the Ocean, at a Parliament :

Did

Did not the petty Fountains say their King,  
 The *Ocean*, was no *Ocean*, but a *Spring*?  
 As now some do the Power of Kings dispute,  
 And think it lesse, 'cause more is added to't.

Pale *Ignorance*, can the excesse of store  
 Make him seem poorer then he was before?  
 The Stars, the Heavens, inferiour Courtiers, may  
 Govern Nights Darknesse, but not rule the Day;  
 Where the Sun Lords it, should they all Combine  
 With *Lycia* in her brightest dresse, to shine,  
 Their light's but faint: Nor can he be subdu'd,  
 Although but one, and they a Multitude.

Say Subjects, are you Stars? be it allow'd,  
 You justly of your numbers may be proud,  
 But to the Sun inferiour; for know this,  
 Your *Light* is borrow'd, not your *Own*, but *His*:  
 And as all streams into the Ocean run;  
 You ought to pay your Contribution;  
 Then do not such Ingratitude oppresse,  
 To make him low, that could have made you lesse

*The Character of a Roundhead. 1641.*

WHAT Creature's this with his short hairs,  
 His little band and huge long ears,  
 That this new faith hath founded,  
 The Puritans were never such,  
 The Sanits themselves, had ne'er so much,  
 Oh, such a knave's a Rounded.

What's

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,  
 And count their Calling reprobate,  
     Cause by the Pope propounded,  
 And saies a zealous Cobler's better,  
 Then he that studieth every letter,  
     Oh, such a knave's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth high Treason say,  
 As often as his yea and nay,  
     And with the King confounded,  
 And dare maintain that Master Pym,  
 Is fitter for the Crown then him,  
     Oh, such a rogue's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear,  
 A piece of *London's* Common-Prayer,  
     Doth think his Conscience wounded.  
 And goes five miles to preach and pray,  
 And lyes with's Sister by the way,  
     Oh, such a rogu e's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy Sister,  
 And in an Hay-cock gently kist her,  
     Oh! then his zeal abounded,  
 Glose underneath a shady willow,  
 Her Bible serv'd her for her pillow,  
     And there they got a Roundhead.

*A Curtain Lecture.*

*The Tune, Cannot keep her Lips together:*

**W**ILL you please to hear a Song,  
 Though it want both rime and reason,  
 It was pend to do no wrong,  
 But for description at this season,  
 Of he or she what ere they be,  
 That with Church-orders quite confounded,  
 Yet makes a shew, where e're they go,  
 Of Feruent zeal: I mean a Roundhead.

First hee'l have a smoothing tongue,  
 Next hee'l learn for to dissemble,  
 And when he hears of willfull wrong,  
 He'll sigh and look as he would tremble,  
 The next of all then let him fall,  
 To praise mens hearts in secret bravery,  
 A speaking still against all ill,  
 That is the Cloak to hide their Knavery.

Let Charity be used much,  
 In words at length and not in action,  
 It is the Common use of such,  
 Not to do, but give direction,  
 They'l be loath to swear an Oath,  
 By yea and nay, you may believe them,  
 But for their gains, they will take paines,  
 To cheat and ly, and never grieve them.

The Common-Prayer they like it not,  
 For they are wise and can make better,

And

I. Part I. Rump Songs. 29

And such a Teacher they have got,  
Confutes it all in word and letters;  
For he can rayle mens hearts to quaille  
With deep damnation for their sinning,  
But to amend they ne're intend,  
And to transgress they're now beginning.

But here is a very worthy man,  
That undertakes more than he is able,  
That in a Tob sometimes will stand,  
In Hey-barn, Sheep-house; or a Stable,  
That all the Rout that comes about  
To hear his Doctrines, *Saints* he calls them,  
They vow and swear they nere did hear  
Such worthy things as he hath told them.

They will not hear of Wedding Rings  
For to be used in their Mariage,  
But say they are Superstitious things,  
And doth Religion much discourage,  
They are but vain; and things prophane,  
Wherefore now no Wit be-speaks them  
So to be ty'd unto the Bride,  
But do it as the *Spirit* moves them.

No *Pater-Noster* nor no *Creed*  
In their Petitions never mention,  
And hold there's nothing good indeed  
But what is done by their pretention,  
Prayers that are old in vain they hold,  
And can with God no favour merit,  
Therefore they will nothing say,  
But as they are moved by the *Spirit*.

The wisest Schools they count but Fools,  
Which do no more than they have taught  
For *Brownists* they can preach and pray (them  
With Wits their Fathers never bought them;  
Then I perceive that wit they have  
They gather it by Inspiration,  
No Books they need to learn to read,  
If all be true of their relation.

Only the Horn-book I would have  
Them practice at their beginning,  
That you the better may perceive  
The Fruits that comes by fleshly sinning.  
Neverthelesse I would express  
All other Books that now are used,  
Least that the Ghost that leads you most  
By too much Art to be abused.

Their Hair close to their Heads they crop  
And yet not only for the fashion,  
But that the Eare it should not stop  
From hearing of some rare Relation;  
Therefore his Eares he will prepare  
To hearken to an Holy Brother.  
That in regard he may be heard  
From one side of the Barne to th' other.

They count their Fathers were but Fools,  
Which formerly became such Debtors,  
To spend their Means upon the Schools,  
To teach their Sons a few fond Letters,  
The Christ Crosse-row's enough to know,  
For 'tis the Horn that must exalt 'em,  
Their Gen'ral Vows his Antler'd Brows  
Shall gore the Proudest dare assault 'em;

taught  
(them  
them;

At the last when they must part,  
Male and Female go together  
Joynd in hand, and joyn'd in heart,  
And joyn'd a little for their pleasure.  
First for a Kisse they will agree,  
And what comes next you may conjecture,  
So that the Wicked do not see,  
And so break up the *Roundheads* Lecture.

---

*A Mad World My Masters.*

**W**E have a King and yet no King,  
For he hath lost his Power,  
For 'gainst his Will his Subjects are  
Imprison'd in the *Tower*.

We had some Laws (but now no Laws)  
By which he held his Crown,  
And we had Estates and Liberties  
But now they they're voted down.

We had Religion; but of late  
That's beaten down with Clubs,  
Whilst that Prophanesse Authoriz'd  
Is belched forth in Tubs.

We were free Subjects born, but now  
We are by force made Slaves,  
By some whom we did count our Friends,  
But in the end prov'd Knaves.

And

And now to such a grievous height  
 Are our Mi-fortunes grown,  
 That our Estates are took away  
 By tricks before ne're known.

For there are Agents sent abroad  
 Most humbly for to crave  
 Our Almes: but if they are deny'd,  
 And of us nothing have.

Then by a Vote *ex tempore*  
 We are to Prison sent,  
 Mark'd with the Name of *Enemy*  
 Of King and Parliament.

And during our Imprisonment,  
 Their lawless Bulls do thunder  
 A Licence to their Souldiers  
 Our Houses for to plunder.

And if their Hounds do chance to smell  
 A man whose Fortunes are  
 Off some Account, whose Purse is full,  
 Which now is somewhat rare.

A *Monster* now *Delinquent* term'd,  
 He is declar'd to be,  
 And that his Lands as well as Goods  
 Sequestred ought to be.

And as if our Prisons were too good,  
 He is to *Tarmouth* sent  
 By vertue of a Warrant from  
 The King and Parliament.

Thus



Thus is our Royal Sovereigns name  
 And eke his Power infus'd,  
 And by the vertue of the same  
 He and all His abus'd:

For by this Means his Castles now  
 Are in the power of those  
 Who treacherously with Might and Maine  
 Do strive him to depose.

Arise therefore brave *British* men,  
 Fight for your King and State,  
 Against those Trayterous men that strive  
 This Realm to Ruinate.

'Tis *Pym*, 'tis *Pym*, and his Colleagues,  
 That did our woe engender,  
 Nought but their Lives can end our Woes,  
 And us in safety render.

### *The Riddle.*

(time,  
**S**-Hall's have a Game at Put, to pass away the  
**S**X-pect no foul-play; though I do play the Knave  
 I have a King at hand, yea that I have:  
**C**-Cards be ye true, then the Game is mine.  
**R**-ejoyce my Heart, to see thee then repine.  
**A**-that's lost, that's Cuckolds luck.  
**T**-rey comes like Quater, to pull down the Buck.

*An Answer to a Love-Elegy ( written from  
I. P. one of the Five Members, to his  
Delightfull Friend ) in Latin.*

W<sup>7</sup> Hat Latin Sir ? why there is no man  
That e're thought you an *English-Roman*.  
Your Father Horse could teach you none,  
Nor was it e're your Mother tongue,  
Your Education too assures  
Me, that your *Poem* is not yours :  
Besides, I thought you did detest  
The Language of the *Latin Beast*,  
But now your Impudence I see  
Did hereby shew its Modesty;  
Each syllable would blush you thought,  
If it had bin plain *English* taught,  
And that your foul debauched stuff  
Might do its Errand fast enough,  
Forsooth your Wisdom thought it meet  
That Words might run to give 'em feet,  
Pardon me, Sir , I'me none of those  
That love *Love-verse*, give me your Prose,  
I wish each Verse to make delay,  
Had turn'd lame *Scaxon* by the way,  
I read a Hell in every line  
Of your Polluted *Fescennines*,  
Your Verses stunk; to keep 'em sweet  
You should have put Socks on their Feet.  
And that the Answer which I shall  
Now write, may be Methodicall,

Ile briefly make ( 'tis not amiss )

An *Anacephaleosis*.

And first I look'd for *Nestor*; when  
Mere *Cupid* trickl'd from your Pen,  
Who was your Father, you make proof  
By your Colt's tooth, though not your hoof;  
She that was great with you, you hold  
Did not lye in, but was with sole'd.

I wonder one so old, so grave  
Should yet such Youth, such Lightnesse have;

Of the Five Members you alone  
Shall be esteem'd the Privy One,  
Who ( like the *Gnosticks* ) preach your Text,  
Increase and Multiply, and next  
Convincing Doctrines you deduce,  
Put out the Lights, and make Use.

You say I am a Maid exceeding  
Apt to be taught by you good breeding,

But where there's breeding, it is said  
There's none, unlesse a broken Maid  
Turn Papist, ( *Stallion* ) they'le dispence  
With Whoredom, by an Indulgence,

Turn Fryer, that thou mayst be free

At once with a whole Nunnery,

There'twill be vertue to ride on

The Purple Whore of *Babylon*.

Thou mayst as soon turn *Turk*, as *King*,

And that, O that's the tempting thing

That thou mayst glut thy Appetite

With a *Seraglio* of Delight.

I am no *Proserpine*, that thus

I should desire an *Incubus*:

But you must vote ( if Me you'le win )

No Fornication to be Sin,

You say the House takes it not well  
 The King 'gainst *Rebells* should *Rebells*,  
 And that's the reason why you stand  
 To be Dictator of the Land,  
 Which mov'd me to a mighty toyle  
 Of getting Vardygreafe and Oyle.  
 'Cause such Itch-Med'cine is a thing  
 That's fittest to anoint you King.  
 You say you'd undertake and do  
 Wonders, would I undergo you,  
 For my sake you would Cobler play,  
 Your *Trade* should be to underlay,  
 For Me you'd your chiefest blood,  
 Pray spend it on the Sisterhood,  
 You wish to dye in those great Fights  
 Of *Venus*, where each Wound delights,  
 And should I once to Heaven take wing,  
 You'd follow me, though in a string;  
 Thank you ( good Sir ) it is our Will  
 You your last Promise doe fulfill;  
 There's nothing spoke that pleaseth us  
 Like your ( *In fines Cedula* )  
 Next come those idle Twittle-twats,  
 Which calls me many God-knows-whats,  
 As hallowed, beautifull, and faire,  
 Supple and kind, and *Debonaire*.  
 You talk of Women that did wooe,  
 When I am mad I'll do to too;  
 Then that my Father may not spye  
 The coupling of you and I,  
 He shall be guiltlesly detested,  
 As a true Subject ill-affected,  
 And so the Protestant shall lye  
 In Goal for fear of Popery.

From

(From hence it is that every *Town*,  
 Almost is now a Prison grown,  
 Where Loyalty lies fetter'd, then  
 You do commit more sins then men.)  
 But those your words I have thought best,  
 Should punisht be by being prest;  
 And that this Body Politick  
 May then be well, which now lyes sick,  
 May the Greek  $\Pi$ , that fatal Tree,  
 This Spring bear all such fruit as thee.

---

*The Penitent Traytor.*

*The Humble Petition of a Devonshire  
 Gentleman who was Condemned for  
 T R E A S O N, and Executed  
 for the same, An. 1641.*

To the Tune of *Fortune my For, &c.*

**A**Ttend good Christian People to my story,  
 A sadder yet was never brought before ye;  
 Let each man learn here like a good Disciple,  
 To shun foul *Treason*, and the tree that's *Triple*.

Long time I liv'd in the Country next to *Cornwall*,  
 And there my Children were both breed and born  
 Great was my Credit, as my debts did speak, (all,  
 And now I'll shew you why my neck must break.

# 54 Rump Songs. Part I.

There being a Parliament called in *September*,  
I was for th' Commons an Elected Member, (dred  
And though there were besides above four hun-  
Yet I at last was for the fifth part numbred.

For first, I joyn'd with some whom Piery (bes  
Made Knaves, lest such their Fathers prov'd should  
Their Ignorance to sin enjoyned many Voyces,  
Which made bad Speeches, but Excellent Noyfes.

Thus by my faction the whole House was sway'd,  
All sorts of people flockt to me for Ayd; (gar,  
They brought me Gold and Plate in Huggar Mug-  
Besides eight hundred pounds worth in Loaf-sugar.

What e're the Grievance was, I did advise  
They should Petitions bring in Humble wise,  
Which I did frame my self, & thus did rook them,  
They paid me when I gave, and when I took them.

By this I gained, and by the Money-Pole,  
Which paid my debts, 10000 pounds i'th whole,  
My Childrens Portions too, with much content,  
I paid in State, by Acts of Parliament.

Thus though I make all Jesuits fly the Nation,  
My self did practise much Equivocation,  
For oft I Vow'd the Common-wealth as honey  
Was sweet to me, but I, by wealth, meant money.

And lest my Plots should after be unmasked,  
And how I got such Wealth, chance to be asked,  
I cast about how I might gain such power,  
As might from Justice safely me secure.

Then

# Part I. Rump Songs

55

Then first I labour'd to divest the Crown,  
Of all Prerogatives, and bring them down;  
First, to both Houses, and then but one should  
have them, (them  
Five Members next, and last my self would have

Because I knew the State would not admit  
Such Change, unlesse the Church did Usher it,  
I left the old Religion for advantage,  
Endeavouring to set up one that did want age.

Which when all Learned Levites did withstand,  
(Regarding Gods Word more then my command)  
I such suppress, and made ( for which I woe am )  
The basest people Priests, like *Jeroboam*.

Then each profession sent out *Teachers*, moe  
Then both the Universities could doe,  
To handle a *Text* the Good-wives fingers itches,  
And vows she'll preach with her Husband for the  
(Breeches.

By this new Godly lives but few did gain,  
The rest for want of *Trading* they complain,  
I told them 'twas a wicked Counsellors plot,  
And till his head went off, their wares would not:

This *Great* mans guilt was Loyalty and Wisdom,  
Which made me cast about to work his Doom;  
The Sword of Justice was too short to do't,  
2000. Clubs must therefore jerk it out.

He being knockt down, some others for the like  
Were sent to Prison, some escapt in time; (Crime,  
Thus

Thus Law and Equity in awe was kept here, (ter,  
And Clubs were taught how to controul the Scep-

We took from th' Upper-house Votes five times  
five,  
And they aym'd all the Kings Voyce Negative,  
Which to effect we did an Order make, (take.  
That what he would not give, our selves would

Then we petition'd that the Forts and Towers,  
And all the strength o'th Kingdom might be ours,  
And thus to save the King from Sovereign dangers,  
As if he had better Fall by Us than Strangers.

Whilst he denyes they Legally are stay'd on  
By a law call'd, *Resolv'd upon the Question*,  
But still his Chief strength was above our Arts,  
His righteous Cause, and loyal Subjects hearts.

Being Arm'd with these, by Heaven he was so blest,  
That he soon honour Got, and all the rest,  
B inging all such to punishment endignant,  
As were of my Contrived part, Malignant. ¶

O Tyburn, Tyburn; O thou sad Tryangle,  
A vyle weight on thee nee'r yet did dangle,  
See here I am at last with Hemp to mew,  
To give thee what was long before thy due.

How could I bless thee, could'st thee take away  
My Life and Infamy both in one day;  
But this in Ballads will survive I know,  
~~Sung to that preaching tune, Fortune my For.~~

Then



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 57

Then mark good Christian people, and take heed,  
Use not Religion for an upper weed,  
Serve God sincerely, touch not his *Anointed*,  
And then your *Necks* shall never be disjoynted.

God bleſs the King, the Queen, and all the Chil-  
(dren,  
( And pardon me all, that I 'gainſt them have ill  
( done )  
May one of that brave Race ſtill rule this Nation,  
And now I pray you ſing the Lamentation.

---

*The Paſſage of a Coach travelling to  
Dover.*

**T**He Foundation of the Coach, a *Guilty Con-  
ſcience.*

The Axeltree, *Ambition and Cruelty.*

The Wheels, *Fears and Jealouſies.*

The Reins, *too much liberty and licentiousneſs.*

The fix Horses, *five Members* and K —

The Poſtillion, *Captain Venne.*

The Coach-man, *Iſaac Pennington* Lord Maior:

In the two ends of the Coach ſate *Effex* and  
B — In the Boots ſate *Say* and *Seal*, and the  
*ſilent Speaker.* On the hinder part of the Coach  
was written this Anagram.

*Robert Devereux* General.

*Never duller Oxe greater Rebel.*

After

After the Coach follows *Straffords Ghost*, crying, *Drive on, drive on, Revenge, revenge.*

As this Coach was going through the City it was staid by a *Court of Guard*, who cry'd, *Where's our Mony? where's our Plate?* the Speaker said, *Ye have the Publick Faith for't.* Whereupon they passed towards *Gravesend*, where they staid at the Sign of the *Hope*, where was the Earl of *Warwick*, with a Ship called the *Carry-Knave*.

---

*The Five Members Thanks to the  
Parliament.*

**N**OW tend your ear a while  
To a tale that I shall tell,  
Of a lusty lively Parliament  
That goes on passing well.

Which makes our Gracious King, a King  
Of so much worth and glory,  
His like is not to be seen or found  
In any Humane Story.

Win him who knows how many Crowns,  
With losse of two or three,  
Within so short a time as this,  
As Wonder is to see,

The Country eas'd, the City pleas'd,  
O what a World is this!  
When upright men did stand at Helme,  
How can we fail or miss?

And

t I. Part I. *Rump Songs.*

59

And yet beyond all this, the King  
Doth in abundance swim,  
Gramercy K ——— and *Stroud* say I,  
*Haslerigge*, H ——— *Hampden*, Pym.

And when as our Church Government  
Was fallen into Disorders,  
As that upon Grosse Popery  
It seemed somewhat to border.

So sweet a Course is taken now,  
As no man need to fear,  
For Bishops learn'd, and Learned men  
Have nothing to do here :

But every one shall teach and preach,  
As best beseems his Sense :  
And so we'll banish Popery,  
And send it packing hence :

Now for that happy Church and State,  
Drest up so fine and trym :  
Gramercy K ——— and *Stroud* say I,  
*Haslerigg*, H ——— *Hampden*, Pym.

For Arbitrary Government,  
Star-Chamber, High Commission,  
They will themselves do all that Work,  
By their good Kings permission.

If any else presume to do't,  
They weigh it not a straw :  
They'll club such sawcy Fellows down,  
As Beasts debarr'd of Law,

And

And

And let no Wights henceforth presume  
To hold it Rime or Reason,  
That Judges shall determine what  
Is Felony or Treason :

But what the Worthies say is so,  
Is Treason to award,  
Albeit in Councel only spoke,  
And at the Councel-board.

Ple shew you yet another thing,  
Which you'll rejoyce to see,  
The Prince and People know that these  
Men cannot Traytors be.

Then let our King, our Church and State  
Acknowledge as is due,  
The Benefits they do receive  
From this right Divine crue.

And for this Sea of Liberty,  
Wherein we yet do swim,  
Gramercy *K* ——— and *Stroud* say I,  
*Hastlerigg*, *H* ——— *Hampden*, *Pym*.

Upon

Upon the Parliament Fart.

Down came Grave Antient Sir *John Crooke*,  
 And read his Messuage in a Book;  
 Very well quoth *Will. Norris*, it is so,  
 But Mr. *Pym's* Tayle cry'd No.  
 Fye quoth Alderman *Atkins* I like not this passage,  
 To have a Fart inter voluntary in the midst of a  
 Then upstarts one fuller of Devotion (Message.  
 Than Eloquence, and said, a very ill Motion.  
 Not so neither quoth Sir *Henry Jenking*,  
 The Motion was good but for the stinking.  
 Quoth Sir *Henry Poole* 'twas an audacious trick  
 To fart in the face of the Body Politick.  
 Sir *Jerome* in Folio swore by the Mass  
 This Fart was enough to have blown a Glas :  
 Quoth then Sir *Jerome* the Lesser, such an Abuse  
 Was never offer'd in *Poland* nor *Pruce*.  
 Quoth Sir *Richard Houghton*, a Justice i'th *Quorum*  
 Would tak'r in snuff to have a Fart let before him.  
 If it would bear an Action quoth Sir *Thomas Hole-*  
 I would make of this Fart a Bolt or a Shaft. (craft  
 Then qd. Sir *John Moor* to his great Commendation  
 I will speak to this House in my wonted fashion.  
 Now surely sayes he, For as much as, How be it,  
 This Fart to the Serjeant we must commit.  
 No quoth the Serjeant, low bending his Knees,  
 Farts oft will break Prisons, but never pay Fees.  
 Besides, this Motion with small reason stands,  
 To charge me with that I can't keep in my hands.  
 Quoth Sir *Walter Cope* 'twas so readily let,  
 I would it were sweet enough for my Cabinet.

Why

Why then Sir *Walter* (quoth Sir *William Fleetwood*)  
 Speak no more of it, but bury it with Sweetwood;  
 Grave Senate, quoth *Duncombe*, upon my salvation,  
 This Fart stands in need of some great Reformation;  
 Quoth Mr. *Cartwright*, upon my Conscience  
 It would be reformed with a little Frankencense;  
 Quoth Sir *Roger Aston* it would much mend the  
 (matter,

If this Fart were shaven, and washt in Rosewater;  
*Per verbum Principis*, how dare I tell it,  
 A Fart by hear-say, and not see it, nor smell it:  
 I am glad qd. *Sav:* *Lewknor* we have found a thing,  
 That no Tale-bearer can carry it the King,  
 Such a Fart as this was never seen  
 Quoth the learned Council of the Queen,  
 Yes quoth Sir *Hugh Breston* the like hath been  
 Let in a dance before the Queen,  
 Then said Mr. *Peak* I have a President in store  
 His Father Farted last Sessions before,  
 A Bill must be drawn then, quoth Sir *John Bennet*,  
 Or a selected Committee quickly to pen it,  
 Why quoth Dr. *Crompton* no man can draw  
 This Fart within Compass of the Civil-Law,  
 Quoth Mr. *Jones* by the Law't may be done  
 Being a Fart intayld from Father to Sonne,  
 In truth quoth Mr. *Brooke*, this Speech was no lye  
 This Fart was one of your *Post-Nati*  
 Quoth Sir *William Paddy* a dare-assuram (ram,  
 Though twere *contra modestum*: 'tis not *proter nati*-  
 Besides by the Aphorismes of my art  
 Had he not been deliver'd, h'ad been sick of a Fart;  
 Then quoth the Recorder, the mouth of the  
 (City;

To have smother'd that Fart had been great pity,  
 It

It is much certain quoth Sir *Humphrey Bentwizle*,  
 That a Round-fart is better then a stinking siezle:  
 Have patience Gentlemen, quoth Sir *Francis Bacon*  
 There's none of us all but may be mistaken;  
 Why right, quoth the great Attorney I confesse,  
 The Eccho of ones — is remedileffe.

*The old Earle of Bristol's Verses on an  
 Accommodation.*

**T**He *Parliament* cryes *Arme*, the *King* sayes *No*,  
 The *New Lieutenants* cry *Come on, let's go*;  
 The *Citizens* and *Roundheads* cryes *So, so*;  
 The *People* all amaz'd cryes *Where's the Foe*;  
 The *Scots* that stand behind the *Door* cryes *Bee*,  
 Peace, Stay awhile and you shall know:  
 The *King* stands still faster than they can go.  
 If that the *King* by force of *Armes* prevail,

He is invited to a *Tyranny*;  
 If that by power of *Parliament* he fail,

We heap continual *Warre* on our *Posterity*;

Then he that is not for *Accommodation*,  
 Loves neither *God*, nor *Church*, nor *King*, nor *Nation*.

*The Rump's Hypocrisy*

WE fasted first, then pray'd that War might  
 When Praying would not serve, we paid for  
 (cease,  
 (Peace;

And glad we had it so, and gave God thanks,  
 Which made the *Irish* play the *Scotish* Pranks.  
 Is there no God? let's put it to a Vote;  
 Is there no Church? some Fools say so by rote;  
 Is there no King, but Pym, for to assent  
 What shall be done by Act of Parliament?  
 No God, no Church, no King, then all were well,  
 If they could but Enact there were no Hell.

*The Parliaments Hymnes.*

O Lord preserve the Parliament,  
 And send them long to reign,  
 From three years end, to three years end,  
 And so to three again.

Let neither King nor Bishops, Lord,  
 Whilst they shall be alive,  
 Have power to rebuke thy Saints,  
 Nor hurt the Members five.

For they be good and godly men,  
 No sinfull path they tread;

They



Part I. *Rump Songs.*

They now are putting Bishops down,  
And setting up Round-head.

From *Holdsworth*, *Bromrigge*, and old *Shute*,  
Those able learned Scholars,  
Good Lord deliver us with speed,  
And all our zealous Followers.

From *Fielding* and from *Vavasour*,  
Both ill affected men;  
From *Lunsford* eke deliver us,  
That eateth up Children.

Thy holy *Burton*, *Eastwick*, —  
Lord keep them in thy Bosome;  
Eke him that hath kept out the King,  
Worshipfull Sir *John Hotbam*.

Put down the King and *Hartford*, Lord,  
And keep them down for aye;  
Thy chosen *Pym* set up on high,  
And eke the good Lord *Say*.

For *Warwick* wee beseech thee Lord,  
Be thou his strong defence,  
*Holland*, *Brooks*, and *S* — shield,  
And eke his Oxcellence.

For *B* — and *K* — t o  
That are both wise and stout,  
Who have rebuk'd the King of late,  
And his ungodly Rout.

Once more we pray for Parliament,  
That they may sit secure,

F

And

And may their Consultations,  
From Age to Age endure.

Let all the Godly say *Amen*,  
And let them Praises sing  
To God and to the Parliament,  
And all that hate the King.

---

*The Round-heads Race.*

I Will not say for the Worlds store,  
The World's now drunk, (for did I)  
The Faction which now reigns would roare,  
But I will swear 'tis giddy.

And all are prone to this same Fir,  
That it their Object make,  
For every thing runs Round in it,  
And no form else will take.

To the Round-Nose Peculiar is  
The Ruby and the Rose;  
The Round-lip gets away the Kisse,  
And that by Favour goes.

The Round-beard for Talke of State,  
Carry it at the Club;  
The Round-Robin by a like fate  
Is Victor in the Tubb.

*Hanworths* Round-block speak pollicy,  
The Round-hose Riches draw.

The Round-heads for the Gospell bee  
The Round Copes for the Law.

Tom his Round Garbe so rules all o're,  
The pox take him for mee  
That e're looks for square dealing more,  
And hears an health to thee.

*On the Queens Departure.*

UP, up wrong'd *Charls* his friends, what can you  
Thus Mantled In a stupid Lethargie, (be  
When all the world's in Arms? and can there be  
Armies of Fears abroad and none with thee?  
Breath out your souls in sighs, melt into tears,  
And let your griefs be equal to your fears;  
The Sphæres are all a jarring, and their jarres  
Seems counter-like to Calculate the Starres;  
The Inferior Orbes aspire, and do disdain  
To move at all, unlesse they may attain  
The highest Room, our Occidentall Sunne  
Eclips'd by Starres, forsakes his *Horizon*,  
Bright *Cintbia* too ( they say ) hath hid her face  
As'twere Impatient of her *Sol's* disgrace;  
And our fears tell us, that unlesse the Sunne  
Lend us his beams again, the World will run  
Into another Chaos, where will be  
Nought but the cursed Fruits of Anarchie;  
Sedition, Murder, Rapine, and what's worse  
None to Implore for Aid; Oh, here's the Curse,  
But stay ye Starres, what will ye wish to bee?  
More Sunns then one will prove a Prodigie:

To afright the Amazed World, will ye be-night  
 That glorious Lamp, that Fountain of all light,  
 Will none but *Sol's* own Chaire, please your desire?  
 Take heed bold Stars you'll set the world on fire.

---

*Pym's Anarchy.*

**A**sk me no more, why there appears  
 Dayly such troopes of Dragooners?  
 Since it is requisite, you know;  
 They rob *cum privilegio*.

Ask me no more, why th' Gaole confines  
 Our Hierarchy of best divines?  
 Since some in Parliament agree  
 Tis for the Subjects Liberty.

Ask me no more, why from *Blackwall*  
 Great tumults come into *Whitehall*?  
 Since it 's allow'd, by free consent,  
 The Priviledge of Parliament.

Ask me not, why to *London* comes  
 So many Musquets, Pikes and Drums?  
 Although you fear they'll never cease;  
 'Tis to protect the Kingdoms peace.

Ask me no more, why little *Finch*  
 From Parliament began to winch?  
 Since such as dare to hawk at Kings  
 Can easie clip a Finches wings.

t I. Part I. *Rump Songs.*

69

ht  
fire?  
fire.  
Ask me no more, why *Strafford's* dead,  
And why they aim'd so at his head?  
Faith, all the reason I can give,  
'Tis thought he was too wise to live.

Ask me no more, where's all the Plate,  
Brought in at such an easie rate?  
They will it back to th' Owners bring  
In case it fall not to the King.

Ask me not why the House delights  
Not in our two wise Kentish Knights?  
There Counsell never was thought good,  
Because it was not understood.

Ask me no more, why *Lesley* goes  
To seize all rich men as his foes?  
Whilst Country Farmers sigh and sob,  
Yeomen may beg when Kings do rob.

Ask me no more, by what strange fight  
*London's* Lord Maior was made a Knight?  
Since there's a strength, not very far,  
Hath as much power to make as mar.

Ask me no more, why in this Age  
I sing so sharp without a Cage?  
My answer is, I need not fear  
Since *England* doth the burden bear.

Ask me no more, for I grow dull,  
Why *Hotbarn* kept the Town of *Hull*?  
This answer I in brief do sing,  
All things were thus when *Pym* was K——

To my Lord B. of S. he being at York.

My Lord,

When you were last at London 'twas our fear,  
Left the same Rout which threatned Majesty,  
Might strike at you: 'tis but the same Career  
To aime at Crowns, and at the Miter fly.  
For still the Scepter and the Crosier staffe  
Together fall, 'cause they're together safe :

Yet while the sence of Tumults deepest grow,  
And presse in us, no doubts in you arise ;  
There still dwelt calm and quiet in your Brow,  
As our Distractions were your Exercise :  
And taught us, all assaults, all Ills to beare,  
Is not to fly from Danger, but from Fear.

That Courage waits you still, some merely rode  
From Tumults and the Peoples frantick Rage,  
Counting their safety by their far abode,  
And so grew safer still at the next Stage :  
But 'tis not space that shelters you, the rest  
Secure themselves by Miles, you by your Breast.

And now my Lord, since you have London left,  
Where Merchants wives dine cheap, & as cheap sup,  
Where Fools themselves have of their Plate berest,  
And sigh and drink in the course Pewter cup.  
Where's not a Silver Spoon left, not that giv'n  
When the first Cockney was made Christian. (than

No not a *Bodkin*, *Pincase*, all they send  
Or carry all, what ever they can happe on,  
Ev'n to the pretty *Pick Tooth*, whose each end  
Of purg'd the Relicks of continual Capon.  
Nothing must stay behind, nothing must tarry,  
No not the *Ring* by which dear *Joan* took *Harry*.

But now no *City-Villain*, though he were  
Free of a *Trade* and *Treason*, dares intrude,  
No sawey Prentises assault you there,  
Engag'd by their *Indentures* to be rude :  
Whom for the two first years their Masters use  
Onely to cry down *Bishops*, and cleanse *Shoes*.

There as in silent Orbes you may ride on,  
And as in *Charles* his *Wain* move without jarres,  
Your *Coach* will seem your *Constellation*,  
Not drawn about by *Horses*, but by *Stars*.

Till seated near the *Northern Pole*, wee thence  
Judge your seat *Sphear*, you its *Intelligence*.

---

*An Elegie on the Most Reverend Father in  
God William, Lord Archbishop of  
CANTERBURY.*

*Attached the 18. of December, 1640.  
Beheaded the 10. of January, 1644.*

*Most Reverend Martyr,*  
T Hou, since thy thick Afflictions first begun,  
Mak'st *Disclesian*'s dayes all Calme, and Sun,  
F 4 And

And when thy Tragick Annals are compil'd,  
 Old Persecution shall be *Pity* styl'd,  
 The *Stake* and *Faggot* shall be Temp'rate names,

And *Mercy* wear the Character of *Flames* :  
 Men knew not then *Thrift* in the Martyrs breath,  
 Nor weav'd their Lives into a four years Death,  
 Few antient *Tyrants* do our Stories Taxe,  
 That slew first by *Delays*, then by the *Axe*,  
 But these ( *Tiberius* like ) alone do cry,  
 'Tis to be Reconcil'd to let Thee dy.

Observe we then a while into what *Maze*,  
*Compass*, and *Circle* they contrive *Delays*,  
 What *Turnes* and wilde *Perplexities* they chuse,  
 Ere they can forge their *Slander*, and *Accuse* :  
 The Sun hath now brought his warm Chariot  
 And rode his Progress round the *Zodiack*, ( back,  
 When yet no *Crime* appears, when none can tell,  
 Where thy *Guilt* sleeps, nor when 'twill break the  
 ( shell.

Why is His *Shame* defer'd ? what's in't that brings  
 Your *Justice* back, spoyles *Vengeance* of her Wings ?  
 Hath *Mercy* seiz'd you ? will you rage no more ?  
 Are *Windes* grown tame ? have *Seas* forgot to roar ?  
 No, a wilde fiercenesse hath your minds possesst,  
 Which *time* and *sins* must cherish and digest :  
 You durst not now let His clear Blood be spilt,  
 You were not yet grown up to such a guilt ;  
 You try if *Age*, if *Seaventy* years can Kill :  
 Then y<sup>e</sup> have your *Ends*, and you are harmlesse still,  
 But when this fail'd, you do your Paths enlarge,  
 But would not yet whole *Innocence* discharge;  
 You'll not be *Devil All*, you saide would prove  
 Good at a *Distance*, within some *Remove*;



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 73

" Virtue hath sweets which are good Mens due  
( gaine,  
" Which Vice could not Deserve, yet would  
( Retaine.

This was the Cause, why once it was your Care,  
That *Storms* and *Tempests* in your *Sin* might share,  
You did engage the *Waves*, and strongly stood  
To make the *Water* guilty of his *Blood*.  
Boats are dispatcht in haste, and 'tis his doome,  
Not to his *Charge*, but to his *Shipwrack* come;  
*Fond men*, your cruel Project cannot doe,  
*Tempests* and *storms* must learn to kill from you;  
When this comes short, he must *Walke Pilgrimage*,  
No *Coach* nor *Mule*, that may sustein his Age,  
Must trace the *City* ( now a *Desert* rude )  
And combat salvage *Beasts* the *Multitude*.  
But when his *Guardian Innocence* can sling,  
Awe round about, and save him by that *King*.  
When the *Just cause* can fright the *Beasts* away,  
And make the *Tyger* tremble at her prey.  
When nether *Waves* dare seize him, nor the *Rout*;  
The storm with Reason, nor the storm without :  
Lost in their streights when *Plots* have vanquisht bin,  
And *Sin* perplext hath no *Relief*, but *Sin*.  
*Agents* and *Instruments* now on you fall,  
You must be *Judges*, *People*, *Waves*, and *All*.  
Yet 'cause the *Rout* will have't perform'd by you,  
And long to see done what they dare not Doe.  
You put the *Crime* to use, it swells your *Heap*;  
Your *Sin's* your own, nor are you *Guilty cheap*,  
You *Husband All*; there's no *Appearance* lost,  
Nor comes he once to th' *Bar* but at your cost;  
A constant *Rate* well *Taxt*, and *Leyed* right,  
And a *Just value* set upon each sight.

At

At last they find the *Dayes* by their own *Purse*,  
 Lesse known from *him* than what they do *disburse*:  
 But when it now strikes high for him t'*appear*,  
 And *Chapmen* see the *Bargain* is grown *dear*,  
 They *Muster hands*, and their hot suits enlarge,  
 Not to persue the *Man*, but save the *Charge*,  
 Then least you loose their *Custom*, ( a just fear )  
 Selling your *Sinnes* and others *Blood* too dear.  
 You grant their *Suits*, the *Manner*, and the *Time*.  
 And he must *Dye* for what no *Law* calls *Crime*.  
 Th' *Afflicted Martyrs*, when their pains began.  
 Their *Trajan* had, or *Dioclesian*.  
 Their *Tortures* were some *Colours*, and proceed;  
 Though from no *Guilt*, yet 'cause they *disagreed* :  
 What *league*, what *friendship's* there? They could not  
 And fix the *Ark* and *Dagon* in one *Shrine*. ( joyn,  
*Faith*, combats *Faith*; And how agree can they,  
 That still go on, but still a several way?  
*Zeal*, *Martyrs Zeal*, and *Heat* 'gainst *Heat* conspires.  
 As *Theban Brothers* fight though in their *Fires*.  
 Yet as two diff'rent *Stars* unite their *Beams*,  
 And *Rivers* mingles *Waves* and mix their *Streams*,  
 And though they challenge each a several *Name*,  
 Conspire because their *moysture* is the *same*.  
 So *Parties* knit, though they be *diverse* known,  
 The *Men* are many but the *Christian*, one.  
*Trajan*, no *Trajan* was to his own *Heard*,  
 And *Tygers* are not by the *Tygers* scar'd. ( *Power*,  
 What strange *excesse* then? what's that *menstruum*  
 When *Flames* do *Flames*, and *Streams* do *Streams*  
 ( *devour* ?  
 'Where the *same Faith* 'gainst the *same Faith* doth  
 ( *knock*,  
 And *Sheep* are *Wolves* to *Sheep* of the *same Flock*?  
 Where

Where *Protestant* the *Protestant* defies,  
 Where both *Assent*, yet one for *Dissent* dyes? (*Wade*,  
 Let these that doubt this, through his *Actions*  
 Where some must needs *Convince*, All may per-  
 (swade.

Was he *Apostate*, who your *Champion* stood,  
 Bath'd in his *Inke* before, as now in *Blood*?  
 He that unwinds the *subile Jesuite*,  
 That Feels the *Serpents Teeth*, and is not bit?  
 Unites the *Snake* finds each *Mysterious knot*,  
 And turns the *Poyson* into *Antidot*.  
 Doth *Nicety* with *Nicety* undoe?  
 And makes the *Labyrinth* the *Labyrinth's* clew?  
 That *sleight* by *sleight* subdues, and clearly proves,  
*Truth* hath her *Serpents* too, as well as *Doves*.  
 Now, you that blast his *Innocence*, Survey,  
 And view the *Triumph* of this *Glorious* day;  
 Could you ( if that might be ) if you should come  
 To seal *God's* cause with your own *Martyrdom*,  
 ( Could all the blood whose *Tydes* move in their  
 ( veins,

Which then perhaps were *Blood*, but now in *stains* )  
 ( Yield it that *Force* and *strength*, which it hath  
 ( took

Should we except his *Bloud* ) from this his *Book*,  
 Your *Flame* or *Axe* would lesse evince to Men,  
 Your *Block* and *Stake* would prop lesse than his *Pea*;

Is he *Apostate*, whom the *Baites* of *Rome*  
 Cannot seduce, though all her *Glories* come?  
 Whom all her specious *Honours* cannot hold,  
 Who hates the *snare* although the *Hook* be *Gold*?  
 Who *Prostituted* *Titles* can despise,  
 And from *despised* *Titles*, greater *Rise*?

Whom

Whom Names cannot *Amuse*, but seats withall  
The *Protestant* above the *Cardinall*?

Who sure to his own Soul, doth scorn to find  
A *Crimson cap* the *Purchase* of his *Minde*? (fence,

“Who *is* not Great, may blame his *Fate*’s Of-

“Who would not be, is Great in’s *Conscience*.

Next these His *Sweat* and *Care* how to advance

The *Church* but to Her *Just Inheritance*,

How to gain back her *Own*, yet none *Beguile*,

And make her *Wealth* her *Purchase*, nor her *spoyle*:

Then, shape Gods worship to a *joynt consent*;

’Till when the *seamlesse Coat* must still be *Rent*:

Then, to repair the *Shrines*, as *Breaches* sprung,

Which we should *bear*, could we lend *Pauls* a *Tongue*,

*Speak, Speak great Monument!* while thou yet art

(*such,*

And Rear him ’bove their *Scandals* and their *Touch*;

Had he surviv’d thou mightst in *Time* Declare,

*Vast things* may comely be, and *Greatest Fair*.

And though thy *Limbs* spread high, and *Bulk* exceed,

Thou’dst prov’d that *Gyants* are no *monstrous breed*:

Then ’bove *Extent* thy *Lustre* would prevaile,

And ’gainst *Dimension* *Feature* turn the *Scale*;

But now, like *Pyrrah’s* half adopted *Birth*.

Where th’*issue* part was *Woman*, Part was *Earth*,

Where *Female* some, and some to *Stone* was Bent,

And the one half was t’others *Monument*,

Thou must imperfect *lye*, and learn to Groan,

Now for his *Ruine*, straightway for thine *own*:

But *this* and *Thousand* such *Abortives* are;

By *Bloody Rebels* Ravisht from his care;

But yet though some miscarried in their *Wombe*,

And *Deeds Still-born* have hastned to the *Tombe*,

God ( that Rewards him now ) forbad his store,  
Should all lye hid, and he but give ith' Ore.  
Many are *Stampt*, and *shapt*, and do still shine,  
Approv'd at *Mint*, a firm, and *Perfekt Coyne*.  
Witness that *Mart* of *Books* that yonder stands,  
Bestow'd by him, though by *another's Hands* :  
Those *Attick Manuscripts*, so rare a *Piece*,  
They tell the *Turk*, he hath not conquer'd *Greece*.  
Next these, a second *beautuom Heap* is thrown,  
Of *Eastern Authors*, who were all *his own*.  
Who in so *Various Languages* appear,  
*Eabel*, would scarce be their *Interpreter*.

To *These*, we may that *Fair-built Colledge* bring,  
Which proves that *Learning's* no such *Rustick*  
( things;

Whose *struclure* well contriv'd doth not relate  
To *Antick fineness*, but *strong lasting state* :  
*Beauty* well mixt with *strength*, that it complies  
Most with the *Gazer's* use, much with his *Eyes*.  
On *Marble Columns* thus the *Arts* have stood,  
As wise *Seth's Pillars* sav'd 'em in the *Flood*.  
But did he leave here *Walls*, and only *Own*  
A *Glorious Heap*, and make us rich in *Stone* ?  
Then had our *Chanc'lour* seem'd to fail, and here  
Much honour due to the *Artificer* :  
But *this* our *Prudent Patron* long fore-saw,  
When he *Refin'd rude Statutes* into *Law* ;  
Our *Arts* and *Manners* to his *Building* falls,  
And he erects the *Men*, as well as *Walls* :

" Thus *Solons Laws* his *Athens* did *Renown*,

" And turn'd that *throng of Building* to a *Town*.  
Yet neither *Law* nor *Statute* can be known  
So *strickt*, as to *Himself* he made his *own*,

Which

Which in his Actions *Inventory* lyes,  
 Which *Hell* or — can never scandalize :  
 Where every Act his rigid eye surveyes,  
 And *Night* is *Barre* and *Judge* to all his *Dayes*;  
 Where all his secret Thoughts he doth comprize,  
 And every *Dream* summon'd to an *Affize*;  
 VWhere he *Arraigns* each *Circumstance* of care,  
 VWhich never parts dismiss'd without a *Prayer*;  
 See ! how he sifts and searches every part,  
 And ransacks all the *Closets* of his heart;  
 He puts the hours upon the *Rack* and *Wheel*,  
 And all his minutes must confess or feel :  
 If they reveal one Act which forth did come.  
 VWhen *Humane* frailty crept into the *Loom*,  
 If one *Thread* stain, or sully, break, or faint,  
 So that the *Man* does *Interrupt* the *Saint*,  
 He hunts it to its *Death*, nor quits his feares,  
 Till't be *Embalm'd* in *Prayers*, or drown'd in *Tear*es.

The *Sun* in all his journeys ne're did see  
 One more devout, nor one more strict than He.

Since his *Religion* then's *Unmixt* and *Fine*,  
 And *Works* do warrant *Faith*, as *Ore* the *Mine* :  
 VWhat can his *Crime* be then ? Now you must lay  
 The *Kingdoms* *Laws* subverted in his way :  
 See ! no such *Crime* doth o're his *Conscience* grow,  
 ( VWithout which *Witness* ne're can make it lo; )  
 A clear *Transparent* *White*, bedecks his mind,  
 VWhere nought but *Innocence* can shelter find,  
 Witnesse that *Breath* which did your *stain* and *blot*  
 Wipe freely out, ( though *Heaven* I fear will not )  
 Witnesse that *Calme* and *Quiet* in His *Breast*,  
*Prologue* and *Preface* to his *Place* of *Rest*;  
 When with the *VWorld* He could undaunted part,  
 And see in *Death* nor meagre *Looks*; nor *Dart* :

VWhen

When to the Fatal Block His Gray Age goes  
With the same Ease, as when he took Repose.

"He like old Enoch to His Blisse is gone,

"Tis not his Death, but his Translation.

### *A Mock Remonstrance referring to the Porters Petition.*

To Pym King of the Parliamended,  
The Grievances are here presented  
Of Porters, Butchers, Broom-men, Tanners,  
That fain would fight under your Banners;  
Weavers, Dyers, Tinkers, Coblers,  
And many other such like Joblers,  
As Water-men, and those call'd Dray-men,  
That have a long time sung Solamen, &c.

Whereas, *Imprimis*, first, that is, the Porters,  
The heavy burthens laid on their four

(Quarters

Is not complain'd of here; nor of Us, any,  
Although We have good Causes, and full many,  
As yet unknown; but there's a day will come  
Shall pay for all, We say no more but Mum.  
It is well said by some, You are about  
To give the Church and Government a Rout,  
Let it be so cry VVe, for it is known,  
To do't, you will want more hands than your own.  
And since you are \*necessitated to \* Their Decla-  
Raise war, 'is faith (Sirrevenge) do, do, do; ration.  
'Tis fit that Old things should grow out of date,  
Like *Hampden's Sister*, or that *Beldame Kate*.

O'd

Old things in course do commonly decay,  
 When New perhaps may last full many a day;  
 Old Frocks, old Shirts, old Brooms, old Boots, old  
 Are much addicted to the Venial sins (Skins  
 Of wearing out; and why not then the Church,  
 That has left many a simple man ith' lurch:  
 Beside, the Porters so the Surplice hate,  
 Their very Frocks they have casheer'd of late;  
 And rather than endure 'em, you may see,  
 They wear the Rope, the Hang-mans Livery.  
 The Butchers too, inspired are at least,  
 And know the very Intrails of the Beast \* *Surplices*  
 That wears those \* Smocks, and though they love  
 A *Babylonish* one they do abhor. (a Whore,  
 In fine, in this great work of Reformation,  
 Which you intend shall stigmatize the Nation,  
 We pray to be Fellow-labourers, and  
 That you our Vertues right may understand,  
 Know that the Porters shall for Eighteen-pence  
 Carry the Dreggs of Rome in Bottles hence  
 To any Foreign part you'l think upon,  
 And bring the Juyce of the *Turks Alcaron*  
 In lieu of it; the Butcher kill'd in Slaughter  
 Shall send Gods, and the Laws Disciples after :  
 There shall not a Religious Relique be  
 Left in the Church, or in the Library,  
 But shall be swept away by the Nice hand  
 Oth' Broom-mens Art, who nothing understand  
 More than *Kent-streets*; If any them deride,  
 The Tanners come, and then beware their Hide;  
 And for the Weavers, they can preach, or pray,  
 As is well known to the Lords, *Brooks* and *Say*.  
 The Dyers they delight you know in Scarlet,  
 And care no more for Blood, than any Varlet;

Like



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Like Archers good they will come on so powring,  
 That who escapes them will escape a scowring.  
 The Tinkers they can both make Holes, and mend  
 ( 'em

In Church or State; if you will but befriend 'em  
 With Mettle; They care not for God or Divell;  
 A Pack of sturdy Rogues inur'd to Evill.  
 The Cobler vows, and that you'l say is News,  
 To venture All, what over Boots, o're Shooes?  
 And likewise undertakes at a Cheap rate  
 The Government, though Crabbed, to Translate.  
 The Water-men more slye than any Otters,  
 Knowing 'tis good fishing in troubl'd Waters,  
 If any do Oppose them, though their Betters,  
 They will betake themselves unto their Stret-  
 ( chers,

And so belabour 'em in Church and Cloysters,  
 Their Bones shall rattle, like a Sacke of Oysters,  
 In their thin Skins. The Dray-men likewise shall  
 With Crusted Fists, fling 'um and fling 'um all.

Thus in Our severall Functions We can serve ye,  
 Men fit for your Employment, pray observe ye;  
 And therefore list Us, where your best defence is, |  
 In th' Yealow Regiment of's Oxcellencies:  
 So taking leave, resting at your Commands,  
 We do subscribe either Our Horns, or Hands: 2]

## The Caution.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *Oh Women, Monstrous Women.*

**Y**OU Sep'ratists that Sequister  
Your selves from Laws are good,  
Your Courses so irregular  
Shall now be understood;  
Your fond Expounding corrupts the Bible,  
Yet you'll maintain it with your Twibble.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

He that does swear, though to a Truth,  
You count him far worse than a Lyer,  
Yet you will firk your Sister Rush,  
So it may edifie her ;  
You, like the Devil, abhor a Crosse, (horse.  
But I'll have as good Reason from Pym's Stone  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

Our Churches Hierarchy you hold  
Within a foul Suspicion;  
And say the Prelates Sleeves are old  
Reliques of Superstition;  
The very Ragges of Rome they are  
Such as the Whores of Babilon wear.  
*Oh Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?* Therefore

Therefore in Zeal and Piety,  
 You'l dy their Lawn in blood,  
 And root out their Society,  
 A work you think is good;  
 The Malice is, some of your Eares  
 Were cropt far shorter than your hairs.  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

When you the Miter have pull'd down,  
 You'l be hang'd before contented,  
 Your next Pluck must be at the Crown,  
 A Plot long since invented :  
 But Grigge swears Tyburn shall have her due,  
 Hee'l behang'd himself, if he hang not you.  
*Ob Roundheads, Roundheads, damnable Roundheads,*  
*What do you mean to do ?*

The Coblers were astonish'd,  
 The Porters eke, also ;  
 To hear the Noyse that ecchoed  
 From your vast Tubb below :  
 But let him be hang'd will never mend,  
 The Cobler thinks upon his end.  
*But you to whom my Lines do tend*  
*Have a care of what you do.*

---

*Lilly contemn'd.*

A SONG.

WHY art thou sad ? Our Glasses flow  
 Like little Rivers to the Mayne;

G 2

And

And ne're a Man here has a Shrew,  
What need'st thou then complain?

Then Boys mind your Glass,  
And let all News pass

That treats not of this our Canary,  
Let Lawyers fear their Fate,

In the turn of the State,

We suffer if this do miscarry;

Chor. *'Tis this will preserve us, 'gainst Lillies' predi- (Zions,  
And make us condemn our Fate and his Fiti-*

(ons.

'Tis this that setts the City Ruff;

And lyne the Aldermen with Fur;

It makes the Watchmen stiff and cuss

To call, *where go you Sir?*

'Tis this doth advance

The Cap of Maintenance,

And keeps the Sword sleeping or waking;

It Courage doth raise

In such Men now adaies,

That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching,

Chor. *'Tis this doth infuse in a Miser some pity,  
And is the Genius, and Soul of the City.*

Then why should we despair, or think

The Enemy approacheth near?

Let such as never us'd to drink

Sack, be enslav'd to Fear.

Then to get Honor,

And that waits on her,

Strange Titles, *Illustrious* and *Mighty*.

Wee'll have a smart Bout

Shall speak us Men and stout,

And I'll be the first that shall fight ye:

Chor.

Chor: He that fiftly can stand to't, and hath the best  
 Braine;  
 Shall be styl'd Son of Mars, and God of the  
 Mayne.

*A Monster to be seen at VVestminster.*

1642.

W<sup>I</sup>thin this House is to be seen  
 Such a Monster as hath not been  
 At any time in England, nay  
 In Europe, Africk, Asia.  
 'Tis a Round body, without a Head  
 Almost three years, yet not dead.  
 'Tis like that Beast I once did see,  
 Whole Tayle stood where his Head should be;  
 And, which was never seen before,  
 Though't want a Head, 'thas Horns good store,  
 It has very little hair, and yet  
 You'l say it has more hair than wit,  
 'Thas many Eyes and many Eares,  
 'Thas many Jealousies and Fears,  
 'Thas many Mouths, and many Hands,  
 'Tis full of Questions and Commands.  
 'Tis arm'd with Muskets, Pikes, it fears  
 Naught in the World but Cavaliers;  
 'Twas born in England, but begot  
 Betwixt the English and the Scot.  
 Though some are of Opinion rather  
 That the Devil was its Father,  
 And the City, which is worse,  
 Was its Mother, and its Nurse.

Some say ( though perhaps in scorn )  
 That it was a *Cretan* born,  
 And not unlike, for't has the fashion  
 Just as may be of that Nation;  
 For 'tis a Lyer, none oth' least;  
 A slow Belly, an Evil beast;  
 Of what Religion none can tell,  
 It much resembles that in Hell.  
 Some say it is a Jew disguis'd,  
 And why, because 'tis circumcis'd;  
 For 'twas deprived long ago  
 Of many a Member wee well know.  
 In some points 'tis a Jesuited Priest,  
 In some it is a Calvinist:  
 For 'tis not Justify'd, it saith  
 By Good works, but by Publick Faith.  
 Some call't an Anabaptist: Some  
 Think now that Antichrist is come.  
 A Creature of an uncouth kind,  
 Both for its Body, and its mind:  
 Make hast and see't, else 'twill be gon,  
 For now 'tis sick, and drawing on.

---

*London sad London.*

AN ECCHO.

What wants thee, that thou art in this sad  
*A King* ( taking ?  
 What made him first remove hence his residing ?  
*lying.*

Did

Did any here deny him satisfaction?

*Faction.*

Tell me whereon this strength of Faction lyes?

*On lyes.*

What didst thou do when the King left Parlia-

*Lament.*

(ment?

What terms would'st give to gain his Company?

*Any.*

But how wouldst serve him, with thy best endea-

*Ever.*

(vour?

What wouldst thou do if here thou couldst be-

*Hold him.*

(hold him?

But if he comes not what becomes of London?

*Undone.*

*Upon bringing in the Plate.*

ALL you that would no longer  
To a Monarch be subjected,  
Come away to Guildhall, and be there liberall,  
Your Wish shall be there effected.  
Come come away, bring your Gold, bring your Jewells,  
Your silver Shap't, or Molten,  
If the King you'll have down, and advance to the Crown  
Five Members, and K——

Regard no Proc'amations,  
They're Subjects fit to Jest on,  
Henry Elsing's far better than C. R.  
Resolv'd upon the Question.  
Come come away, &c.

You Aldermen first send in  
Your Chaines upon these Summons,  
To buy Ropes ends, for all the Kings Friends,  
They're Traytors to the Commons:  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Your Basons large, and Ewers,  
Unto this use alot them,  
If ere you mean your hands to clean  
From th' Sins by which you got them.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Bring in your Cannes and Gobletts,  
You Citizens confiding,  
And think it no scorn, to drink in a Horn  
Of your own Wives providing.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Ye Bretheren strong and lusty,  
The Sisters Exercise yee,  
Get Babes of Grace, and Spoons apace,  
Both Houses do advise yee.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Let the Religious Sempstress  
Her silver Thimble bring here,  
'Twill be a fine thing in deposing a King,  
To say you had a Finger.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

Your Childe's redeemed Whifile  
May here obtain Admittance,  
Nor shall that Cost, be utterly lost,  
They'le give you an Acquittance.  
*Come, come away, &c.*



The Gold and Silver *Bodkin*,  
 The Parliament woo'd ha both,  
 Which oft doth make, the House to take  
 A Journey on the Sabbath.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

You that have store of Mony  
 Bring't hither, and be thrifty,  
 If th' *Parliament* thrive, they'le so contrive  
 You shall have back *Four* for *Fifty*.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

If when the Councell's ended,  
 Your Plate you will recover,  
 Be sure you may the chief Head that day  
 On the *Bridge* or *Tower* discover.  
*Come, come away, &c.*

*The Prentices Petition to the Close Committee.*

(come<sup>e</sup>)  
**T**O you close Members, wee the Young men  
 (If Justice in this house has any Room?)  
 With a Petition; but it is for peace;  
 If you are vext, pray let all Quarrells cease;  
 First, for Religion.) If't be no offence,  
 Nor hinder things of greater Consequence )  
 We hope you do suppose there's some such thing,  
 'Cause 'thas bin often mention'd by the King.  
 Wee'd hav't establisht, and do hold it fit  
 That no Lay-Levites ought to meddle with't.

Next

Next, that in spite of Treason, we may have  
 A happy peace, but that we need not crave,  
 For when our bodkins cease 'twil be your pleasure  
 That arms may cease, not wanting wil, but treasure;  
 Else you'll but put the King to farther trouble,  
 To beat you to't, and make you Subjects double.  
 We know y'are powerfull, and can wonders do  
 Both by your Votes and Ordinances too;  
 In case all those Murther'd Innocent men  
 May by your Votes be made alive again,  
 Then your admiring Spirits shall perswade us  
 That neither War nor Famine can invade us:  
 Till then you'll give us leave to trust our Eyes,  
 And from our sad Experience, now grow wise:  
 Let not the Collonell's gaping son o'th' City  
 Be made the Mouth unto this close Committe;  
 Whose gaudy Troope, because they're boyes, he  
 They are the Children of the Lord of Hosts; (boasts  
 And knows no reason, ( for indeed tis scant )  
 Why States are not like Churches Militant.  
 Next, that Truth, Wisedome, Justice, Loyalty,  
 And Law, five Members of our Faculty  
 ( Who not by the King; but you, have been so long  
 By Votes Expell'd from your Rebellious throng )  
 May be restored; and in spite of Pym  
 Be heard to speak their mind as well as him.  
 Which if not granted, we do tell you this,  
 Your Lord ( whose head's in a Parenthesis )  
 Shall not secure you, but we shall untie  
 That twisted Rabble of the Hierachy,  
 Clubs are good payments, and'mongst other things  
 Know we are as many Thousands as you Kings.  
 In the Interim pray tell your fore-horse Pym,  
 Just as he loves the King, so we love him.

*Londons*

*Londons Farewell to the Parliament.*

**F**arewell to the Parliament, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell to the Parliament, with hoe,  
 Your dear delight the City,  
 Our wants have made us witty,  
 And a ——— for the Close Committee,  
 With a hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord of *Essex*, with hoe,  
 He sleeps till eleven,  
 And leaves the Cause at six and seven,  
 But 'tis no matter, their hope's in Heaven,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord *Wharton*, with hoe,  
 The Saw-pit did hide him,  
 Whilst *Hastings* did out-ride him,  
 Then came *Brooks* and he out-ly'd him,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *Billy Stroud*, with hoe,  
 He swore all *Whartons* lyes were true,  
 And it concern'd him so to do,  
 For he was in the Saw-pit too,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell the Lord *Brooks*, with hoe,

He

He said (but first he had got a Rattle)  
 That but one hundred fell in the Battle,  
 Besides Dogs, Whores, and such Parliament  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe. (Cattle,

Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *Say* and *Seale*, with hoe,  
 May these Valiant Sons of *Ammon*,  
 All be Hang'd as high as *Haman*,  
 With the old Anabaptist they came on,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell K ——— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell K ——— with hoe,  
 Thy Father writ a Godly Book,  
 Yet all was fish that came to the hook,  
 Sure he is damn'd though but for his look.  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell K ——— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell K ——— with hoe,  
 Thy House had been confounded,  
 In vain he had compounded,  
 If he had not got a Round-head,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell D ——— H ——— with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell D ——— H ——— with hoe  
 Twas his Ambition, or his need,  
 Not his Religion did the deed,  
 But his Widow hath tam'd him of the speed.  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell

Farewell *John Hampden*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Hampden* with hoe,  
   Hee's a fly and subtile Fox,  
   Well read in *Buchanan* and *Knox*,  
   And hees gone down to goad the Oxe,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym*, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,  
   He would have had a place in Court,  
   And he ventur'd all his partie for't,  
   But bribing proves his best support.  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell *John Pym* with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell *John Pym* with hoe,  
   For all the feign'd disaſter  
   Of the *Taylor* and the *Plaster*,  
   Thou shalt not be our *Maſter*,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe,

Farewell Major *Skippon*, with hey, with hey  
 Farewell Major *Skippon* with hoe,  
   Ye have ordered him to kill and ſlay,  
   To reſcue him and run away,  
   Provide you vote fair weather, and pay,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell our VVorthies all, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell our VVorthies all with hoe,  
   For they inſtead of dying,  
   Maintain the truth by lying,  
   And get victories by flying,  
 VVith hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Fare-

Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hey, with hey,  
Farewell our *Scotch* Brethren, with hoe,  
They March but to the border,  
But will be brought no farther,  
For neither Ordinance nor Order,  
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell my little Levites, with hey, with hey,  
Farewell my little Levites, with hoe,  
Though you seem to fear him,  
Yet you can scarce forbear him,  
And when you thank him, you but jeer him,  
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell fears and jealousies, with hey, with hey,  
Farewell fears and jealousies, with hoe,  
Which, with lying Declarations,  
Tumults, traytors, and protestations,  
Have been the ruine of two Nations,  
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell little *Isaack*, with hey, with hey,  
Farewell little *Isaack*, with hoe,  
Thou hast made us all, like *Asses*,  
Part with our Plate, and drink in Glasses,  
Whilst thou growst rich with 2 s. Passes,  
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell Plate and Money, with hey, with hey,  
Farewell Plate and Money, with hoe,  
'Tis going down by water,  
Or something near the matter,  
And a Publique Faith's going after,  
With hey trolly, lolly, loe.

Farewell

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

95

Farewell Members five, with hey, with hey,  
 Farewell Members five, with hoe,  
 Next Petition we deliver,  
 Sends you packing down the River,  
 And the Devil be your driver,  
 With hey trolly, lolly, hoe.

## A SONG.

**N**ew-England is preparing a-pace,  
 To entertain King Pym, with his Grace,  
 And *Isack* before shall carry the Mace,  
*For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.*

No Surplisse nor no Organs there,  
 Shall ever offend the Eye, or the Ear,  
 But a Spiritual Preach, with a 3. hours Prayer,  
*For Round-heads, &c.*

All things in Zeal shall there be carried,  
 Without any Porredge read over the buried,  
 No Crossing of Infants, nor Rings for the Married,  
*For Round-heads, &c.*

The Swearer there shall punisht be still,  
 But Drunkenesse private be counted no ill,  
 Yet both kind of lying as much as you will,  
*For Round-heads, &c.*

Blow winds, Hoyse sailes, and let us be gone,  
 But be sure we take all our Plunder a long,  
 That *Charles* may find little when as he doth come,  
*For Round-heads Old Nick stand up now.*

Sir

## Sir John Hotham's Alarm.

(John,  
**C**OME Traytors, March on, to the Leader Sir  
 Though King *Charles* his Friends disaffect  
 Do not obey him, but obey Devil *Pym*, (you,  
 And the Parliament will protect you.

Let us plead that we Fight, for the King and his  
 But if he desire for to enter, (Right,  
 Let us Armed appear, and let us all sweare  
 Our lives for his sake we will venter.

But if he give Command, to disarm out of hand,  
 As we our *Allegiance* do tender,  
 Let us presently Sweare, that Commanded we are  
 By the Parliament not to surrender.

If he desire for to see, what Command that may  
 We then will resolve him no further, (be,  
 But intreat him to stay, while we send Post away,  
 He shall have a Copy of the Order.

But if he Proclaime, me a Traytor by Name,  
 And all you that adhere to my Faction, (me,  
 What an Honour it will be, when my Country see  
 Second *Pym* in a Trayterous Action.

But when the King sends, to require an amends  
 Of the Parliament for such denial;  
 Whether Treason or no, the Law shall ne're know,  
 I must be put to your Vote for a Tryal.

And



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 97

And to put it to the Voice, or the Parliaments  
 The House being now so empty ; ( choice,  
 If there be such a thing, as God or a King,  
 We'll carry it by five in the twenty.

If so please the Fates, as to change our Estates,  
 That the King his own Rights doth recover,  
 We will turn to their way, and the Town will  
 ( betray,  
 Though a Ladder for our pains we turn over.

*The Publique Faith.*

SOME tell of *Africk* Monsters, which of old,  
 Vain Superstition did for God-heads hold,  
 How the *Aegyptians*, who first knowledge spread,  
 Ador'd their *Apis* with the white Bulls head ;  
*Apis* still fed with Serpents that do hiss,  
*Hamon*, *Osiris*, Monster *Anubis*.

BUT Sun-burnt *Africk* never had, nor hath  
 A Monster like our *English Publique Faith* ;  
 Those fed on Snakes, and satisf'd, did rest,  
 This, like the Curtain Gulf, will have the best  
 Thing in the City, to appease its still  
 Encreasing hunger, Glutting its lewd will  
 With Families, whose substance it devours,  
 Perverting Justice and the Higher Powers ;  
 Contemning without fear of any Law,  
 Preying on all to fill its ravenous Maw ;  
 Whose *Estrich* stomach, which no Steele can fete,  
 Has swallowed down Indies of Gold and Plate :

H

This

This is the *Publique Faith*, which being led  
 By th' Cities wealth, has in this Kingdom bred  
 Such various mischiefs with its viperous breath,  
 Blasting its peace and happineſſe to death ;  
 And yet this Idoll which our world adores,  
 Has made men prostitute their truth like Whores,  
 To its ſoul Luſt, which ſurely may as well  
 And ſoon be ſatiſfi'd, as th' Grave, or Hell ;  
 This preys on Horſes, yet that will not do,  
 Unleſſe it may devour the Riders too :  
 This takes up all the Riches of the Land,  
 Not by intreaty, but unjuſt Command,  
 Borrowing extortively without any day  
 But the *Greek Calends*, then it means to pay ;  
 This 'gainſt the Law of Nations does ſurpriſe  
 The Goods of Strangers, Kings, & in its wiſe (note)  
 Diſcretion, thinks ( though its not worth their  
 They're bound to take the *Publique Faiths* trim  
 For their ſecurity, when this *Publique Faith* (Vote  
 Has broke more Merchants then e're Riot hath,  
 And yet, good men o'ch City, you are proud  
 To have this Bankrupt *Publique Faith* allow'd  
 More credit then your King, to this you'll lend  
 More willingly then ever you did ſpend  
 Money to buy your Wives and Children bread,  
 By ſuch a ſtrange Inchantment being miſſed  
 To your undoings ; you who upon Bond,  
 Nay ſcarcely upon Mortgage of that Land,  
 Treble your Moneys value, would not part  
 With your lov'd Coine, vanquiſh'd by th' power-  
 Of this *Magician Publique Faith*, juſtly inſtall (full art  
 Him Maſter of your Bags, the Devil and all  
 That taught you get them by deceitfull wares,  
 And ſucking in ( like Mornings draughts ) young  
 Heirs : Well,

Well, certainly if this fine humour hold,  
 Your Aldermen will have no other Gold (*Chains*,  
 But what's in *Thumb-rings*, for their ponderous  
 They'll be the *Publique Faiths* just lawfull gains,  
 And have the Honour afterwards to be  
 Hang'd in them for its *Publique Treachery*.  
 What will become of you then, Grave and Witty  
 Inhabitants of this Inchant'd City?  
 Who is't shall those vast Sums to you re-pay,  
 When Master *Publique Faith* is run away?  
 O: who shall those prodigious heaps renew,  
 Which were prodigally decreas'd by you?  
 Whom the whole world imagin'd men of thrift,  
 What will your Orphans do? How will they shift,  
 Whose whole Estates in th' City Chamber, hath  
 Been given a spoyle to ruin'd *Publique Faith*?  
 Perhaps you'll pawn your Charter to supply  
 The worthy wants of your Necessity.  
 Who is't will take't, when all (but men misled  
 Like you) know 'tis already forfeited?  
 Who is't will then into New Coine translate  
 Such monstrous Cupboards of huge antick Plate?  
 To *Publique Faiths* vast *Treasury* bring in,  
 From the Gilt Goblet, to the Silver Pin,  
 All that was Coinable, and what to do?  
 Even to create you *Knaves*, and *Traytors* too.  
 Faith if you chance to come off with your *Lives*,  
 Your way will be to live upon your *Wives*,  
 Their *Trading* will be good, when *Fortune* wears  
 Your Colours in the Caps of th' *Cavaliers*,  
 Whose Cuckolds you'll be then, & on your brow,  
 Wear their Horns, as you *Publique Faith's* do now;  
 Then, then you'll howle, when you shall clearly see  
 That *Publique Faith*, was *Publique Treachery*:

Then you'll confess your selves to've been undone  
 By *Publique Faith's* man, *Isaack Pennington* ;  
 Then you'll repent that ever you did sling  
 Such monstrous Sums away against your King ;  
 When he in *Triumph*, with his *War-like Train*,  
 Shall to your terrour view your *Town* again ;  
 Unlesse his Mercy mitigate his wrath,  
 Justly conceiv'd 'gainst you and *Publique Faith* ;  
 That Reverent Alderman which did defile  
 His Breeches at the Mustering ere while,  
 Shall then again those Velvet Slops bewray,  
 Cause *Publique Faith* did make him go astray :  
*Pauls* shall be opened then, and you conspire  
 No more against the Organs in the Quire,  
 Nor threat the Saints ith' Windows, nor repair  
 In Troops to kill the Book of Common-Prayer ;  
 Nor drunk with Zeal, endeavour to engrosse  
 To your own use, the stones of *Cheap-side Crosse* :  
 Then, then you'll bow your heads, your horns and  
 That so exalted were to save from thrall (all,  
 Your ruin'd Liberties, and humbly pray  
 For Mercy, more then upon each *Fast-day* ;  
 When your Seditious Preachers to the throng,  
 Make Prayers *Ex Tempore* of five hours long ;  
 Left you by early penitence prevent  
 Your certain danger, if not punishment,  
 Which you by no means may so safely do,  
 As quitting *Publique Faith*, and *Treason* too: (find,  
 Then, then, though late, you to your grief will  
 That you have walkt (as Moles ith' Earth do.)  
 Of your fair reason, and obedient light, (blind  
 Involv'd in Mists of black *Rebellious Night* :  
 If these Instructions will not make you see  
 Your Errour, may you perish in't for me,

And

I. Part I. Rump Songs. 101

And to your Ruine walk in deathfull path,  
That leads to'th Gallows with the Publique Faith.

*The Sence of the House, or the Reason why  
those Members who are the Remnant of  
the two Families of Parliament  
cannot consent to Peace, or  
an Accommodation.*

To the Tune of The New-England Psalm,  
Huggle Duggle, ho ho ho the Devil he  
laught aloud.

Come come beloved Londoners, fy fy you  
shame us all,  
Your rising up for Peace, will make the close Com-  
mittee fall;  
I wonder you dare ask for that, which they must  
needs deny,  
There's 30. swears they'l have no Peace, and bid  
me tell you why.

First I'll no Peace quoth Essex, my Chaplain sayes  
'tis Sin  
To loose 100 l. a day, just when my Wife lies  
in;  
They cry God blesse your Excellence, but if I  
loose my Place  
They'l call me Rebel, Popular Ass, and Cuckold  
to my face. H 3 You

You Citizen Fools, quoth *W* ——— d'ye talk to  
 to me of Peace,  
 Who not only stole his Majesties Ships, but rob'd  
 him of his Seas,  
 No no I'll keep the Water still, and have my  
 Ships well man'd,  
 For I have lost and stole so much, I know not where  
 to land.

Do Brother do, sayes *H* ——— for Peace breeds  
 us no quiet,  
 Besides my Places to have lost, with sixteen Dish-  
 es dyet,  
 I play'd the *Judas* with the King, which makes  
 the World detest me,  
 Nay should his Majesty pardon me, 500. would  
 arrest me.

*K* ——— said, these *Londoners* deserve to loose  
 their Eares.  
 For now they'll all obey the King, like Citizen  
 Cavaliers;  
 Let's vote this Peace a desperate Plot, and send  
 them a denial,  
 For if they save the Kingdom, they'll give us a  
 Legal tryal.

The *Welfo-men* rage quoth *S* ——— and call me  
 villanous Goat  
 For plundering *Hereford's* Aldermens Gownes to  
 make my *Besse's* Coat,  
 'Tis true the Town did feed me well, for which I  
 took good Fleeces,  
 But if Peace come they'll tear me and all my  
 Whores in pieces. Fight

# Part I. *Rump Songs?* 103

Fight fight quoth *Say*, now now hold up these  
Jealousies and Fears,

The work will shew I laid the Plot above these  
17. years;

'Tis I that am your Engineer', but if for Peace  
you vote,

Oh then they'le make me go to Church, or else  
they'le cut my Throate.

My Father *Goodwin* quoth *W——* calls me a  
filly Lad,

And wonders they'le ask Peace of me who have  
been lately mad;

You chuse me *Irish* General, and I chuse to stay  
here,

For should we fight among the Boggs, there's ne-  
ver a Sawpit near.

Those Heathen Prentices quoth *Brooks*, that made  
my Coach-man stay,

Eid me be bare, although I spoke but 13. Bulls  
that day,

But if Peace lop off my learned Skull, then all my  
House you'le see

The Sword of *Guy*, the Dun-cows rib, the Asses  
tooth, and me.

I made a *Speech* quoth *R——* when his Excel-  
lence first began,

For which he swore by a *Pottle* of *Sack* to make  
me a Gentleman :

But if the King get to *Whitehall* then all my hopes  
are past,

My Father was first Lord of the House, and I  
shall be the last. H 4 Keep

Keep Silence, quoth Mr. *Speaker*, but do not hold  
 your peace,  
 Let's sit, and vote, and hold them too't, for I'll do  
 what you please;  
 I have had but poor 6000 l. besides some Spoons  
 and Bowles,  
 Nay, grant a Peace, and how shall I be Master of  
 the Rolles?

Then spake 5. Members all at once; who for an  
 Army cry'd,  
 Last year, quoth they, you rescu'd us, else we had  
 all been try'd:  
 What though you be almost undone, you must  
 contribute still,  
 Or wee'll convey, our Trunks away, and then do  
 what you will.

My Venome swells, quoth *H*— that his Majesty  
 full well knows,  
 And I, quoth *Hampden*, fetcht the *Scots*, from  
 whence this Mischief flows.  
 I am an Ass, quoth *Hastlerigg*, but yet I'me deep  
 ith' Plott,  
 And I, quoth *Stroud*, can lye as fast, as Mr. *Pym* can  
 trot.

But I, quoth *Pym*, your Hackney am, and all your  
 drudgery do,  
 Have made good Speeches for my self, and Pri-  
 viledges for you:  
 I can sit down and look on men, whilst others  
 bleed and fight,  
 I eat their Lordships meat by day, and giv'e their  
 Wives by night. Then



# Part I. Rump Songs.

105

Then *Vane* grew black ith' face, and swore there's  
none so deep as I,  
The Staff and Signet slipt my hand, my Son can  
tell you why,  
The name of Peace they say 'tis sweet, but oh  
it makes me shrink,  
*Straffords* Ghost doth haunt me so, I cannot sleep  
a wink.

Were *Strafford* living, *Mildmay* said, he would do  
me no ill,  
I hid my self ith' Privy, when the House did pass  
his Bill :  
But all my Gold and Silver thread *Gregory* calls  
his own,  
Though in a Ship I made my will, I was not born  
to drown.

You found me, quoth Sir *R* — *P* — I had been  
long a Knave;  
You promis'd I should be so still, if you my Vote  
might have.  
And I, quoth *Laurence Whittaker*, agreed to doe so  
too,  
But if you serve old Courtiers thus, they'le do as  
much for you.

This Peace, quoth *Michael Oldsworth*, will bring  
me never a Fee,  
Although my Lord have sworn for Peace, and  
will not follow me.  
Down, down with Bishops, *Wheeler* said, for I have  
rob'd the Church :  
Oh base, will you conclude a Peace, and leave me  
in the lurch. Who

Who speaks of Peace quoth *Ludlow*, hath neither  
 Sence nor Reason,  
 For I ne're spoke ith' House but once, and then  
 I spoke High Treason,  
 Your meaning was as bad as mine, you must de-  
 fend my Speech;  
 Or else you make my mouth as foul as was my  
 Fathers breech.

I'll plunder Him, quoth *Baynton*, that mentions  
 Peace to Me,  
 The Bishop would not grant my Lease, but now  
 I'll have his Fee.  
 A Gunpowder Monopoly quoth *Evelyn* rais'd my  
 Father,  
 But if you let this War go down, they'll call me  
 Powder Traytor.

Oh *Jove*, quoth Sir *John Hotham*, is this a time to  
 treat?  
 When *Newcastle* and *Cumberland* me to the Walls  
 have beat?  
 You base-obedient Citizens d' ye think to save  
 your Lives?  
 My Sonne and I will serve you all as I have serv'd  
 Five Wives.

Indeed, quoth Sir *Hugh Cholmley*, Sir *John* you  
 speak most true,  
 For I have sold, and morgaged, most of my Land  
 to you;  
 My Brother would have serv'd the King, but was  
 forbid to stay;  
 The King fore saw at *Keynton-field*, Sir *Harry*  
 would run away. I went

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.* 107

I went down, quoth Sir *Ralph Stapleton*, with Mus-  
quet, Pike and Drum,  
To fetch Sir *Francis Wortley* up, but truly hee'd  
not come.

Oh Lord, Sir *Robert Harlow* said, how do our Foes  
increase?

I wonder who the Devil it was that first invented  
Peace.

*Treason, Treason, Treason*, Sir *Walter Earle* cryes  
out,

Worse than blowing up the *Thames*, the Dagger,  
or the Clout.

Hang me, quoth *Miles Corbet* then, for we are all  
confounded,

And *Cavaliers* will Cuckold me, as well as did the  
*Roundhead*.

Quoth Sir *John Wray*, Mr. *Speaker*? I'll end this  
matter streit,

For this which is my Ninth Speech, I'me sure is  
none of my Eight;

I try'd it at my Tables end, my Neighbours know  
'tis right,

But Peace will make me speak lesse wit, and then  
farewell your *Knight*.

A-vengeance, quoth *Harry Martin* then, I'll ha no  
Accommodation,

For it was I, that bravely tore his Majesties Pro-  
clamation;

Ith' House I spoke High Treason, I have sold both  
Land and Lease;

I shall not then keep but 3. Whores, Apox upon  
your Peace. *You*

You see beloved Londoners, your Peace is out of season,  
 For which you have the sence of the House, and every  
 Members reason:  
 Ob doe not stand for Peace then, for trust me if you  
 doe,  
 Each County in the Kingdome will rise and doe soe  
 too.

### Essex Petition to the Best of Princes.

Sir,

THAT *All-Majesty* (from whom you take (take  
 Your Heaven-Aointed Scepter) for whose  
 You drink the Dregs of Bitternesse, which turns  
 Your Crown of Glory, to a Crown of Thornes;  
 View'd sinfull *Sodom*, *Sodom* that offended  
 Even him, as we do you, that vilely blended  
 His gracious Promises, did wrest his Powers,  
 And violate his Laws, as we do yours;  
 Yet urg'd by him whose Zeal brookt no denyal,  
 Would have sav'd all, if ten were found but loyal.  
 Great Prince, to whom the Breath of Heaven hath  
 The Principles of Mercy, in whose stead (read  
 You sit as God to punish, or to spare,  
 Whose equal Hand can ruine, or repair  
 Our staggering Fortunes: Pity, and behold  
 Rebellious *Essex*! People now grown old  
 In Dis-obedience, who deserv'dly stand (hand.  
 Like Calves, expecting Death from your Just  
 'Twas

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 109

'Twas we that bleated first Rebellion out,  
 Who being Pulpit-led, not apt to doubt  
 Our Lecturing Zealots, and but green in reason,  
 Were made too wise, and frighted into *Treason* :  
 We are a Cock-brain'd Multitude, a Rabble  
 Of all Religions, and we daily squabble  
 About vain shades, and let the substance passe,  
 Hating good Manners as we hate the Masse ;  
 Our new discretions every day convince,  
 Our old rebellions, 'gainst so mild a Prince  
 Were scarcely fixt, but a fresh Ordinance comes,  
 And damns our Conscience into deeper Sums ;  
 Breaks ope our Houses, Rifles all our Stuff,  
 Nay more, as if we had not yet enough,  
 Plunders our very wits ; nay if we do  
 Shew but a sorry shrug, Malignants too ;  
 That in so much our people now obeys  
 As many *Tyrants* as the Year hath dayes :  
 But we have ten, ten, ten times multiply'd,  
 And thousands more to that, which have deny'd  
 To bend their knees to *Baal*, whereof some lye  
 Cloystered in Grates, where they unpittied, cry  
 For Superannuated Crufts, and there remain,  
 Even taking Gods and *Charles* his Name in vain :  
 Some scorning to be aw'd by Subjects, fled  
 From their dear *Wives* and *Children* ; led  
 Like *Theeves* to *Gaols*, saluted with the Curse  
 Of every Dunghill scurfe, with dirt and worse,  
 Where they are sadly, but yet dearly fed, (dead :  
 Some ag'd, some weak, some dying, and some  
 For their dear sake (great *Charles*) they undertake  
 Deaths willing Martyrdome, for *Charles* his sake ;  
 Be gracious to their County, let her know  
 That she, a miserable Land, doth owe

Her

Her sweet Redemption to their Congruous merit,  
 And least they'le abjure what now they scarce in-  
 Let that accustom'd Sun-shine of your Eye (herit,  
 Enrich her soyle, that she may still out-vye (now  
 Her Neighbouring Shires, & let that brand which  
 She wears, be set on th' Epidemick brow;  
 And let the Loyal Gentry still be known  
 By this firm Mark from the perfidious Clown;  
 Let them, like treacherous slaves, be alwaies bound  
 To pay Rack-rents, and only Till the ground;  
 Let neither them nor their base off-spring dare  
 To be so rich as buy a Purchase there.

*Dread Sovereign,*  
 Forgive, Forget, Remember, and Relent,  
 Resemble him you so much represent, (free,  
 And when pleas'd Heavens shall set thy Scepter  
 Triumph in him, and wee'll triumph in thee.

### *The Cryer.*

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,  
 Of what degree soever,  
 Lord, Knight, Esquire, Gentleman, or Yeoman,  
 Felt-maker, Button-maker, or Weaver,  
 Coach-man, Cocker, or Brick-layer,  
 Sheriff, Alderman, or Mayor,  
 In City, Town, or Country, hath  
 Lost his Religion, or his Faith,  
 Let him forthwith repair to th' Cryer  
 Of Westminster, where let him bring

The

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

The Mark of what he doth require,  
And he shall hear on't, if God blesse the King.

O Yes, if any Man or Woman,  
Of what degree soever,  
From the *Marquis*, to the *Yeoman*,  
From the *Straw-hat* to the *Beaver*,  
From the *Land-lord*, to the *Dray-man*,  
Whether the *Clergy*, or the *Layman*,  
Hath l st a *War-horse-Armes*, or *Dragoones*,  
That were the *Treasure of Buffoones*;  
Jewells. Money, Pearle, or Plate,  
Cups for *Service*, or for *State*;  
Come to the *Cryer*, and you then (when.  
Shall find them he knows where, but God knows

---

*The Cavaliers Prayer.*

God blesse the *King* and *Queen*, the *Prince* also,  
And all his *Loyal Subjects* both high and low,  
For *Roundheads* can pray for themselves we know;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Devil take *Pym* and all his *Peers*,  
God blesse *Prince Rupert* and his *Cavaliers*,  
For if they come *hither Pym* will stink with fears;  
*Which no body can deny.*

God blesse *Rupert* and *Maurice* withall,  
That gave the *Roundheads* a great downfall,  
And knockt their *Noddles* 'gainst *Worcester wall*;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Lawn.

Lawn sleeves and Surplices must go down,  
For why, King Pym doth sway the Crown;  
But all are Bishops that wears a Black Gown;  
*Which no body can deny.*

Let the Canons roar, and the Bullets flye,  
King Pym doth swear he'll not come nigh,  
He sayes, its a pittypfull thing to dye;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Horners* they are brave Blades,  
I do not know, but it is said  
The stout Earl of *Essex* is free of that trade;  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Baker over *Burton* cannot domineer,  
For it is most firmly reported here,  
He's as free of the Pillory as ever they were;  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is *Isaack Pennington* both wise and old,  
I do not know, but 'tis for truth told  
That he is turned poor Sexton of *Pauls*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There is a *Lord W*—— both wise and round,  
He will meet *Prince Rupert* upon any ground,  
And if that his hands behind him be bound;  
*Which few people will deny.*



*To whom it concerns.*

Come, come, ye Cock-brain'd Crew, that can  
 (suppose  
 No truth, but that which travells through the  
 (Nose;  
 That looks on Gods Anointed with those Eyes,  
 You view your Prentices; ye that can prize  
 A Stable with a Church; that can Impeach  
 A Grave Devine, and hear an Hostler preach:  
 Are ye all mad? has your Fanatick zeal  
 Stiff'd your stock of Sences at a Meal?  
 Have ye none left to look upon these Times?  
 With Grief, which you and the unpunisht Crimes  
 Have brought upon this miserable Land?  
 Are ye all Bruits? not apt to understand  
 The neighbouring stroke of Ruine, till't be past?  
 And you become the Sacrifice at last?  
 What would you have? can Reformation border  
 On Sacriledge? or Truth upon Disorder?  
 Can Kisseing, and Religion dwell together?  
 Can the way hence be said the next way thither?  
 Go, ply your Trades, *Mechanicks*, and begin  
 To deal uprightly, and Reform within;  
 Correct your prick-ear'd Servants; and perswade  
 Your long lov'd Arm-fulls; if you can thus trade  
 In Pigges and Poultry: let them cease to smooth  
 Your Rump'd Follies, and forbear to sooth  
 Your pious Treasons, thus to kick and fling,  
 Against the *Lords Anointed*, and your King.

By the Author.

That neither loves for *Fashion* nor for *Fear*,  
As far from *Roundhead*, as from *Cavalier*.

---

To the City.

**D**raw near you factious Citizens; prepare  
To hear from me what hideous Fools you  
(are;  
What lumps offordid Earth ; in which we find  
Not any least Resemblance of a Mind;  
Unlesse to Baseness and Rebellion bent  
Against the King, to ayde the Paliament;  
That Parliament, whose Insolence will undoe  
Your Cities Wealth, your Lives, and Safety too:  
Are you so stupid, dull, you cannot see  
How your best Vertues now are Treachery ?  
Apparent Treason, Murder, and the like :  
How with unhallowed hands you strive to strike  
Him, whom you should your Loyalty afford,  
(Great Charles ) the blest Anointed of the Lord ?  
How you do daily contribute, and pay  
Mony, your Truths and Honours to betray ?  
Bigg with Phanatique thoughts, and wilde de-  
( fire :  
'Tis you, that blew up the increasing Fire  
Offsoul Rebellion, you that only bring  
Armies into the Field against your King ;  
For were't not for supportment from your Baggs,  
That Great and Highest Court that only braggs  
Of

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

Of your vain folly, long ere this had bin  
 Punish'd for their bold Sacrilegious sin,  
 Of *Actual Treason*, there had never come  
 Upon this Kingdom such a *Martyrdom*.  
 Armes hang'd up as uselesse, and the State  
 Retain'd his freedom; had you kept your Plate,  
 No *Keinton-Battails* had with Mothers curse,  
 Made Childless there the Treason of your Purse;  
 The *Publick Purse* o'th City; which must be  
 Esteem'd the Cause of *Publick Misery*;  
 No *Drums* had frighted *silken Peace* from out  
 The *Neighbouring Countries*, nor need you about  
 Your City with your *gilded Musquets* goe  
 Trayning, not for good Service, but for Shew;  
 That the whole Town may see your *Feathers*  
 (spread  
 Over your *Hatts*, as th' *Hornes* doe o're your  
 The *Humble Parliament* had never dar'd (Head;  
 To have prescrib'd *Laws* to their King, but spar'd  
 Their Zeal in bringing *Innovations*, and  
 Distractions o're the beautilous face oth' *Land*,  
 They would not then have so Supreamly brought  
 Their Votes, to bring the Kingdoms *Peace* to  
 (nought;  
 Nor with so sleight a value lookt on Him,  
 King *Charles*, and only doted on King *Pym*;  
 Nor for Authentick doctrine, have allow'd  
 As Law, the Precepts of *Ingenious Stroud*;  
*Hampden* nor *Martyn* had not then lookt bigge  
 Upon their King, nor *Arthur Haslrigge*;  
 Nor yet K — on whom we now confer  
 The style of *Trayterous Earle of M —*  
 Secur'd by you, the *Patrons* of the Cause,  
 Condemn'd his *Loyalty*, and the *Kingdoms Laws*;

Nor mis-led *Essex*, had not you been, nere  
 had acted on this *Kingdoms Theater*  
 So many *Tragedies*; nor *Warwick* sought  
 T'ingrosse the Naval Honours, no nor thought  
 On any Action so unjust, unmeet,  
 As keeping from his Majesty his *Fleet*;  
 Tis you have done all this, y'ave been the Head,  
 The very Spring from whence this River spread  
 The streams of foul *Rebellion*; which we know  
 At last will drown'd you with its over-flow;  
 You the *Arch-Trajtors* are, you, those that slew  
 The Kingdoms happinesse, and th' Allegiance due  
 Unto his *Sacred Majesty*: you, you that have  
 Betray'd this Nations Honour to the Grave  
 of lasting Obloquy; you that have destroy'd  
 The smiling wealth of th' *City*, and made void  
 The good Opinion, which the King before  
 Had of your Loyalties, and th' Faith you bore  
 To th' *Royal Stem*; which still has to your great  
 Advantage made this *City* their *Chief Seat*.  
 Fond and seditious Fools, d'ye think, yee  
 Are wiser than Times *numerous Progeny*?  
 That have Ador'd your *City*, when did They  
 Your harmlesse *Ancestors*, strive to give away  
 Their Wealth, and Duty from their *Sovereigne*

(*Lord,*

To make themselves *Trajtors* upon Record?  
 When did they their *Plate* and *Coin* bring in?  
 To be the Cause of their own *Ruyning*?  
 They never us'd to fright their King, nor draw  
*Tumults* together, to affront the *Law*.  
 No, nor good *Houses*, their *Corsets* slept, and all  
 The *Armes* they us'd hung up in each mans Hall.

They

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They did not then *enamel'd Musquets* carry  
 To *Train* in *Moor-fields*, and in *Finsbury* :  
 But did in *Comely Archery* excell,  
 Like honest grave Children of *Adam Bell*,  
 And *Climme* oth' *Clough*, now each of you will be  
 More than a furious *William Clondeslee*,  
 And trace the *Streets* with terror, as if *Ven*,  
 With *Fulk* and *Mannwaring*, were the only Men  
 Whom you did owe *Allegiance* to; as if *They*  
 Could give you privilege to disobey  
 The *Royal Mandate*, which does them proclaim  
 Guilty of *Treason*, and you of the same ;  
 As deeply stand *Impeacht*, and will at last  
 Pay dearly for't, when your *vain hopes* are past.  
 All *succours*, which you *credit* for your *Merit*,  
 Will be afforded you, by the *help* oth' *Spirit*,  
 That is the *Devil*; sure the *Heavenly Powers*,  
 Will never *Patronize* such *AAs* as *yours*.  
 Poor *bass'll* *J* *City*! baffled by a *Crue*  
 Of *Men*, which are as *arrant Fools* as you;  
 Surely your *Brains* can never be so *dull*  
 As not conceive *this*, which each *empty Skull*  
 Must needs *resent*; how that their only *Ayme*  
 Is, to create your *City* all one *Flame*,  
 And as the *Smoak* and *Sparks* do up *aspire*,  
 They'le sit and *laugh* (like *Nero*) at the *Fire*  
*Themselves* have made; unlessse your *Heads* be all  
*Horns* and no *Flesh*, you needs must see the *Fall*  
 That threatens you, like *Lightning* : To *eschew*  
 Which *Ruine*, 'twould be *Wisedome* to *renue*  
 Your *lost Allegiance*, and *Repentance* bring,  
 As a *fresh Victim*, to *appease* your *King*;  
 For be assur'd, *Who* to the *King's untrue*,  
 Must in their *Nature* needs be *false* to you.

## The MONSTER.

**P**Eace, *Vipers* peace, let *Crying blood* nere cease  
 To haunt your *bloody Souls*, that love not  
 And curst be that *Religion*, that shall cry, (*Peace.*  
*A Reformation with Phlebotomye;*  
 Your *Impious Firebrands*, whom the very *Tears*  
 Of *Growning England*, buried in their *Fears*,  
 Cannot extinguish; whom the *bleeding Veins*  
 Of *desperate Ireland*, which even now remains  
 A very *Golgotha*, cannot assuage  
 Those *Stripes*, the earnest of *Another Age*  
 Taste of your *salvage Piety*, and ly  
 The *Lamb-lesse Martyrs* of your *Cruelty*;  
 Whi'ft you lye softly emb'red, to encrease  
 The *flames of Christendome*, and cry no *Peace*,  
 Let *Sompsons* coupled *Messengers* convey  
 Those *Firebrands* hence, and let them make their  
 To their own *Houses*, consume and devaste, (way  
 Burn down their *Earnes*, and lay their *Graynards*  
 Demolish all within *doors*, and without, (waste,  
 Make havock there, destroy both *Branch and Root.*  
 Let all their *Servants* flee amaz'd; and cry,  
*Fire, Fire*, and let no helping hand be nigh;  
 Let their *Wiv's* live, but only live t' appear  
*Thornes* in their *Sides*, and *Thunder* in their *Ears*;  
 May all their *Sons* run mad into the *Street*,  
 And seeking *Refuge* there, there may they meet  
 Th' encountering *Sword*, and whom it spares to  
 May they be *Slaves*, and labour at the *Mill*: (kill,  
 Let all their *Daughters* beg, and beg in vain;  
 Let them be ravisht first, and then be slain;

Let

Let all their *Kindred* wander up and down,  
 Like *Vagabonds*, be lashed, from *Town*, to *Town* :  
 Let *baseness* be Entitled on their *Names*,  
 Too firm for all recoveries : O let *Shames*,  
*Reproach*, and *Lasting Infamy*, remain  
 In deeper *Characters* than that of *Cain* ;  
 Let *Caitiff P* — and that *Bloody Plot*,  
 Be *Sanctified* now, or at least forgot ;  
 And let those *Vipers* vindicate their *Crimes*  
 In every *Almanack* to after times ; (sences,  
 Where may there *Treason* live among their  
 More firm then *Reigns* of either *Kings* or *Princes*.  
 Thus may these *Firebrands* thrive, and if this *Curse*  
 Succeed not, let it yield unto a worse. (good,  
 For them, let them burn still, till Heaven thinks  
 To *Quench* them in their *Generations Flood* ;  
 So that the *World* may hear them hiss and cry,  
 Who lov'd not *Peace*, in *Peace* shall never dye.

---

*The Earl of Essex his Speech to the Parlia-  
 ment after Keinton Battle.*

**H**Ail to my Brother *Round-heads*, you that sit  
 At home, and study *Treason*, 'bove my *Wit*  
 Or *Valour* to maintain ; it's you whole hearts  
 And brains are stufft with all *Devillish darts*  
 Of *Rapine*, and *Rebellion* ; you whose dark  
 Religious Villanies, hates the least spark  
 Of Justice or Obedience to the King ;  
 To you, and none but you, true News I bring,  
 14 With

With all my *Fellow Rebels* that survive,  
 'Mongst whom in faith my self scapt scarce alive :  
 For when the Cavaliers, and Popish Schollers  
 Charg'd us so hot, my Coach full of *Rex-dollers*  
 I could have given to have been ten miles off;  
 And though the Zealots of our Party scoff,  
 And taunt the King's well-wishers, take't from me,  
 Happy were all the Round-heads that did flee ;  
 They scapt a scowering, which through very fear  
 Took me and all my Regiment in th' Rear,  
 At the first Charge; for that when we should fight,  
 We sneakt away, and had more mind to ———  
 For had I dard, to venture my dear life,  
 I should have rought once for the *Whore my Wife* ;  
 Yet I dare swear that we had won the day,  
 Had not so many fallen and run away :  
 And yet for all this Blood that hath been spilt,  
 My Sword is guilelesse, for fast by the hilt  
 I held it in my Scabbard, and still cry'd,  
*Well done. Fight on*, unto the Fools that dy'd ;  
 Whilst I stole towards *Warwick*, to avoyd  
 The Field, with the sad Spectacle quite cloyd :  
 I lost my Coach, and ( which doth make me fret )  
 I lost *Blake's* Letter in my Cabinet,  
 That reveal'd all our *Treason*, he good man  
 Suffr'd at *Oxford*, and unlesse I can  
 Repent, 'tis said, that I must dye like him,  
 Be Hang'd and Quarter'd, and you Mr. Pym :  
 We must be cautious, for the Cavaliers  
 Have desperate souls, concerning those base fears  
 That brought mee back again; besides, the  
 (King  
 Has a Just Cause you know; and though we bring

The



# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 121

The silly Multitude into the Noose,  
Our own hearts tell us we are like to loose  
Our heads, if *Charles* prevail; which we must do  
If he proceeds thus, to kill ten for two,  
You must provide new Armour, and more Armes,  
And a new Generall, that dares hear *Alarms*  
Of *Drum*: and *Trumpets*; one that may have sence  
And valour to excell my Excellence.

The *Persish Women* as I pass'd the *Strand*,  
Blesse me knee deep, and would have kiss'd my  
As King, whilst I most curteously vayl'd (hand,  
My Hat, and Feather to them, others rayl'd;  
And them as wisht, or knew I had the worst,  
For one that pray'd for me, devoutly curst.  
The truest News of all I hope to tell ye,  
Is that I have more mind to fill my belly,  
Then fight again, for that same *Dutchland Devil*,  
*Rupert*, the Prince of mischief, and all evil,  
My Vi'stuals took away, and burst my *Waggons*,  
Whilst the *Kings Forces* fought with fiery *Dragoons*,  
And beat me out o'th' *Field*; although we blind  
The Multitude, and say w' had sea and wind,  
Yet I protest the Elements themselves  
Conspir'd to ruine us, *Rebellious Elves*:  
And to conclude, some *Jeering Cavalier*,  
Has put upon us, in a *Song*, this Jeer,  
Rather than they should have the better a,  
That you and I were drawn and hang'd, &c.

*A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS  
upon the &c. in the Oath.*

Sir Roger from a zealous piece of Freeze,  
S'rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;  
Whole yearly Audit may, by strict account,  
To twenty Nobles, and his vails Amount;  
Fed on the common of the female charity,  
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,  
So shorten, that his Soul like to himself,  
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,  
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,  
Fell presently to Cudgels with the O th:  
The Quarrel was, a strange mis-shapen Monster  
&c. (God bleffe us!) which they conster  
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,  
The Dragons tayle ty'd on a knot, a neast  
Of young *Apocraphas*, the fashion  
Of a new mental Reservation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other  
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious Brother,  
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,  
I never read on't, but I fasted twice;  
And so by revelation know it better,  
Than all the Idolaters o'the Letter.  
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,  
Like great *Goliab* with his Weavers beam:  
I say to thee, &c. thou ly'st,  
Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:  
Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say,  
Tongues were confounded in &c?

Who

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 123

Who swears &c. swears more Oaths at once  
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:  
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds  
 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.  
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent,  
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.  
 Oh *Booker, Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack  
 this Sign in thy prophetick Almanack?  
 It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot  
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.  
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it,  
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;  
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-  
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November*: (ber,  
 Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untrusse  
 &c. it's so abominous.

The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd!  
 Unrip &c. and you shall find  
 Of the great Commissary, and which is worse,  
 Th' Apparatour upon his skew-ball'd horse.  
 Then (tinally my Babe of Grace) forbear,  
 &c. will be too far to swear;  
 For 'tis (to speak in a familiar style)  
 A *York-shire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,  
 Hee'l swear in words at large, and not in Fi-  
 (gures.

Now by this drink, which he takes off as loath  
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.  
 His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,  
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.  
 So they drunk on, not offering to part  
 Till they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart:

While

While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,  
They and their tribe were all, &c.

*The Publique Faith.*

Stand off my Masters: 'Tis your pence apeece,  
Jason, Medea, and the Golden Fleece;  
What side the line good Sir? Tigris, or Po?  
Lybia? Japan? Whisk? or Tradinkido?  
St. Kits? St. Omer? or St. Margaret's Bay?  
Presto begon? or come aloft? what way?  
Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or high?  
By all the hard names in the Letany,  
Bell, Book and Candle, and the Pope's great toe  
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.

Nay, since I must untruss, Gallants look to'r,  
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,  
This is that Beast of eyes in th' Revelations,  
The Basilisk has twisted up three Nations.  
Pontem Hixim doxius, full of tricks,  
The Lottery of the vulgar lunaticks.  
The Knapsack of the State, the thing you wish,  
Magog and Gog stew'd in a Chaffendish.  
A bag of Spoons and Whistles, wherein men  
May whistle when they see their Plate agen.  
Thus far his Infancy: his riper age  
Requires a more mysterious Folio page.  
Now that time speaks him perfect, and 'tis pity  
To dandle him longer in a close Committee,  
The Elf dares peep abroad, the pretty Fool  
Can wag without a truckling standing-stool;

Revenge

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 125

Revenge his Mother's infamy, and swear  
 Hee's the fair Off-spring of one half-score year;  
 The Heir of the House and hopes, the cry  
 And wonder of the Peoples misery.  
 'Tis true, while as a Puppy it could play  
 For Thimbles, any thing to passe the day;  
 But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,  
 & link *Mafenello* with the *Duke of Guise*;  
 Sign for an *Irish purchase*, and traduce  
 The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Use;  
 Give its Dam suck, and a hidden way  
 Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*.  
 An everlasting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hose,  
 Uncased, the Divil's *Don Quixot* in prose.  
 The Beast and the false Prophet twin'd together,  
 The squint-eyed emblem of all sorts of weather.  
 The refuse of that Chaos of the earth,  
 Able to give the World a second birth.  
 Affrick avaunt! Thy trifling Monsters glance  
 But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.  
 That all the Prodigies brought forth before  
 Are but Dame Natures blush left on the score.  
 This strings the Baker's dozen, christens all  
 The cross-leg'd hours of time since *Adam's* fall.

The Publick Faith? why 'tis a word of kin,  
 A Nephew that dares Cozen any sin.  
 A Term of Art, great *Bobemoth's* younger Brother,  
 Old *Machiavel*, and half a thousand other:  
 Which when subscrib'd writes *Legion*, names on  
*Abaddon*, *Belzebub*, and *Inculm*, (truss,  
 All the *Vice-Royes* of darkness, every spell  
 And Fiend wrap'd in a short Trissillable.

But I fore-stall the Show. Enter and see,  
 Salute the Door, your Exit shall be free.

In brief 'tis call'd Religions ease, or loss;  
For no one's suffer'd here to bear his crosse.

*A Committee.*

**C**AST *Knaves* my *Masters*, fortune guide the  
chance,

No packing I beseech you, no by-glance  
To mingle pairs, but fairly shake the bag,  
Cheats in their spheres like subtile spirits wag.  
Or if you please the Cards run as they will,  
There is no choyce in fin and doing ill.  
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the ods,  
He acts most high that best out-dares the gods.  
These are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh's Kine*,  
Which eat up all your Fatlings, yet look lean.  
These are the after-claps of bloody showres,  
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your guide and  
yours.

The Gleaners of the Fielde, where, if a man  
Escape the sword, that milder frying-pan;  
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws  
of such can speak no English but the Cause.  
Under that foggy term, that Inquisition,  
Y'are wrackt at all adventures *On suspicion*:  
No matter what's the crime, a good estate's  
*Delinquency* enough to ground their hate.  
Nor shall calm innocence so scape, as not  
To be made guilty, or at least so thought.  
And if the spirit once inform, beware,  
The flesh and world but renegadoes are.

Thus

# Part I. Rump Songs.

127

Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run,  
And in full cry and speed till *Wat's* undone.  
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn  
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn,  
Finds a smooth entrance, wide, and fit, but when  
Hee's squeez'd and forc'd up through the smaller  
(end,

He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that spent  
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;  
Or bodies at the *Resurrection* are  
On wing, just rarifying into aire.  
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Case*  
And shape of some sad being once that was.  
The *Type* of flesh and blood, the *Skeleton*  
And superficies of a thing that's gone.  
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder  
And body of a corps squeez'd to a cinder;  
When no more tortures can be thought upon,  
Mercy shall flow into oblivion.

*Mercifull Hell!* thy Judges are but three,  
Ours multi-form, and in plurality!  
Thy calmer censures flow without recall,  
And in one doom souls see their finall All.  
We travel with expectance: *Suffrings* here  
Are but the earnest of a second fear.  
Thy plagues and pains are infinite; 'tis true;  
Ours are not only infinite, but new.  
So that the dread of what's to come, exceeds  
The anguish of that part already bleeds.  
This only difference swells 'twixt us, and you,  
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

*The Model of the New Religion.*

**W**Hoop! *Mr. Vicar* in your flying frock?  
 What news at *Babel* now? how stands the  
 When wags the froud? no *Ephimerides*? (*Cock!*  
 Nought but confounding of the languages?  
 No more of th' *Saints* arival? or the chance  
 Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?  
 How many *Queer-religions*? clear your throat,  
 May a man have a peny-worth? four a groat?  
 Or do the *Janss* leap at truss-a-fayle?  
 Three *Tenents* clap while five hang on the tayle?  
 No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?  
 To preach for Spoons and Whistles? cross or pile?  
 No hints of truth on foot? no sparks of grace?  
 No late sprung light? to dance the wilde-goose  
 (chase?  
 No *Spiritual Dragoones* that take their flames  
 From th' inspiration of the *City Dames*?  
 No crums of comfort to relieve your cry?  
 No new dealt mince-meat of *Divinity*?  
 Come lets's project: by the great late *Eclipse*  
 We justly fear a famine of the lips.  
 for *Sprats* are rose an *Omer* for a sowse,  
 Which gripes the conclave of the lower House.  
 Lets therefore vote a close humiliation  
 For opening the seal'd eyes of this blind Nation,  
 That they may see confessingly, and swear  
 They have not seen at all this fourteen year:  
 And for the splints and spavins too, tis said  
 All the joynts have the *Riffenge*, since the head

Swell'd



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 129

Swell'd so prodigious, and exciz'd the parts  
From all *Allegiance*, but in tears and hearts.

But zealous *Sir*, what say to a touch at Prayer?  
How *Quops* the spirit? In what garb or ayre?  
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?  
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?  
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir*, hold forth,  
Learning's a venture of the second worth.  
For since the peoples rise and its sad fall,  
We are inspir'd from much, to none at all.

*Brother adieu!* I see y'are closely girt,  
A coslave *Dover* gives the *Saints* the squirt.  
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts  
Like the *States Fleet*, from the *Seas* into *Airs*:  
But where's the Model all this while, you'll say  
'Tis like the Reformation, run away.

---

*To a Fair Lady weeping for her Husband  
Committed to Prison by the  
Parliament. 1643.*

**T**Uth, let them keep him if they can,  
He's not in hold while you are free,  
Come, sigh no more, but pledge the man,  
What though in Fetters, yet can he  
Be Prisoner unto none but thee;  
Then dry your Eyes, for every tear  
Makes them like drowned worlds appear.

Post through the Aire, my fancy went,  
 With wings disguis'd, and there stood by  
 When he was brought to th' Parliament,  
 And streight to th' Bar, to th' Bar, they cry,  
 The smiling Captain asked, *Why?*  
 With that they soon drew up his Charge,  
 Which Lady you shall hear at large.

*Imprimis*, he was married late  
 With a Gold Ring, unto a Dame,  
 Would make the best of us a Mate;  
 Witty, Pretty, Young, and Quaint,  
 And fairer then our selves can Paint:  
 Her lips do set mens teeth on edge,  
 Sure 'tis a Breach of Priviledge.

And her Malignant beauty, can  
 Provoke our Members up to rise,  
 Nay make our General prove a man;  
 And the Star-Chamber of her Eyes,  
 Robs Subjects of their Liberties:  
 And then her voice keeps Eares in awe,  
 Even like the High-Commission Law.

Nay more, the fair Delinquent hath  
 A pair of Organs in her throat,  
 Which when she doth inspire with breath,  
 She can command in every noat,  
 More then both our Houses Vote:  
 Her very Hair, put in Array,  
 Can fetter our Militia.

Her Cheeks still Natures Patten have,  
 Not yet call'd in, for only Eye

## Part I. Rump Songs.

131

In them ingrossed all that's brave,  
And other Ladies Hucksters be,  
Her Beauty's the Monopolie;  
When theirs is spent, to her they come,  
And chaffer with her face for some.

She keeps an Alter on her brow,  
Her Eyes two Tapers on each side,  
There Superstitious Lovers bow;  
Her Name is *Mary* too beside,  
Who owns a Faith that's sanctifi'd;  
Let's clap up him till further leisure,  
And send for her to wait our pleasure.

Then go fair Lady, follow him,  
Fear no *Trumpet*, fear no *Drum*,  
Fair Women may prevail with *Pym*,  
And one sweet smile when there you come,  
Will quickly strike the *Speaker* dumb:  
If not, then let one tear be spent,  
And 'twill dissolve the Parliament.

---

### Mr. Fullers Complaint.

**E**ngland once *Europes* joy,  
Now her scorn;  
Ambitious to be forlorn,  
Self, by self torn;  
Stand amaz'd?  
Thy woes are blaz'd,  
By silence best,  
And wanting words, even wonder out the rest.

Help Gracious King,  
 The source and spring  
 Of all our blis,  
 Alas the fault's not his;  
 Good Prince how is he griev'd,  
 That he's mistook?  
 Or what's a Curse,  
 Far worse, he is not believ'd.

Help long-wisht for Parliament,  
 If so good by your intent;  
 And will,  
 And skill,  
 Why ill is your successe?  
 Alas Malignant humors lurk,  
 And cause the Physick not to work,  
 To give our woes redresse.

Help in the Law, ye Learned Sages,  
 Studied well in former ages:  
 But our Rents  
 Are above all Presidents;  
 In fight, what's might,  
 That's right:  
 For Statutes are by Lawyers awed,  
 And Common-law by Canon-law out-lawed.

Help ye Divines our souls to plaister,  
 Settle the Legacy which your Master  
 Bequeath'd to his own at his decease,  
 Even Peace:  
 Alas alas in *Gilead*,  
 Where is no balm for to be had;

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O Cruell, (fuell.  
They that should holy water bring, bring fiery

No help, no help,  
Why then 'tis vain  
For to complain;  
And why men sin with all their heart,  
Sorrow only but in part;  
And still they cry  
That all is ill,  
And love to make't and keep't so still.

Since then our wounds  
Are grown so wide,  
And all means try'd,  
And all deny'd;  
Good God help us at last,  
Before all help be past,  
For this is sure, (the cure.  
Men made the wounds, but God alone can help

---

*Upon wearing the Kings Colours.*

A Las, what take ye pepper in the Nose  
To see King *Charles* his Colours worne in  
'Twas but an Ornament to grace the Hat, (Pose?  
And must we have an Ordinance for that?  
O serious worthies! how can you dispence  
With so much time to draw a Grievance thence?  
But you do very well to make it known,  
When others Liberties surmounts your own;

You can and will suppress it, well, you may  
 Do even what you please, we must obey;  
 I hope you'll take in hand the *Taylor's Trade*,  
 And teach us how our *Apparell* must be made,  
 That women in a Vote shall plainly see  
 How wide their Smocks and Petticoats shall be:  
 If this continue, faith turn *Barbars* too,  
 And cut our hair of the same length you do;  
 And let it be no less a Crime then *Treason*,  
 To wear, do, or speak any thing that's reason:  
 As for the King, you'll say he's King, 'tis true,  
 But he can rule himself, and order you:  
 What, can he so? he's mightily too blame,  
 And fall into displeasure for the same;  
 He will not grant that you're his Friends, 'tis true,  
 Should you rule two Kingdoms as a third does  
 (you,  
 Left from a Ribbin then, should spring a Faction,  
 'Twas wisely done to stop its growth i'th' Action;  
 Yet in despite of you, that this controule,  
 I'll wear my Sovereigns Colours in my Soul.

### *A Western Wonder.*

DO you not know, not a fortnight agoe,  
 How they brag'd of a Western wonder?  
 When a hundred and ten, slew five thousand men,  
 With the help of Lightning and Thunder.

There *Hepton* was slain, again and again,  
 Or else my Author did lye;  
 With a new *Thanksgiving*, for who are living,  
 To God, and his Servant *Childreigh*.

But

But now on which side, was this Miracle try'd,  
 I hope we at last are even;  
 For Sir *Ralph* and his *Knave*s, are risen from their  
 And Cudgel'd the *Clowns* of *Devon*. (*Graves*,

And now *St*—— came, for his Honour was lame  
 Of the *Gout* three months together; (*Gout*,  
 But it prov'd when they fought, but a running  
 For his heels were lighter then ever.

For now he out-runs, his *Armes* and his *Guns*,  
 And leaves all his money behind him;  
 But they follow after, unlesse he take water  
 At *Plymouth* again, they will find him.

What *Reading* hath cost, and *St*—— hath lost,  
 Goes deep in the *Sequestration*;  
 These wounds will not heal, with your new *Great*  
 Nor *Jepsons* *Declarations*. (*Seal*,

Now *Peters*, and *Cafe*, in their *Prayer* and *Grace*,  
 Remember their new *Thanksgiving*;  
*Isaack* and his *Wife*, now dig for their life,  
 And shortly must do't for their living.

### A SONG.

**T**He world is now turn'd up side-down,  
 'Tis thought *K. Charles* will keep his *Crown*,  
 The *Roundheads* now shall all be put down,  
 And alas poor *Parliament* now, now, now.

Prince *Rupert* made fair work t'other day,  
 He kild all the Troopers that durst to stay,  
 The rest he kild, their Horses running away :  
*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

And *Essex* his hornes hung so in his light,  
 Alas poor Cuckold, he could not see to fight,  
 And both Houses they were all ready to ———  
*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

Then send for *W* ——— and give him good pay,  
 He'll hoise up his Sayles and carry you away,  
 In hopes you'll stand his Friend another day :  
*And alas poor Parliament now, now, now.*

---

*Upon Alderman Atkins bewraying his Slops  
 on the great Training day.*

I Sing the strange adventures and sad Fate,  
 That did befall a Collonel of late,  
 A portly Squire; a Warlike hardy wight,  
 And pity 'tis, we cannot call him Knight,  
 A stout man at Custard, and Son of *Mars*,  
 But oh the foul disaster of his, ———  
 Before the *Worthies*, and the rest beside,  
 Who saw how he his Courser did bestride,  
 Weilding his *Truncheon*, like a *Weavers* beam,  
 And yet ——— his hose in every seam;  
 I cannot tell how fair he was i'th' Cradle,  
 But sure I am he was foul enough i'th' Saddle :  
 For



For feats of *Armes* none could come near him then,  
 He smelt so strong, and when eight thousand men  
 Discharg'd their Musquets, he discharged too,  
 But what? his Office and his Guts? what though  
 He made a House of Office of his Hose?

Stand further off, if it offend your Nose:

Belike he meant to hanfell his New Satten,

Or, like fat Oxen, in his dung to batten;

But when in triumph he from *Finsbury*

Came home to *Leaden-ball*, he call'd to see

His *Hollena*, his Sultaneffe, when she

At's first approach smelt out his Knavery;

And lest by the hot skirmish of the day,

Her *Paris* might miscarry in the way,

Or mett with some wounds, sends for in all haste

*Shambrook* the skilfull Chirurgion, who begins at

(th' waste

T'untruss, and as he fumbling downwards tends,

He had the businesse at his fingers ends; ( *Quean*

*Foh*, quoth the Chirurgion, call the Kitchen

With clout in hand to make his Worship clean;

Then about the Master all the Servants shuff'd,

He, like old *Lockwood* in the Counter, scuff'd,

Shew'd two broad mighty Hanches all bewray'd,

Nay then, quoth *Shambrook*, how shall I be paid;

The Devil a wound I see, is this the prime

Of six City Colonels in good time?

They say that shitten luck is good, and I

Will put it to the Vote of Chivalry,

Whether all be not likely well to jump

In th' New Militia, when a ——— is trump.

*The Downfall of Cheapside-Crosse,*  
 May 2, 3, 4. 1643.

**W**Hat hast thou done poor *Crosse*, that this  
 (hard doome  
 Is laid upon thee? what is now become  
 Of all thy gilded Images? for behold, (Gold,  
 That now is Stone and Brick, which once seem'd  
 The City-Rulers, in their Graver wit,  
 And late got Power, have now thought it fit,  
 That thou shouldst be demolisht, and pluckt down  
 By th' warrant of Lord *Isaack Pennington*;  
*London's chief (ut vis)* who thinks store of good  
 He doth, in prisoning, hanging, shedding blood,  
 In robbing, plundering each that's good to's  
 (King,  
 Because no Plate, nor Mony, they will bring  
 Into *Guildhall*: nay then it is no wonder,  
 If by his Order thou art pluckt asunder,  
 When first the top of thee with many a knock  
 They did beat down, (Lord) how the silly flock  
 Of Round-heads shouted, looking up to th' Skies,  
 Giving God thanks for the great Victories  
 They had got 'gainst thee, whilst the Drums did  
 (beat,  
 And Trumpets sounding; truly it was meet:  
 They threw their Hatts up, and their Muskets  
 (shot,  
 They shook their Heads, and clapt their Hands,  
 (what not?

And

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And thus when any Picture, Legge, or Arme  
 Was thrown to th' Ground, the Roundheads all  
 (did swarme,  
 And sundry heaps tumbling one on another,  
 Striving who first should see it, then a Brother  
 A long Prayer made for thanks, that now they  
 (might,  
 Doe what they list, be it nor Just, nor Right;  
 For now they keep the whole City in awe,  
 With wrong-expounded, and misconstrued Law,  
 Doing what they think fit, what's good i'th  
 (eyes  
 Of them, being led even as their Spirits rise.  
 But for their Mildemeanours let this Curse  
 Light upon them, or a ten-times far worse:  
 May they no Silver have, nor yet no Gold,  
 Because there's Crosses in't: and, to be bold,  
 May they lead Lives so crost with grief and care,  
 That, at the last, may bring them to despair,  
 May they no good thing quietly enjoy,  
 May they even perish as they walk, and dye,  
 And may they still crost be, and crost again,  
 May Crosses mixt with Losses be their pain,  
 Nay, because *Crosses* they desire none,  
 May they have ever Crosses two for one,  
 May all their Noses rot, that we may know  
 Them, may their Eares as long as Asses grow,  
 May their Hair nere be long, and may their  
 (hands  
 Even pine away, may they stink as they stand:  
 And to conclude, may they all lead crosse Lives,  
 Nay, which is worse, be troubled with crosse  
 (Wives.



# Part I. Rump Songs.

141

But do's Religion such a hatred bring,  
To hate the very picture of a King?      fear?  
Brethren what would you have? or what d'ye  
I draw no sword, nor do I wear long hair.  
I'll do no wrong (though arm'd with Pikes  
( about )

Would you know why? 'twas to keep Round-  
( heads out,

Who have not sworn, but tane a Protestation  
To leave no golden Crosse to blesse our Nation.  
They will divide my Coat, my Flesh, my Bones,  
They'll share the Gold, and give their Wives  
( the Stones.

They say they'll pluck the Tower of Babel down,  
All things go right when there's no Crosse it'h  
( Town.

But who can live without them? Crosses are  
The good mans blessings, and his certain share.  
He that would win an everlasting Crown,  
Must elevate his Crosse, not throw it down.  
They'll have no Common Prayer, but do abhor  
All that is common, but a common W——  
Will you hear reason? that's not common to ye,  
Will Prayers prevail? He pray *ex tempore*.  
You think 'tis justice that your factious crew  
Are crosse to me 'cause I am Crosse to you:  
You will have flesh for flesh, It's very dear  
That Peters nose should pay for Malchas ear.  
If he should snuffle now, that were a jest,  
That very thing would make him full blest:  
You'll run to hear him, and cry's doctrine strong,  
Though non-sense, in regard he stands so long.  
Put out his eyes next time, and you may find  
A second like the first, and doctrine blind.

Some

Some call me Popish, and report they see  
 Divers adore me, what's all that to me?  
 Because they worship me shall I fall down  
 Unto such Calves, Mechanicks of the Town.  
 'Tis Popery, let them kneel that list, Ile stand?  
 Before Ile bow, Ile fly to some new Land.  
 Be sorry Brethren, I am pleas'd to think  
 'Twas from too little wit, or too much drink.  
 Ile be a Roundhead spiritually sent  
 To pardon your affronts, if you'l repent.  
 I am a foe to *Rome*, for you shall find  
 When I am gone, there's the more room behind.

*A Song in defence of Christmasts.*

**N**OW Christmasts is come, let us beat up the  
 Drum,  
 And call our good Neighbours together,  
 And when they appear, let us make them good  
 chear,  
 That will keep out the wind and the weather,  
 To feast at this season, I think 'tis no treason,  
 I could give you a reason why,  
 Though some are so pure, that they cannot endure  
 to see a Nativity Pye.

I cannot but wonder, that the Souldiers should  
 plunder,  
 For keeping our Saviours birth,  
 For all Christians then, or I cannot tell when,  
 Should shew forth their joy and their mirth,  
 But

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.* 143

But our Saints now adayes, despise good old  
wayes,

'Gainst which they both preach and pray,  
But to give them their dues, they're no better  
than Jewes,

That speak against Christmase day.

These like the good chear, all times oth' year,

'Tis the birth day that doth them annoy,  
Plumb-porridge and brawn, and the Doe and the  
Fawne,

With the Creature, they love to enjoy,  
They often have meetings, and then there's such  
greetings,

Such tracing of Sisters about, (say  
They preach and they pray, but I must not now  
What they do when their Candles are out.

Yet I cannot forbear, to tell in your ear

What befell at a breaking of bread,  
How a Virgin full neat, went thither to eat,  
But it cost her, her Maiden-head;  
These men of high merit, though much for the  
spirit,

Are yet for the Flesh now and than,  
For a new Babe of Grace, was got near the Place,  
By a Congregational man.

The Dippers and Ranters, and our Scotch Co-  
venanters,

That bragge of their Faith and their Zeale,  
These abound in their fainings, but I'll make no  
complaining,

Nor will I their Secrets reveale,

The

The poor Cavaliers, that still lives in fears  
Of Prisons, and Sequestration,  
Though they keep Christmasse day, are more honest than they,  
But Honesty's quite out of fashion.

If you view our great Cities, and our Countrie  
Committees,  
You will not find overmuch there,  
Our Divines, though they preach it, themselves  
do scarce reach it;  
And our Lawyers have little to spare.  
I could tell of some more, that have no great  
store,  
Of our Gentry, both Old and New,  
But I think it is best, with edge tooles not to  
jest,  
Nor to speak all we know to be true.

But the poor Cavalier, as to mirth and good  
cheere,  
But now bid Christmalls adieu,  
If the Taxes hold on, their Money will be gone,  
They will want both to bake and to brew,  
Their Healths are put down, who adher'd to the  
Crown,  
'Tis they that must fast and pray,  
For to any mans thinking, both their eating and  
drinking,  
Is like to be taken away.



*The Bishop of Ossery on the Rebels.*

**L** Et proud *Babylon* cease to boast  
Of her *Pyramid's* stately spires,  
This Rebellion is more strange,  
Surmounting all Infernal fires.  
No Age the like hath ever bread,  
Nor shall when these Rebels be dead.

---

*A Bill on St. Paul's Church Door.*

**T**His House is to be let,  
It is both wide, and fair;  
If you would know the price of it,  
Pray ask of Mr. Maier.

*Isaack Pennington.*

---

*A SONG.*

**W**Hat though the Zealots, pull down the  
( Prelates,  
Push at the Pulpit, and kick at the Crown,  
Shall we not ever, strive to endeavour  
Once more to purchase our Royal Renown?  
Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded?  
Sa, sa, sa, sa boyes, ha, ha, ha, ha boyes,

L

Then

Then wee'le return home, with Triumph and  
( Joy,

Thenweel'e be merry, drink Sack and Sherry,  
And we will sing Boys, *God blesse the King Boys,*  
Cast up our Caps, and cry, *Vive le Roy.*

What though the wise, make Alderman *Isaack,*  
Put us into Prison, and steal our Estates;  
Though we are forced, to be un-horsed,  
And walk on foot, as it pleaseth the Fates,  
In the Kings Army, no man will harm ye; (Boys,  
Then come along Boyes, valiant and strong  
Fight for your Goods, which the Roundheads  
And when you venter, *London* to enter, (enjoyes;  
And when you come Boys, with Phife and Drum  
*Isaack* himself shall cry, *Vive le Roy.* (Boyes,

If not then, chuse him, 'twill not excuse him,  
Since honest Parliaments never made them  
( Theeves;

*Charles* ne're did further, Theeves dipt in Mur-  
( der,

Never by Pardon, long Lease, or Reprieves;  
For such Conditions, and Propositions

Will not be granted, then be not daunted,

We will our honest old Customes enjoy :

*Penls* now rejected, shall be respected,

And in the Quire, Voyces sing hire,

Thanks to *Jehovah*, then *Vive le Roy.*

*On two Parliaments dissolved.*

**T**WO Parliaments dissolv'd ! then let my heart;  
As they in Faction, it in fraction part,  
And, like the Levite sad with rage, ascribe  
My piece-meal Portion to each broken Tribe,  
And say, that *Bethlehem*, *Judahs* love, hath been  
Wrong'd by the Fag-end crue of *Benjamin*.  
O Let such High presumption be accurst,  
When the last Tribe shall wrong the best, and first;  
While, like the Levite, our best *Charles* may say,  
The Ravenous Wolf hath seiz'd the Lions prey.  
Thus oft Inferiour Subjects are not shy,  
A love to mock at Sacred Majesty.  
What Faculty should not be injured,  
If that the Feet had Power to spurn the Head ?  
And Kings-Prerogative may soon fall down,  
When Subjects make a Footstool of a Crown:  
The Starrs, the Heavens Inferiour Courtiers,  
(might  
Command the Darknesse, but not rule the Light,  
Nor him that made it; should they all combine  
With *Luna* at the full, our Sun should shine  
Brighter than they, nor can he be subdu'd,  
Though he but one, and they a Multitude.  
Say, Subjects ye were Starrs, and 'twere allow'd,  
You justly of the Number might be proud;  
Yet to your Sun be humble, and know this,  
Your Light is borrowed, not your own, but His.  
When the unfettered Subjects of the Seas,  
The Fountains, felt their feet, and ease,

No sooner summon'd, but they nimbly went  
 To meet the Ocean at a Parliament.  
 Did then these petty Fountains say their King,  
 The Ocean, was no Ocean, but a Spring?  
 Let me alone, if fresh excess of store  
 Can make me poorer than I was before.  
 And shall we then the power of Kings dispute?  
 And count it lesse, when more is added to't?  
 No, let the Common body, if it can,  
 Be not a River, but an Ocean,  
 And swell into a Deluge, till it hide  
 The top of Mountains in its teeming pride.  
 Kings, like *Noahs Ark*, are nearer to the Skies,  
 The more the Billows underneath them rise.  
 You then, who if your hearts were first in love,  
 Might sit in Council with the Gods Above:  
 You, that do question your Kings Power Below,  
 If you come there, will you use Heavens King so?  
 Do not aspire, you must take up you rest  
 More safe Below, than in the Eagles nest.  
 Hath Clemency offended? will you harm,  
 And pluck the Sun from Heaven that makes you  
 (warm?

No King nor Bishops please? what, have we got  
 An Outside *English*, and an Inside *Scot*?  
 If Faction thus our Countries Peace distracts,  
 You may have want of Parliaments, not Acts.  
 Ill-ended Sessions, and yet well begun,  
 Too much being spoke hath made too little done.  
 So Faction thrives, Puritanism bears sway,  
 None must do any thing but only *Say*.  
 Stoop, stoop, you baren-headed Hills, confess  
 You might be fruitfuller, if ye were lesse.

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Tremble ye thired-bare Commons : are you vext  
That Lambs feed on ye ? Lions will come next. 2

---

*Collonel Vennes Encouragement to his  
Souldiers.*

A SONG.

Fight on brave Souldiers for the Cause,  
Fear not the Cavaliers,  
Their threatnings are, as sencelesse as  
Our jealousies and fears.  
'Tis you must perfect this great Work,  
And all Malignants slay,  
You must bring back the King again  
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,  
And for the Kingdoms good,  
By robbing Churches, plundering them,  
And shedding Guiltlesse blood.  
Down with the Orthodoxal train,  
All Loyal Subjects slay,  
When these are gone, we shall be blest  
The clean contrary way.

When *Charles* we have made Banckrupt,  
Of Power and Crown bereft him,  
And all his Loyal Subjects slain,  
And none but Rebels left him,

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When we have beggar'd all the Land,  
And sent our Trunks away,  
Wee'le make him then a Glorious Prince  
The clean chntrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,  
That we against him fight,  
Nor ever are we beaten back,  
Because our Cause is right.  
If any make a scruple at  
Our Declarations, say  
Who fight for us, fight for the King  
The clean contrary way.

At Keinton, Brainsford, Plymouth, York,  
And divers Places more,  
What Victories we Saints obtain,  
The like nere seen before.  
How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,  
And bravely wonne the day,  
The wicked Cavaliers did run  
The clean contrary way.

The true Religion we maintain,  
The Kingdoms Peace and Plenty,  
The Priviledge of Parliament,  
Not known to One of twenty.  
The antient Fundamental Laws,  
And teach men to obey  
Their lawfull Sovereign; and all these  
The clean contrary way.

Wee, Subjects Liberties preserve  
By Imprisonment and Plunder,

And

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

And do enrich our selves and State,  
 By keeping th' Wicked under.  
 Wee must preserve Mechanicks now  
 To Lectorize and pray,  
 By them the Gospel is advanc't  
 The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much misled  
 By that Malignant Crew,  
 Hee'll find us honest at the last,  
 Give all of us our due.  
 For we do wisely plot, and plot  
 Rebellion to allay,  
 He sees wee stand for Peace and Truth  
 The clean contrary way.

The Publique-Faith shall save our Souls,  
 And our good Works together,  
 And Ships shall save our Lives that stay  
 Only for Winde and Weather.  
 But when our Faith and Workes fall down,  
 And all our Hopes decay,  
 Our A&ts will bear us up to Heaven  
 The clean contrary way.

*A Second Western Wonder.*

**Y**OU heard of that wonder, of the *Lightening*  
 (and *Thunder*,  
 Which made the lye so much the louder;  
 Now list to another, that *Miracles Brother*,  
 Which was done with a *Firkin of Powder*.

Oh what a damp, struck through the Camp,  
 But as for *Honest Sir Ralph*,  
 It blew him to the *Vies*, without beard, or eyes,  
 But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the *News-monger*  
 From the *preaching Ladies Letter*, (took  
 Where in the first place, stood the *Conquerors face*,  
 VWhich made it shew so much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,  
 At *Bristol* they say you may finde  
 Great *William the Con*, so fast he did run,  
 That he left half his name behind.

And now came the *Post*, saves all that was lost,  
 But alas, we are past deceiving,  
 By a trick so stale, or else such a rayl  
 Might mount for a new *Thanks-giving*.

This made *Mr. Case*, with a pittifull face,  
 In the *Puipit* to fall a weeping, (eyes,  
 Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his  
 VWhich kept our *Lord Maior* from sleeping.  
 Now



Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,  
 For the Laws of your Cause, you that loath 'um,  
 Left *Essex* should start, and play the *Second part*,  
 Of *Worshipfull Sir John Hotham*.

---

*The Battel of Worcester.*

**A**ll you that be true to the King & the State,  
 Come listen, and Ile tell you what happen'd  
 In a large field near *Worcesters gate*. (of late,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Brave *Sir John Byron*, true to the Crown,  
 VVith forces too few, tis very well known,  
 VVent thither, 'tis said, to keep the *Town*,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But whether 'twas true, ye have learn'd to guess,  
 As for my own part I think no lesse,  
 To give you a taste of our Future successe,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Thither came *Fines* with armes Complete,  
 The *Town* to take, and *Byron* defeat,  
 Provisions were made, but he staid not to eat,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But as soon as he heard our great Guns play,  
 VVith a Flea in's ear, he ran quite away,  
 Like the lawfull begotten Son of Lord Say,  
*Which no body, &c.*  
 Nay

Nay had the old Crop-ear'd his Father dar'd  
To approach the walls, his design had bin marr'd,  
For Byron would not have proved a VVard.

*Which no body can deny.*

Pox on him he keeps his Patent yet,  
But I hope next Term he shall not sit,  
'Twas but *quam diu se bene Gesserit*,

*Which no body, &c.*

But now behold, increased in force,  
Hee comes again with ten Troups of Horse,  
Oh bloody-Man he had no remorse,

*Which no body, &c.*

They marched up boldly, without any fear,  
Little thinking Prince *Rupert* was come so near,  
But alas poor souls it cost them dear,

*Which no body, &c.*

The Prince like a Gallant man of his trade,  
Marcht out of the Town till this quarter was made,  
Sir, the Enemies are near at hand it is said :

*Which no body, &c.*

Where, where are they? Prince *Rupert* cries,  
And looking about with fiery eyes,  
Some thirty behind a hedge he spies.

*Which no body, &c.*

This Forlorn-hope he no sooner saw,  
But 4. or 5. more did towards them draw ;  
He asked, who's there? one answer'd him, haw,

*Which no body, &c.*

The

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.* 155

The man you'll say was rudely bred;  
The Prince shot a Bullet into his head,  
His haw had been better spared then said,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Prince *Maurice* then, to second his Brother,  
Discharg'd his Pistol, and down fell another,  
'Twere pittie but news were sent to his Mother,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Lord *Digby* slew one to his great fame,  
So did Monsieur de *Lisle*, and Sir *Rich. Crane*,  
And another *French* man, with a harder name,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Prince *Rupert* to his own Force retired, (sired,  
And bad them not shoot till their Doublets were  
His Courage and Conduct were both admired,  
*Which no body, &c.*

He Charged but twice, yet made them shrink,  
'Twere hard to get off now one would think,  
Yet both can do it as easie as drink.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Then have amongst ye, quoth Sir *Lewes Dives*,  
For a good Cause you know alwayes thrives,  
His heart in his shoulders cost many mens lives,  
*Which no body, &c.*

*John Byron* did as bravely fight;  
To the Prince of *Wales* his great delight,  
He came home in safety and was made a Knight.  
*Which no body, &c.*

My

My Friend *David Walter* in Doublet white,  
Without any Armes either rusty or bright,  
Charg'd through them twice like a little Spright,  
*Which no body, &c.*

But oh Prince *Maurice*, where was he?  
Where one of us would be loath to be,  
Surrounded with Butchers thrée times three,  
*Which no body, &c.*

These men of *East-cheap* little said,  
But all their blows at his head they made,  
As if they had been at work at their Trade,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Then came a *French-man* fiery and keen,  
He broke the Ring and came in between,  
Ere a man let a ——— not a Butcher was seen.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Brave Lord *Wilmot*, by whose hands did fall  
Many a *Rebell* stout and tall,  
Came to him without any Armes at all,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Their Horses then close up they spur'd,  
The wounds they gave were all with the Sword,  
Their Pistols proved not worth a ———  
*Which no body, &c.*

But the Parliament having quite forgot  
To Vote that *Sandys* should not be shot  
By the hand of a *Mounsier* he went to the pot.  
*Which no body, &c.*  
*Douglas*

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 157

*Douglas a Scotch-man of great fame*  
Was slain that day for want of the same;  
The Houses in this were much to blame,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Of all their chief Commanders that day,  
I hold it fit I should something say,  
His name was *Brown*, and he ran away,  
*Which no body, &c.*

If a few more o'em should shew such a freak,  
Both Houses surely would quickly break,  
And honest men would have leave to speak,  
*Which no body, &c.*

They fly, they fly, Prince *Rupert* cry'd,  
No sooner said, but away they hy'd;  
The force of his Armies they durst not abide,  
*Which no body can deny.*

---

*Smeectymnuus, or the Club-Divines.*

*Smeectymnuus*! the Goblin makes me start!  
St'ch' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?  
*Syriack?* or *Arabick?* or *Welch?* what skilt?  
Apall the Brick-layers that *Babel* built!  
Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it,  
Till then 'tis fit for a *West-Saxon* Poet.  
But do the Brother-hood then play their Prizes  
Like Mummings in Religion with disguises?  
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,  
A name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a  
Mile; The

The Saints monopolie, the zealous cluster,  
 Which, like the Porcupine, presents a muster,  
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,  
 A Devont litter of young *Maccabees*.  
 Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown  
 The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone,  
 Thus fashion's Al-a-Mode in Treasons fashion;  
 Now we have heresie by Complication.  
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves  
 Strung on a chain; a Murnival of Knaves  
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,  
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a side:  
 So the vain *Satyrists* stand all a row,  
 As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show:  
 Th' *Italian* Monster, pregnant with his Brother,  
 Natures *Dieresis*, half one another,  
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,  
 Must both give way unto *Smetymnuus*.  
 Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*, for lo his side  
 Into a five-fold *Lezar's* multipli'd.  
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyffard,  
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard:  
 The *Whore* of *Babylon* left these brats behind,  
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavelkind*.  
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul is rambl'd hither,  
 With all the change of Rayment on together:  
*Smeck* is her general Ward-robe, shee'l not dare  
 To think of him as of a thorough-fare;  
 He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is  
 The purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.  
 Like a *Scotch Mark*, where the more modest sense  
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13. pence:  
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,  
 Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:  
 Like

Like to nine *Taylors*, who if rightly spell'd,  
 Into one man are Monosyllabel'd :  
 Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,  
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see ! how close the curs hunt under sheet,  
 As if they spent in Quire, and scann'd their feet ;  
 One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truss :  
 The title sure must be litigious !  
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,  
 Who must be *Smec* at th<sup>e</sup> Resurrection.  
 Who coop'd them up together were to blame,  
 Had they but wire-drawn, & spun out their name,  
 'Twould make another Prentices Petition  
 Against the Bishops and their Superstition.

*Robson* and *French* (that count from five to five,  
 As far as nature fingers did contrive,  
 She saw they would be seffors, that's the cause  
 She cleft her hoof into so many claws,)  
 May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree  
 To rate *Smetymnus* for Pole-money.

*Caligula*, whose pride was mankinds bail,  
 ( As who disdain'd to murder by retail )  
 Wishing the world had but one general neck,  
 His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.  
 No eccho can improve the Author more,  
 Whose lungs pay use on use, to half a score :  
 No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand  
 Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.  
 Some *Welsh-man* was his Godfather, for he  
 Wears in his name his Genealogy.

The Banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,  
 Beewixt *Smetymnus* and *Et cætera* ;  
 The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,  
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons ;

The

The Priest to tye the Foxes tayles together,  
*Mosely*, or *Sandā Clara*, chuse you whether.  
 See, what off-spring every one expects !  
 What strange pluralities of men and sects ?  
 One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another  
 Is for a Synod : But upon the Mother :  
 Faith ! cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and fickle,  
 Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle:  
 Thus might Religions catterwaul, and spight,  
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.  
 But their crosse Fortunes interdict their trade,  
 The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displaid.  
 My task is done, all my Hee-Goats are milkt,  
 So many Cards i'th' stock, and yet be bilkt ?  
 I could by Letters now untwist the Rabble,  
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.  
 But there I leave you to another dressing,  
 Only kneel down and take your Fathers blessing,  
 May the *Queen Mother* justifie your fears,  
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

### A Lenten Letany.

*Composed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and  
 edification of the Faithfull Ones.*

**F**rom Villany drest in the Doublet of Zeal,  
 From three Kingdomes bak'd in one Com-  
 mon weal,  
 From a gleek of Lord Keepers of one poor Seal,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From



From a Chancery-writ, and a whip and a bell,  
From a Justice of Peace that never could spell,  
From Collonel P. and the Vicar of Hell.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From Neat's feet without socks, and three-peny  
Pyes.

From a new sprung Light that will put out ones  
eyes,

From Goldsmiths-hall, the Devil, and Excise,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From two hours talk without one word of sense,  
From Liberty still in the future tense,  
From a Parliament long-wasted Conscience,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Coppid Crown-tenent prick'd up by a  
Brother,

From damnable Members, and fits of the Mo-  
ther,

From Ears like Oyfters that grin at each other,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Preacher in buff, and a Quarter-staff-  
steeple,

From th' unlimited Sovereigne Power of the  
People,

From a Kingdom that crawles on its knees like a  
Creepie,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a vinegar Priest on a Crab-tree stock,

From a foddering of Prayer four hours by the  
Clock.

M

From

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From a holy Sister with a pittifull Smock,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrators maw,  
From Revelations and Visions that never man  
saw,  
From Religion without either Gospel or Law,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Nick and Froth of a Penny Pot-house,  
From the Fiddle and Crosse, and a great Scorcb  
Louse,  
From Committees that chop up a Man like a  
Mouse,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From broken shins, and the blood of a Martyr,  
From the Titles of Lords, and Knights of the  
Garter,  
From the teeth of mad-dogs, and a Country  
mans quarter,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publique Faith, and an Egg & Butter,  
From the *Irish* Purchasers, and all their clutter,  
From *Omega's* nose, when he settles to sputter,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From the zeal of Old *Harry* lock'd up with a  
Whore,  
From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament  
dore,  
From the death of a King without why or  
wherefore,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
From

## Part I. Ramp Songs. 163

From the French disease, and the Puritan fry,  
From such as nere swear, but devoutly can lye,  
From cutting of capers full three story high,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From Painted glass, and Idolatrous cringes,  
From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges,  
From *Westminster* Jews with Levitical fringes,  
*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that is said, and a thousand times more,  
From a Saint, and his Charity to the Poor,  
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in  
store.  
*Libera nos, &c.*

### The Second Part.

THat it it please thee to assist  
Our *Agitators*, and their List,  
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twist,  
*Quaesumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to suppose  
Our actions are as good as those  
That gull the People through the Nose,  
*Quaesumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee here to enter,  
And fix the rumbling of our center,  
For we live all at peradventure,  
*Quaesumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to unite  
The flesh and bones unto the sprite,  
Else Faith and literature good night,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee O that wee  
May each man know his Pedigree,  
And save that plague of Heraldry,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee in each Shire  
Cities of refuge Lord to rear,  
That failing Brethren may know where,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to abhor us,  
Or any such dear favour for us,  
That thus have wrought thy peoples sorrows,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embrace  
Our dayes of thanks and fasting face,  
For robbing of thy holy place,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to adjourn  
The day of judgement, lest we burn,  
For lo it is not for our turn,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to admit  
A close Committee there to sit,  
No Devil to a Humane wit!  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*  
That

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 165

That it may please to dispence  
A little for convenience,  
Or let us play upon the sence,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embalm  
The Saints in *Robin Wisdom's Psalm*,  
And make them musical and calm,  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee, since 'tis doubt,  
Satan cannot throw Satan out,  
Unite us and the Highland rout.  
*Quæsumus te, &c.*

---

AN ELEGIE

*On the Death of Sir Bevil Grenvile.*

TO build upon the merit of thy Death,  
And raise thy Fame from thy expiring Breath,  
Were to steal Glories from thy Life, and tell  
The World, that Grenvil only did dye well.  
But all thy Dayes were fair, the same Sun rose,  
The Lustre of thy Dawning, and thy Close.  
Thus to her Urn<sup>th</sup> Arabian wonder flies,  
She lives in Perfumes, and in Perfumes dyes:  
E're stormes, and tumults (Names undread-  
(ed here)  
Could in their Bloome and Infancy appeare;

166 *Rump Songs.* Part I.

He in the stock and treasure of his mind  
 Had heaps of Courage, and just heat combin'd.  
 Where, like the thrifty Ant, he kept in-store  
 Enough for *Spring*, but for a *Winter* more.  
 In Peace he did direct his thoughts on Warrs,  
 And learn't in *silence* how to combat *Jarres*.  
 And though the Times look't smooth and would

(allow  
 No track of Frown or Wrinkle in their Brow :  
 Yet his quick sight perceiv'd the Age would  
 (low'r,

And, while the Day was faire, fore-saw the Show'r.

At this the prudent Augur did provide  
 Where to *endure* the Storme, not where to *hide*,  
 And sought to shun the Danger now drawn nigh,  
 Not by *Concealment* but by *Victory*.  
 As valiant Seamen, if the Vessel knock,  
 Rather *sayle o're it*, than avoid the Rock.  
 And thus Resolv'd, he saw on either hand,  
 The Causes, and their bold Abettors stand.  
 The Kingdoms Law is the pretence of each,  
 Which these by Law preserve, these by its breach,  
 The Subjects Liberty each side maintains,  
 These say it consists in freedom, these in Chaines,  
 These love the decent Church, but these not pass  
 To dresse our Matron by the Geneva Glasse?  
 These still enshrine their God; but these adore  
 Him most at some *Araunab's Threshing-floor*.  
 Each part defends their King a several way,  
 By true *Subjection* these, by *Treasons* they.  
 But our Spectatour soon unmask't the sin,  
 And saw all *Serpent* through that *specious skin*.  
 And midst their best Pretext did still despair,  
 In any dresse to see their Moor look fair.

And

## Part I. *Rump Songs.* 167

And though the *Number* weigh'd ith' popular scale,  
As light things float still with the tide and gale,  
He with the solid mixt, and did conclude,  
*Justice* makes Parties great, not *Multitude*.  
And with this constant Principle possess,  
He did alone expose his single Breast,  
Against an *Armies* force, and bleeding lay,  
The great Restorer o'th' Declining Day.

Thus slain thy Valiant Ancestor did lye,  
When his one Bark a Navy durst defie,  
When now encompass'd round, he Victor stood,  
And bath'd his Pinnace in his conquering Blood.  
Till all his Purple current dry'd and spent,  
He fell, and left the Waves his Monument,  
Where shall next famous Grenvills Ashes stand?  
Thy Grandfire fills the Seas, and Thou the  
(Land.

---

### To my Lord Bishop of S. on New- years day.

THOUGH with the course and motion of the  
Not only *Starres* and *Sun* (year,  
Move where they first begun;  
But *Things* and *Actions* do  
Keep the same Circle too,  
Return'd to the same point in the same Sphear.

Griefs and their Causes still are where they stood,  
 'Tis the same Cloud and Night  
 Shuts up our Joies and Light:  
 Warres as remote from Peace,  
 And Bondage from Release,  
 As when the Sun his last years Circuite rode.

Though Sword and Slaughter are not parted hence,  
 But we like years and times,  
 Meet in unequal chimes,  
 Now a Cloud and then a Sun,  
 Undoe and are undone,  
 Let loose and stop by th' Orbes intelligence.

Though Combates have so thick and frequent,  
 That we at length may raise (flood,  
 A Calendar of dayes,  
 And style them foul or fair,  
 By their successs, not Aire:  
 And sign our Festivals by Rebels blood.

Though the sad years are cloath'd in such a drefs,  
 That times to times give place,  
 And seasons shift their grace,  
 Not by our Cold or Heat,  
 But Conquest or Defeat:  
 And Losse makes Winter, Summer, happiness.

Nay though a greater Ruine yet awaits;  
 Such as the Active curse, The new  
 Sent to make worst times worse, disease,  
 Deaths keen and secret dart,  
 The shame of Hearbs and Art  
 Which proves at once our Wonder and our Fate.  
 Though



Though these conspire to fully our request,  
 And labour to destroy,  
 And kill your *New-years* joy.  
 Yet still your wonted Art  
 Will keep our wish in heart.  
 Proportion'd not toth' times but to your breast  
 Thus in the Storm you *Calme* and *Silence* find,  
 Nor *Sword* nor *Sickness* can approach your mind.

A S A T Y R,

Occasioned by the Author's Survey of a  
*Scandalous Pamphlet*, intituled

The Kings Cabinet opened.

W H E N *Lawes* and *Princes* are despis'd and  
 (cheap,  
 When *High patcht* Mischiefs all are in the heap;  
*Returns* must still be had; *Guilt* must strive more  
 Though not to' *Enoble*, yet to *Enlarge* her store.  
 Poor cheap *Design*! the *Rebell* now must flie  
 To *Packet Warre*, to *Paper-Treacherie*.  
 The *Basiliskes* are turn'd to *Closet-Spies*,  
 And to their *Poys'now* adde *Enquiring eyes*:  
 As *Snakes* and *Serpents* should they cast their sting,  
 Still the same *Hate*, though not same *Pysson* flings;  
 And their *Vain teeth* to the same point addresse,  
 With the like *Rancor*, though unlike *Successe*:

So

So those that into undiscerning veines,  
Have thrown their *Venom-deep*, and their dark  
By frail *Advantages*, still find it good, (stains,  
To keep th' *Infection* high ich' Peoples Blood.

"For *Active Treason* must be doing still :

"Left she unlearn her *Art* of doing ill.

Who now have waded through all *Publick* aw,  
Will break through *Secrets* and prophane their  
(Law.

Know you, that would their *Act* and *Statute* see,  
Nature kept *Court*, and made it her *Decree*.

When *Angells* talke, all their *Concepts* are  
(brought

From *Minde* to *Minde*, and they discourse by  
A *Close Idea* moves, and *Silence* flies (Thought.  
To post the *Message*, and dispatch *Replies*.

And though *Ten Legions*, in the Round are bent,  
They only hear to whom the *Talk* was meant.

Now, though in *Men* a different Law controules,  
And *Soules* are not *Embassadours* to *Soules* :

Nature gave *Reason* power to find a way,  
Which none but these could venture to betray.

"Two close safe *Pathes* she did bequeath to  
(men,

"In *Presence*, *Whisper*; and at *Distance*, *Penne*.

*Publick Decrees* and *Thoughts* were else the same,  
Nor went it to *Converse*, but to *Proclaim*.

*Concepts* were else but *Records*, but by this care  
Our *Thoughts* no *Commons*, but *Inclosures* are :

What bold *Intruders* then are, who assail  
To cut their *Prince's Hedge*, and break his *Pale* ?

That so *Unmanly* gaze, and dare be seen  
Ev'n then, when He converses with his *Queen* ?

Yet,

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 171

Yet, as who breaks the tall Bank's rising Side,  
And all the Shore doth levy with the Tyde,  
Doth not confine the Waves to any Bound,  
But the whole Streame may gain upon the  
(Ground;

So these, *freight* Prospect scorn, and *Private* View,  
"The Crime is small that doth engage a Few.  
These print their Shame, they must compleat  
(their Sinne :

Not take some *Waves*, and shut the *Sluce* agen  
But, to the *Raging* of their *Sea*, they do  
Let in the *Madnesse* of the *People* too. (Vail,

But, 'cause their *Crime* must wear a *Mask* and  
And fain the *Serpent* would conceal his *Tail*.  
No sooner comes the *Libell* to our view,  
But see a *stay'd demure*, grave *Preface* too: (trude,  
Which seems to shew they would not thus in-  
Nor presse so far, but for the *Publick* good:  
But as some *London Beggars* use to stand,  
In *Grecians* Coats with *Papers* in their hand,  
Who are ( as them indifferent *Parts* we meet )  
*English* at Home, but solemn *Greeks* ith' street.  
Of whom *uncloath'd*, and when the truth is heard,  
*Constantinople* only knows the *Beard*.  
So this *fly Masker*, lay its *Tinsell* by,  
Is only *Painted Zeal*, and *Pageantry*.

We need not let our *Satyr* here compute,  
How it prophanes God in his *Attribute*. See the  
But for its *Light* it need no *Bi:shell* call, *Preface*  
A *Sempstress* *Tbimble* will *Eclipse* it all.

O! in what meeknesse it pretends to creep!  
How well the *Tyger* personates the *Sheep*!

It not Returns ill Language to the King,  
Though the next Lines the *Psalms* against Him  
bring. Then

Then it to th' *Business* comes, and lets us know,  
 Who reads it either is its *Friend*, or *Foe*.  
 If *Friend*, the Scandals all must true appear:  
 If *Foe* ( alack the man is ne're the near. )  
 Foe no Light moves, no *Miracles* like these,  
 Hee'll say they're not the *Kings* too, if he please.  
 And tell us pray ? what , may'nt your last words  
 ( stand ?

You counterfeit his *Seal*, why not his *Hand* ?  
 But to admit, We now deduce and bring,  
 What *after-notes* clearly imply oth' King.

First, They His Comfort from His *Secrets* wrest.  
 They doe allow the *King*, but not the *Breast*,  
 The Sacred Knot must have a Tye, and Force,  
 To joyne their Hands, but yet their Thoughts  
 ( Divorce:

And, as the Ivey weddes her Consort-Tree,  
 Though joyn'd, and close their chaste Embraces be,  
 Yet in those *Twinnes* and *Circuits* we can find  
 No Traffique, no Commerce of mind with mind :  
 So must the Sacred Laws of Marriage pierce;  
 Here she may *Sprout* and *Grow* ; but not *Converse*.  
 And, like a Plant remov'd by Grafters toyle,  
 She finds not Nuptials, but a change of Soyle.  
 England to th' Queen transplanted thus must  
 ( prove,

No *Forraigne Kingdom*, but a *Forraigne Grove*.

But, least this groundlesse seem, they reasons  
 ( vex,

And tell the World Shee's of the Weaker Sex.  
 In what wilde Braines this Madnesse first began !  
 They're wondrous angry, 'cause the Queen's no  
 ( Man.

Fond

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 173

Fond Sirs forbear, do not the world perplex :  
*Reason and Judgement* are not things of *Sex*.  
 Souls and their Faculties were never heard  
 To be confin'd to th' *Doublet*, and the *Beard*.  
 Consult one Age from this, and you shall find  
 A *Queen* the Glory of your *Annals* shin'd.  
 But who to farre and distant Objects flies,  
 Must say the *Sun* wants *Lustre*, or he *Eyes*.  
 Our *Present* injur'd *Queen* returns that store,  
 And doth again, what could be done before :  
 By the *King's* Judgement, shews Her own is Right,  
 And still she meets His Ray with her own Light.  
 Thus the wise *King* to *Shebah's* *Queen* was known,  
 Who knew Him wise by *Wisedom* of her own.  
 But as all *Publick* Knowledge barr'd must be,  
 So *Houſhold-Aſs* must have their *Myſterie* :  
 No Circumſtance can paſſe, no *Servant* made,  
 But must be wrapt in *ſilence* and *cloſe ſhade*.  
 One *Place* in *Court* a *Riddle* must afford,  
 Worthy a ſecret *Sybi's* dark *Record*.  
 As the *Kings Aſs* must all their limits prove,  
 So their *Reſtraint* and *Reins* must check his *Love*.  
*Eſteems* oſs *Confort* by their pitch must fly,  
 Nor must He rate his *Dear Queens* *Health* too high.  
 He must affect thus far, and then no more,  
 His *Tydes* must be proportion'd to their *ſhores*;  
 His *Tenderneſs* their *Weights* and *Ballance* weare,  
 By *Graines* and *ſcruples* they Conſine His *Care*,  
 But (*Savage*) know, there can no ranſome be  
 Poys'd with the *Health* of ſuch a *Queen* as *She*.  
 She that at once ſuch weighty *Acts* can do,  
 That can be *Queen* and yet negotiate too :  
 Send and be ſent, and without more demurre,  
 Be both the *Queen* and her *Embaſſadour*.

That

That gives dispatch for Ships, and when she please,  
Divides the Empire with the Queen o'th Seas :  
Who dares the threats of any danger stand,  
The stubborn Rock, or the Devouring Sand.  
And though the Sea swell like Her fate and Grave,  
Look at Her Consort, and despise the Wave.

The Captive Queen did (thus) the Tyrant tell,

I am no Captive to my King be well. *Q. Curtius*

By these her worth and rate is faintly known, *lib. 3.*  
Past stories blush when she erects Her own.

Search old gray Annals, you may find at length,  
Some Queen in Vigour, and her mid-day strength ;  
Who in her injured Consorts cause, referres  
To Copies glancing at these Acts of Hers.

But if *Infirm* and *Sickly Queens* we scanne,  
No story patterns her, None ever can  
Shew us a Queen fraught with such wide Affairs,  
Here private *Weaknesse*, there a *Kingdom's* cares,  
Perplext and tortur'd from her rest and ease,  
By a *Rebellion* here, there a *Disease* :

*Advice*, and *Medcines* at one time we view,  
*A Counsel-board*, *Board of Physicians* too.

Yet her Capacious Soul both these defeats,  
While this hand holds *Instructions*, that *Receipts*.  
These are our fam'd Queens Crimes, but yet one  
Must be the main *Ingredient* of the store. (more  
Which seems to presse so deep, there's nought so  
But this may fully all its lustre quite : (bright,  
'Tis her *Religious Care* : She tries Her Pow'rs

To keep that still, do not we so for Ours ?  
Why to one Face so diff'rent shapes have bin,  
What *Virtue* is in Us, in Her is *Sin*,

Our diff'rent Faiths did long together grow,  
And neither suffer'd, neither losse did know :

And

# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 175

And like a stream, which 'twixt two fields doth  
Which as it *Moistens*, so *Divides* them too : (flow,  
So did the Kingdoms Law throw *Dew* and *growth*,  
In *Weight* and just *proportion* unto both,  
And like a parting Current, slide along  
To keep them *wide*, that neither neither *Wrong*.  
Our Faiths were then but *Two*, but since a sp'rit  
So many *Mushrome Sects* rais'd in a Night :  
The *Protestant* (as she could Parties gain  
Who unconcern'd were in the *Dregs* and *staine*)  
Did recommend her *Votaries*, and bring  
Her Faith to its *Defender*, our *Just King*.  
Who with such *Zeal* hath kept her Rites entire,  
As well from *Languishing*, as from *strange Fire* :  
That still the Censer savours its true scent,  
Without *Accession*, yet no *Perfume spent* ;  
The happy *Martyrs* find their Faith had stood  
In *Him*, as when they bath'd it in their blood.  
They joy to see, that *He* his God adores,  
Not at *High-places*, nor at *Threshing-floores*,  
But spight of *Scandals*, pays his Homage still  
In the *Just Beauty* of the *Sion-Hill*.

The *Other Sects*, though as in *Common-fields*,  
Which *Swine*, and *Horses*, *Mules* and *Oxen* yields,  
Who though at *Distance* fed, *Approaching* dash,  
And disproportion'd shapes together dash.  
So they, though one *Rebellion* them sustain,  
Themselves *Accuse*, and are *Accus'd* again.  
Could they comply, then possibly might dwell  
Some faint *Agreement*, though no *Peace* in *Hell* :  
Now, these nice casts no *Forraign* aids indure,  
( Their *Rebell Scots* are *English Rebels* sure, )  
No, nor the *Papists* : much it with them sticks,  
Lest these *Mens Punniards* should be *Hereticks* :

Their

Their souls would be *prophan'd*, and clean *undun*,  
 Should they be slain by an *Idolatrous* Gun.  
 Go lay your *Vizar* by, your *Masking* stuff,  
 The Devil is *tyr'd*, and Hell hath *laugh'd* enough :  
 The world descryes the *Cheat*, 'tis quickly known  
 They no Faith *bate*, who have *Resolv'd* on None.  
 These may not fight : that is, the King you'd have  
 Tamely forsake his *Crown*, and be your *Slave*.  
 His *Easier* *Subjects* long agoe you gar,  
 All who approv'd your *Baire*, and swallow'd *that*.  
 Indeed, *Discerning* souls the snare forsook,  
 And through the *Wave* did still descry the *Hook* :  
 But yet so close designs were cast about,  
 Your *Race* was *half runne* e're the King set out.  
 Yet you complain, and guilty fears do gnaw,  
 Lest you should *scanted* be for *Space* and *Law* :  
 Conscious, though you your cause did forward  
 Its *Guilt* and *Sin* hangs *Plummets* at its feet. (meet,  
 Are not the *Jews*, *Walloon*s, the *Turks*, and all  
 Whom from as *Diff'rent* *Gods* as *Lands* you call,  
 An *Army* strong to keep the cause in heart,  
 But that the *King* must with His *Subjects* part ?  
 Can no *Accession* so much safety send,  
 But you will *Dread* Him still before you end ?  
 Sometimes at *Ebbes* his *God* doth let Him  
 That so the *Rescue* may declare His hand. (stand,  
 But, what ( you hope ) may make the King's side  
 Is what he writes about the *Penall* *Laws*. (pause,  
 Poor shallow souls, I deem it one from hence  
 To forfeit *Loyalty*, and forfeit *Sence*.  
 Shall such as wast their *Blood* be quite debarr'd,  
 And kept without the *Pale* from all *Reward* ?  
 Shall fame report, shall after *Ages* tell,  
 So just a King regards not who do dwell ?

But



# Part I. *Ramp Songs.* 177

But you pretend, this was a *State-Decree*,  
Nor without Pow'r which *made* may cancel'd be  
The King *nev'r* sayes it shall : but cannot doubt  
That when his God hath brought his work about,  
And shifted *Jarres* and *Tumults* into *Ease*,  
And set him 'midst his Counsell in High peace :  
Their *joynt* united suffrage will think fit  
To give *this* Act, or something Great as it.

But see, His *Pardon* then to *Ireland* came,  
(*Wild Rebels*) offers he not you the same ?  
He holds still out the same fresh chearfull Ray,  
You shut your *Windows* and exclude the Day :

Embrace the *shine*, or else expect the stroak,  
The Flint the Sun ne're *melts*, at last is broke.  
But now the Flood-gates ope, and a free fluce,  
Let in all sencelesse Doctrines, and wild use ;  
And by *Comparing* what's said long agoe,  
Finds *Disproportion* in the King's *Acts* now.  
His *past* Resolves it up to *Present* brings,  
His *Vowes* to *Vowes*, and *Things* to combat *Things*.  
A *Different* face throughout, and a *fresh* Scene  
Succeed : and all his *Acts* seem shifted clean.  
Weak men ! who are depriv'd by *Guilt* or chance,  
Of all the *lights* of Common Circumstance ;  
That have unlearn't that *Actions* shift their Face,  
And date their worth from *Persons*, *Time*, and *Place*.  
And *sundry* such, from whose *Negls* appear  
*Acts* as *Sinnes* there, which are *Try'd* *Virtues* here.  
For instance then, oft as the King reflects  
His *Oath's* enjoyn, His *People* he protects.  
Which *Oathes* extent, and *Circuit* we may view  
Spread ore th' *Five* *Execrable* *Members* too.  
Yet ( far as't them concerns ) that *Chain* is broke,  
That *Oath* left *Him*, because they left *His* *Yoke*.

N

Now

Now of this Pitch, and Size, do still appear  
 All *Aiery* Scruples which are started there.  
 The King Declared, He thought you meant no ill,  
 Say, would you have the King Declare so still?

Allow but *Different* Circumstance, and we  
 Find all your *Scandalls* will his *Glories* be.  
 Now, as the *worst* things have some things of *stead*,  
 And some *Toades* treasure *Jewells* in their Head.  
 So doth this *Libels* womb *Girt*, and contain.  
 What though it *compasse* Round: it cannot stain  
 Lines of so *cleare*, yet to *Majestick* straine;  
 A most *Transparent*, yet a *close-wove* Veine;  
 Which when we reach its *Sense*, we may descry,  
 We see more by its *Light*, then our own *Eye*.

So *Phœbus* (when the *Cloud* and *Night* is done)  
 Lends us his *Light*, to know he is the *Sunne*.  
 Yet this expressive clearnesse is but *barke*,  
 An *Out-side* *Sunne* which guards us from the dark.  
 Here the *Bright* language shuts in *Brighter* sense,  
*Rich* Diamonds sleep within a *CrySTALL* Fence.  
 Gemmes of that rate, to *Tally* they'd appear  
 Fit purchase for his *Critick* *Senates* Ear:  
 And their whole *Shine* in a full *Lustre* tends  
 To *God*, His *Conscience*, *Conjort*, and his *Friends*.

### THE CLOSE.

No winding Characters, no secret Maze,  
 Could so perplex, but they have found their wayes.  
 They thred the Labyrinth, and what to do?  
 Whe'r tends the Guide? what purchase in this Clew?  
 Rash *Alexander* forc't King *Gordius* Knot, *Q. Curtius*  
 And so in hand found he a *Rope* had got. lib. 2.

*A New Diurnal of Passages more  
 Exactly drawn up then heretofore.  
 Printed and Published, 'tis order'd to be,  
 By Henry Elling the Clerk of the P.*

*1 June 1643.*

*S*ince many Diurnals (for which we are griev'd)  
 Are come from both Houses, and are not be-  
 liev'd;

The better to help them for running and flying,  
 We have put them in Verse to Authorize their  
 lying.

For it has been debated, and found to be true,  
 That lying's a Parliament Priviledge too:  
 And that they may the sooner our Conquests re-  
 hearse,

We are minded to put them in Galloping Verse;  
 But so many Maim'd Souldiers from Reading  
 there came,

That in spite of the Surgeons, make our Verses  
 go lame.

We have ever us'd Fictions, and now it is known,  
 Our Poverty has made us Poetical grown.

*Munday.*

On *Munday* both Houses fell into debate,  
 And were likely to fall by the ears as they sate;

Yet would they not have the businesse decided,  
That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.  
They had an intention to Prayers to go,  
But *Ex tempore* Prayers are now Common too.  
To Voting they fall, and the key of the work,  
Was the raising of Money for the State and the  
Kirk.

'Tis only Free-loan, yet this Order they make,  
That what Men would not lend, they should Plun-  
der and take;

Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their  
minds,

And all of them did labour a new one to find;  
They call'd it distaining: yet thought it no  
shame,

To persist in the Act, which they blusht for to  
name.

They Voted all Persons from *Oxford* that came,  
Should be apprehended: and after the same,  
With an Humble Petition, the King they request,  
He'd be pleas'd to return, and be serv'd like the  
rest.

A Message from *Oxford* conducing to Peace,  
Came next to their hands, that Armes might  
cease:

They Voted and Voted, and still they did vary,  
Till at last the whole sence of the House was con-  
trary

To reason; they knew by their Armes they might  
gain,

What neither true reason, nor Law can maintain.  
Cessation was Voted a dangerous Plot,  
Because the King would have it, both Houses  
would not.

But

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But when they resolv'd it, abroad must be  
blowne,  
(To baffle the World) that the King would have  
none.

And carefully muzled the mouth of the Press,  
Least the truth should peep through their juggling  
drefs.

For they knew a Cessation would work them  
more harmes,

Than *Essex* could do the Cavaliers with his Arms.  
While they keep the Ships and the Forts in their  
hand,

They may be Traytors by Sea, as well as by Land.  
The Forts will preserve them as long as they stay,  
And the Ships carry them and their Plunder a-  
way.

They have therefore good reason to account War  
the better,

For the Law will prove to them but a killing  
Letter.

*Tuesday.*

A Post from his Excellence came blowing his  
Horn,

For Money to advance, and this spun out the  
Morn;

And strait to the City some went for relief,  
The rest made an Ordinance to carry Powder-  
Beef.

Thus up go the Roundheads, and *Essex* advances,  
But only to lead his Souldiers new dances,

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To *Reading* he goes, for at *Oxford* (they say)  
His Wife has made him Bull-works to keep him  
away.

Prince *Rupert*, for fear that the Name be con-  
founded,  
Will saw off his Horns, and make him a Round-  
head.

The news was returned with General fame,  
That *Reading* was taken ere ever he came.  
Then away Rode our Captains, and Souldiers  
did run,

To shew themselves valiant, when the Battail  
was done,

Preparing to plunder; but as soon as they came,  
They quickly perceived it was but a sham:  
An Ordinance of Parliament *Essex* brought down,  
But that would not serve him to batter the  
Town.

More Mony was rais'd, more Men and Ammu-  
nition,

Carts loaded with Turnips, and other Provision.  
His Excellence had Chines, and Rams-heads for a  
Present,

And his Councel of Warre had Woodcock and  
Pheasant.

But *Ven* had 5000. Calves-heads all in Carts,  
To nourish his Men, and to chear up their Hearts.  
This made them so valiant that that very day,  
They had taken the Town but for running away.  
Twas ordered this day, that thanksgiving be  
made,

To the Roundheads in Sermons, for their Beef  
and their Bread.

*Wednesday.*

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*Wednesday.*

Two Members this day at a Conference sate,  
And one gives the other a knock on the Pate.  
This set them a voting, and the Upper House  
swore,

'Twas a breach of Priviledge he gave him no  
more.

The lower the breaking their Members head vo-  
ted

A breach of their Priviledge; for it is to be noted,  
That Reason and Priviledge in it did grow,

'Twas a breach of his Crown and Dignity too.

Then came in the Women with a long long Pe-  
tition,

To settle Militia, and damn the Commission.

For if fighting continue, they say they did fear.

That Men would be scarce, and Husbands be dear.

So plainly the Speaker the Businesse unties,

That presently all the Members did rise.

They had hardly the leisure all things to lay ope,

But some felt in their Eellies if they had not a  
Pope.

Some strictly stood to them, and others did fear,

Each carried about them a fierce Cavalier.

This Businesse was handled by the close Com-  
mittee,

That privately met at a Place in the City.

So closely to voting the Members did fall,

That the humble Sisters were overthrown all.

But they and their Helpers came short at the last,

Till at length the whole Work on Prince *Griffith*  
was cast.

And he with his troupe did handle the matter  
He pleas'd every Woman, as soon as he came at  
her.

The Businesse had like to have gone on her side,  
Had not Pym perswaded them not to confide.  
For rather than Peace, to fill the Common-  
Wealth,  
He said hee'd do them every night himself.

*Thursday.*

This Day a great Fart in the House they did hear,  
Which made all the Members make Buttons for  
fear;

And One makes nine Speeches while the Businesse  
was hot,

And spake through the Nose that he smelt out  
the Plot.

He takes it to task, and the Articles drawes,  
As a breach of their own Fundamental-laws.

Now Letters were read, which did fully relate  
A Victory against Newcastle of late;

That hundreds were slain, and hundreds did run,  
And all this was got ere the Battel begun.

This they resolv'd to make the best on;

And next they resolv'd upon the Question,

That Bonfires and Prayse, the Pulpit and Steeple,  
Must all be suborned to couzen the People.

But the policy was more Money to get,

For the Conquest's dear bought, and far enough  
set;

Such Victories in Ireland, although it be known  
They strive to make that Land as bad as our Own.

No



I. Part I. Rump Songs. 185

No sooner the Mony for this was brought hither,  
But a croud of true Letters came flocking together,

How *Hotham* and's Army, and others were beaten,  
This made the blew Members to startle and threaten.

And these by all means must be kept from the City,

And only referred to the Privy Committee.

And they presently with an *Ex tempore* Vote,  
Which they have used so long, that they learned by rote,

They styl'd them Malignant, and to Lyes they did turn them,

Then *Corbet*, in stead of the Hangman, must burn them.

And he after that an Ordinance draws,

That none should tell truth that disparag'd the Cause.

Then *Pym* like a *Pegasus* trots up and down,

And takes up an Angel to throw down a Crown.

He stand like a Creature, and makes a long Speech,

That came from his mouth, and part from his breech.

He moves for more Horse, that the Army might be

Part Mans flesh and Horse flesh, as well as he;

And hee'l be a Colonel as well as another,

But durst not ride a Horse, 'cause a Horse rid his Mother.

Friday.

## Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* 'for being no longer a Traytor,  
Was accus'd of *Treason* in the highest Nature;  
'Cause he ( as they bad him ) his Souldiers did  
bring,

To turn from Rebellion , and fight for the King.  
They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men  
Could vote him into the House agen.

Sir *David's* Remonstrance next to them was read,  
From the Cities Round-body , and *Iaac's* the  
Head.

'Twas approv'd; but one Cause produc'd a de-  
nyal,

That all Traytors be brought to a Legal tryal.  
For 'tis against Reason to vote, or to do  
Against Traytors, when *They* are no other but so.  
Because about nothing so long they sit still ,  
They hold it convenient Diurnalls to fill.

And therefore they gave their Chronographer  
charge

To stuff it with Orders and Letters at large.  
The King by's Prerogative , nor by the Law,  
Can speak nor print nothing his People to draw,  
Yet *Pennyles Pamphletters* they do maintain,  
Whose only Religion is Scipendary gain.

Yet *Cum Privilegio*, against King and the State.  
The *Treason* that's taught them ( like Parrats )  
they prate.

These Hackneys are licens't what ever they do ,  
As if they had Parliament priviledge too.

Thus

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Thus then they consult : so zealous they are,  
To settle the peace of the Kingdom by War.  
But against Civil-war their hatred is such,  
To prevent it they'll bring in the *Scotch* and the  
*Dutch*.

They had rather the Land be destroy'd in a minute,

Than abide any thing that has Loyalty in it ;  
And yet their Rebellion so neatly they trim,  
They fight for the King , but they mean for King  
*Pym*

These all to fight for, and maintain are sent  
The Laws of *England* ; but *New-England* is meant.  
And though such disorders are broke in of late,  
They keep it the *Anagram* still of a State.

For still they are plotting such riches to bring,  
To make *Charles* a rich and glorious King.  
And by this Rebellion this good they will doe  
him,

They'll forfeit all their Estates unto him.  
No Clergy must meddle in Spiritual affairs,  
But *Layton* nere heard of it, losing his ears,  
For that he might be deaf to the Prisoners cries,  
To a spiritual Goalers place he must rise.

The rest have good reason for what they shall do,  
For they are both Clergy and Laity too.

Or else at the best when the Question is stated,  
They are but *Mechanicks* newly translated.

They may be Committees to practice their bawling,

For stealing of Horse is Spiritual Calling.

The reason why People our Martyrs ador'd,  
'Cause their Ears being cut off their Fame sounds  
the more.

'Twas

'Twas ordered the Goods of Malignants, and  
Lands,  
Shall be shar'd among them, and took into their  
hands.

They have Spirits of more Malignants to come,  
That every one in the House may have some  
Then down to *Guild-Hall* they return their  
thanks,  
To the Fools whom the Lottery has cheated with  
Blanks.

*Saturday.*

This day there came news of the taking a Ship,  
( To see what strange wonders are wrought in the  
deep )

That a troop of their Horse ran into the Sea,  
And pull'd out a Ship alive to the Key.  
And after much prating and fighting they say  
The Ropes serv'd for Traces to draw her away.  
Sure these were Sea-horses, or else by their lying  
They'll make them as famous for swimming as  
flying.

The rest of the day they spent to bemoan  
Their Brother, the Roundhead that to *Tyburn*  
was gone.

And could not but think it a barbarous thing,  
To hang him for killing a friend to the King.  
He was newly baptized, and held it was good  
To be washed, yet not in water, but blood.  
They ordered for his honour to cut off his ears,  
And make him a Martyr: but a Zealot appears,

And

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And affirms him a Martyr, for although 'twas his  
fate

To be hang'd, yet he dy'd for the good of the  
State

Then all fell to plotting of matters so deep,

That the silent Speaker fell down fast asleep.

He recovers himself and rubs up his eyes,

Then motions his House that 'twas time to rise.

So home they went all, and their businesse refer'd

To the Close Committee by them to be heard;

They took it upon them, but what they did do,

Take notice that none but themselves must know.

*Postscript.*

Thus far we have gone in Rythme to disclose,

What never was utter'd by any in Prose.

If any be wanting, 'twas by a mishap,

Because we forgot to weigh'r by the map.

For over the Kingdom their Orders were spread,

They have made the whole Body as bad as the  
Head.

And now made such work that they all do,

Is but to read Letters and answers them too.

We thought to make *Finis* the end of the story,

But that we shall have more business for you.

For (as their proceedings do) so shall our *Pen*,

Run roundly from *Munday* to *Nunday* agen.

And since we have begun, our Muse doth intend,

To have (like their Votes) no beginning nor end.

*The holy Pedler.*

**F**rom a Forraign shore  
 I am come to store,  
 Your *Shops* with rare devices :  
 No *drugs* do I bring  
 From the *Indian King*,  
 No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices*.  
 Such Wares I do show  
 As in *England* do grow,  
 And are for the good of the Nation,  
 Let no body fear  
 To deal in my Ware,  
 For *Sacriledge* now's in fashion.

I the *Pedlar* am,  
 That came from *Amsterdam*  
 With a pack of new *Religions*,  
 I did every one fit,  
 According to's wit,  
 From the *Tub* to *Mabomets pigeons*.  
 Great Trading I found,  
 For my spiritual ground,  
 Wherein every man was a *Medler*;  
 I made People decline,  
 The learned *Divine*,  
 And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

First *Surplices* I took,  
 Next the *Common-Prayer-book*,  
 And made all those *Papists* that us'd 'um;  
 Then the *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
 I stript of their means,  
 And gave it to those that abus'd 'um.      The

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The *Clergy-men* next,  
I withdrew from their *Text*,  
And set up the gifted *Brother*;  
Thus *Religion* I made,  
But a matter of trade,  
And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

Then *Tytbes* I sell upon,  
And those I quickly won,  
'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um.  
But they serv'd for the *Lay*,  
Till I sold them away,  
And so did Religious make 'um;  
But now come away,  
To the *Pedler*, I pray,  
I scorn to rob or cozen;  
If Churches you lack,  
Come away to my Pack,  
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

*Church Militants* they be,  
For now we do see,  
They have fought so long with each other;  
The *Rump's-Churches* threw down,  
Those that stood for the *Crown*,  
And sold them to one another.  
Then come you factious *Crue*,  
Here's a *Bargain* now for you,  
With the spoyles of the Church you may revel;  
Now pull down the *Bells*,  
And then hang up your selves,  
And so give bis due to the Devil.

*The Hue and Cry after Sir John  
Presbyter.*

**W**ith hair in Characters, and Lugs in text;  
With a splay mouth and a nose circum-  
flex;

With a set Ruffe of Musket-bore, that wears  
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,  
Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,  
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;  
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,  
Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;  
The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,  
In a box-knot) cut by the *Director*;  
Madams Confession hanging at his ear,  
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and  
*Where*

Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,  
That when his ears are cropt he'll count them  
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump, (gelt;  
A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:  
The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance,  
With the *Divine Right* of an *Ordinance*.

*If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,*

*Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.*

What zealous frenzie did the Senate seize,  
To tare the *Rochet* to such rags as these?  
*Episcopacy* minc'd, reforming *Tweed*  
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;  
Lay-inter'lining *Clergy*, a device  
That's nick-name to the staff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.

The



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The Beast at wrong-end branded, you may trace  
The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.

A face of severall parishes and sorts;  
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes of Courts.  
What mean these Elders else, those Kirk Dragons  
Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatoons?

That *Hierarchy* of *Hundicrafts* begun,  
Those new *Exchange-men* of Religion?  
Sure they'r the *Antick beads*, which plac'd without  
The Church, do gape and disembugue a sprout:  
Like them above the *Commons house* have been  
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then, what imperious in the Bishop sounds,  
The same the *Scotch* Executor rebounds.

This stating *Prelacy*, the *Classick* rout,  
That spake it often, e're it spake it out;

*So by an Abbies Skeleton of late,  
I heard an Eccho supererogate  
Through imperfection, and the voice restore,  
As if she had the biccop o're and o're.*

Since they our mixt *Diocesans* combine  
Thus to ride double in their *Discipline*;  
That *Pauls* shall to the *Consistory* call  
A *Dean* and *Chapter* out of *Weavers-Hall*?  
Each at the *Ordinance* for to assist,  
With the five thumbs of his *groat-changing fist*.

Down *Dagon* *Synod* with thy motley ware,  
Whilst we do swagger for the *Common-Prayer*;  
That *Dove-like Embassi*, that wings our sence  
To *Heavens gate* in shape of innocence.  
Pray for the *Miter'd Authors*, and despise  
These *Demicafters* of *Divinity*.  
For where *Sir John* with *Jack-of-all-trades* joyns,  
His *Finger's* thicker than the *Prelates Loyns*.

O

The

*The way to wooe a Zealous Lady.*

**I** Came unto a *Puritan* to wooe,  
And roughly did salute her with a Kiſſ;  
She ſhov'd me from her when I came unto;  
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this:  
And as I her with amorous talk ſaluted,  
My Articles with Scripture ſhe confuted.

She told me, that I was too much prophane,  
And not devout neither in ſpeech nor geſture;  
And I could not one word answer again,  
Nor had not ſo much Grace to call her Siſter;  
For ever ſomething did offend her there,  
Either my broad beard, hat, or my long hair.

My Band was broad, my 'Parrel was not plain,  
My Points and Girdle made the greateſt ſhow;  
My Sword was odious, and my Belt was vain,  
My *Spaniſh* ſhooes was cut too broad at toe;  
My Stockings light, my Garters ty'd too long,  
My Gloves pertum'd, and had a ſcent too ſtrong.

I left my pure Miſtris for a ſpace,  
And to a ſnip-ſnap Barber ſtreight went I;  
I cut my Hair, and did my Corps uncaſe  
Of 'Parrels pride that did offend the eye;  
My high-crown'd Hat, my little Beard alſo,  
My pecked Band, my Shooes were ſharp at toe.

Gone was my Sword, my Belt was laid aſide,  
And I transformed both in looks and ſpeech;

My

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My 'Parrel plain, my Cloak was void of Pride,  
My little Skirts, my metamorphis'd Breech,  
My Stockings black, my Garters were ty'd shorter,  
My Gloves no scent; thus marcht I to her Porter.

The Porter spide me, and did lead me in,  
Where his sweet Mistris reading was a Chapter:  
Peace to this house, and all that are therein,  
Which holy words with admiration wrapt her,  
And ever, as I came her something nigh,  
She, being divine, turn'd up the white o'th' eye.

Quoth I, dear Sister, and that lik'd her well,  
I kist her, and did passe to some delight,  
She, blushing, said, that long-tail'd men would tell,  
Quoth I, I'll be as silent as the night;  
And least the wicked now should have a sight  
Of what we do, faith, I'll put out the light.

O do not swear, quoth she, but put it out,  
Because that I would have you save your Oath,  
In truth, you shall but kisse me, without doubt;  
In troth, quoth I, here will we rest us both;  
Swear you, quoth she, in troth? had you not sworn  
I'd not have don't, but took it in foul scorn.

---

*A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.*

W<sup>H</sup>en Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs,  
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,  
When Saints forsake their painted Glasse  
To meet their worship as they passe,

When Altars grow luxurious with the dye  
 Of humane blood,  
 Is this the flood  
 Of Christianity?

When Kings are cup-boarded like cheese,  
 Sights to be seen for pence a piece,  
 When Dyadems, like Brokers tire,  
 Are custom'd reliques set to hire,  
 When Sovereignty & Scepters loose their names,  
 Stream'd into words,  
 Carv'd out by swords  
 Are these refining flames?

When Subjects and Religion stir  
 Like Meteors in the Metaphor,  
 When zealous hinting and the yawn  
 Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;  
 When blue digressions fill the troubled ayr,  
 And th' Pulpit's let  
 To every Set  
 That will usurp the Chair?

Call ye me this the night's farewell,  
 When our noon day's as dark as Hell?  
 How can we lesse than term such lights  
*Ecclesiastick Heteroclites*?  
 Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl,  
 Thus high to be,  
 Perch'd on the tree,  
 Remember but the fall.

Was it the glory of a King  
 To make him great by suffering?

Was

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Was there no way to build God's House  
But rendring of it infamous?

If this be then the merry ghostly trade?

To work in gall?

Pray take it all

Good brother of the blade.

Call it no more the Reformation,

According to the new translation:

Why will you wrack the common brain

With words of an unwonted strain?

As Plunder? or a phrase in senses cleft?

When things more nigh

May well supply

And call it down-right theft.

Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*

Consent, and swear the naked lines

Want no expounding or contest,

Or *Bellarmino* to break a jest.

Since then the Heroes of the pen with me

Nere scrue the sense

With difference,

We all agree agree.

---

*The Times.*

TO speak in wet-shod eyes, and drowned  
looks,

Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks

No spirit, life, or vigour, were to own

The crush and triumph of affliction;

O3

And

And creeping with *Themistocles* to be  
 The pale-fac'd Pensioners of our enemy.  
 No 'tis the glory of the Soul to rise  
 By falls, and at rebound to pierce the skies.

Like a brave *Courser* standing on the sand  
 Of some high-working *Fretum*, views a land  
 Smiling with sweets upon the distant side,  
 Garnish'd in all her gay embroydered pride,  
 Larded with Springs, and fring'd with curled  
 Woods,

Impatient, bounces in the cap'ring floods,  
 Big with a nobler fury than that stream  
 Of shallow violence he meets in them;  
 Thence arm'd with scorn and courage ploughs a  
 way

Through the impostum'd billows of the Sea;  
 And makes the grumbling Surges slaves to oar  
 And wait him safely to the further shoar:  
 Where landed, in a sovereign disdain  
 Returns back, and surveys the foaming main,  
 While the subjected waters flowing reel,  
 Ambitious yet to wash the Victor's heel.

In such a noble Equipage should we  
 Embrace th' encounter of our misery.  
 Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head  
 For every tempest, every petty dread.  
 Crosses were the best *Christians* arms: and we  
 That hope a wished *Canaan* once to see,  
 Must not expect a carpet-way alone  
 Without a red-sea of affliction.

Then cast the dice: Let's foord old *Rubicon*,  
*Cesar* 'tis thine, man is but once undone.  
 Tread softly though, lest *Scyllab's* ghost awake,  
 And us i'm<sup>o</sup> roll of his *Proscriptions* take.

Rome

Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*  
 In the black *Island* are once more a State;  
 The City trembles : there's no third to shield,  
 If once *Augustus* to *Antonius* yield,  
 Law shall not shelter *Cicero*, the Robe  
 The *Senate* : Proud successe admits no Probe  
 Of Justice to correct, or quare the fate  
 That bears down all as illegitimate;  
 For whatsoere it lists to overthrow,  
 It either finds it, or else makes it so.

Thus *Tyranny's* a stately *Palace*, where  
 Ambition sweats to climbe and nuzzle there;  
 But when 'tis enter'd, what hopes then remain ?  
 There is no Salliport to come out again.  
 For Mischief must rowle on, and gliding grow,  
 Like little Rivulets that gently flow  
 From their first bubbling springs, but still increase  
 And swell their Chanel as they mend their pace;  
 Till in a glorious tyde of villany  
 They over-run the banks, and passing fly  
 Like th' bellowing Wave, in tumults, till they can  
 Display them selves in a full Ocean.  
 And if Blind rage shall chance to miss its way,  
 Bring stock enough alone to make a Sea.

Thus trebble treasons are secur'd and drown'd  
 By lowder cryes of deeper mouth and sound,  
 And high attempts swallow a puny plot,  
 A Cannons overwhelm the smaller shot  
 While the deaf senceless World inur'd a while  
 ( Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile* )  
 To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none,  
 Thus *Custom* bullows *Irreligion* !  
 And stroaks the patient beast till he admit  
 The now-grown-light and necessary Bit.

But whither do I ramble? Gaule'd times  
 Cannot endure a smart hand ore their crimes  
 Distracted age? What Dialect or fashion  
 Shall I assume? to passe the approbation  
 Of thy censorious *Synod*; which now sit  
 High *Areopagites* to destroy all wit?

I cannot say, I say, that I am one  
 Of th' *Church of Ely-hus*, or *Abington*,  
 Nor of those precious Spirits that can deal  
 The Pomegranates of grace at every meal.  
 No zealous *Hemp-dresser* yet dipp'd me in  
 The Laver of adoption from my sin.

Fut yet if inspiration or a tale  
 Of a long-wasted six hours length prevail  
 A smooth Certificate from the sister-hood,  
 Or to be termed holy before good,  
 Religious malice, or a faith 'rhout works  
 Other than may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:  
 If these, these hint at any thing? Then, then  
 Whoop! my despairing *Hope* come back agen:  
 For since the inundation of grace,  
 All honesty's under water, or in chafe.

But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon  
 We feed on dreams, imagination, (reign  
 Humours, and cross-grain'd passions which now  
 In the decaying elements of the brain.

'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there be  
 So few that lanch out in discovery.

Nay Arts are so far from being cherished,  
 There's scarce a *Colledge* but has lost its *Head*,  
 And almost all its *Members*: O sad wound!  
 Where never an *Artery* could be judged sound!  
 To what a height is *Vice* now towred? When we  
 Pare not miscall it an *Obliquitie*?



So confident, and carrying such an awe,  
That it subscribes it self no lesse then *Law* ?  
If this be Reformation then ? The great  
*Account* pursued with so much bloud and sweat ?

In what black lines shall our sad story be  
Deliver'd over to posterity ?  
With what a dash and scar shall we be read ?  
How has Dame *Nature* in us suffered ?  
Who of all Centuries the first age are  
That sunk the world for want of due repair ?

When first we issued out in cries and tears,  
(Those salt presages of our future years)  
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm ; (balm,  
Times crown'd with rosie Garlands, 'spice and  
Where first a glorious *Church* and mother came,  
Embrac'd us in her armes, gave us a name  
By which we live, and an indulgent brest,  
Flowing with stream to an eternal rest.  
Thus ravish'd, the poor *Soul* could not guess even,  
Which was more kind to her yet, earth or heaven.  
Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt  
Of heaven, whether she were in or out.

Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings  
His blessing too, ( even the *Best of Kings* )  
Safe and well-grounded *Laws* to guard our peace,  
And nurse our virtues in their just increase ;  
Like a pure *Spring* from whom all graces come,  
Whose boun-y made it double *Christendome* :  
Such and so sweet were those *Haleyon* dayes,  
That rose upon us in our Infant rayes ;  
Such a composed *State* we breathed under,  
We only heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.  
Terrors were then as strange, as love now grown,  
Wrong and Revenge liv'd quietly at home.

The

The sole contention that we understood,  
Was a rare strife and war in doing good.

Now let's reflect upon our gratefulness,  
How we have added, or (O!) made it less,  
What are th' improvements? what our progress,  
where

Those handfom acts that say that some men were?  
*He that to antient wreaths can bring no more  
From his own worth, dies banq'rupt on the score.  
For Father's Crests are crown'd in the Son,  
And glory spreads by propogation.*

Now virtue shield me! where shall I begin?  
To what a labyrinth am I now slipp'd in?  
What shall we answer them? or what deny?  
What prove? or rather whither shall we fly?  
When the poor widdow'd Church shall ask us  
where

Are all her honours? and that filial care  
We owed so sweet a Parent as the Spouse  
Of Christ, which here vouchsafed to own a house?  
Where are her *Banerges*? and those rare  
Brave sons of consolation? which did bear  
The Ark before our *Israel*, and dispence  
The heavenly *Manna* with such diligence?  
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to passe,  
*Aut mortui sunt, aut docent literas.*

Bless'd *Virgin*, we can only say we have  
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their grave.  
And here and there a man in colours paint,  
That by thy ruines grew a mighty Saint.

Next *Cesar* some accounts are due to thee,  
But those in blood already written be;  
So loud and lasting, in such monstrous shapes,  
So wide the never to be clos'd wound gapes;

All

All ages yet to come with shivering, shall  
Recite the fearfull pres'dent of thy fall.

Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*,  
*Under the Sun a new thing hath been done.*  
A thing before all pattern, all pretence  
Of rule or copy : Such a strange offence  
Of such original extract, that it bears  
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.

*Laconian Agis !* we have read thy fate,  
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.  
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,  
And fled the horror of thy tragedie ;  
*Thyestes* cruel feast, and how the Sun  
Shrunk in his golden beams that fight to shun.  
The bosoms of all Kingdoms open lye,  
Plain and emergent to th' inquiring eye.  
But when we glance upon our native home,  
As the black *Center* to whom all points come,  
We rest amazed, and silently admire  
How far beyond all spleen ours did aspire.  
All that we dare assert, is but a cry  
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty* ;  
A secret term by inspiration known,  
Amist that brooks no demonstration,  
Unlesse we dive into our purses, where  
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.

But why exclaim you thus? may some men say,  
Against the times? when equal night and day  
Keep their just course? the seasons still the same?  
As sweet as when from the first hand they came?  
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,  
As at first *Peep up* in their infancie?

'Tis not those standing motions that divide  
The space of years, nor the swift hours that glide  
Those

Those little particles of age, that come  
 In thronging *Items* that make up the *Sum*,  
 That's here intended : But our crying crimes,  
 Our Monsters that abominate the times.  
 'Tis we that make the *Metonymie* good  
 By being bad, which like a troubled floud  
 Nothing produce but slimy mire and dirt,  
 And impudence that makes shame malepert.  
 To travel further in these wounds that lye  
 Rankling, though seeming closed, were to deny  
 Rest to an ore-watch'd world, and force fresh tears  
 From stench'd eyes, new alarum'd by old fears.  
 Which if they thus shall heal and stop, they be  
 The first that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.  
 This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increafe  
 I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

---

*The Commoners.*

Come your wayes  
 Bonny Boyes,  
 Of the *Town*,  
 For now is the time or never,  
 Shall your fears,  
 Or your cares  
 Cast you down?  
 Hang your wealth,  
 And your health,  
 Get renown,  
 We all are undone for ever.  
 Now the *King* and the *Crown*  
 Are tumbling down,

And

And the *Realm* doth groan with *disasters*,  
And the scum of the land,  
Are the men that command,  
And our *Slaves* are become our *Masters*.

2

Now our lives  
Children, wives  
And Estate,  
Are a prey to the lust and plunder,  
To the rage  
Of our age;  
And the fate  
Of our land  
Is at hand,  
'Tis too late  
To tread these *Usurpers* under.  
First down goes the *Crown*,  
Then follows the *Gown*,  
Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,  
While *Church* and *State* must  
Feed their *Pride* and their *Lust*,  
And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3

Shall we still  
Suffer ill  
And be dumb?  
And let every *Varlet* undo us?  
Shall we doubt  
Of each *Lowr*,  
That doth come,  
With a voice  
Like the noise  
Of a *Drum*,  
And a *Sword* or a *Buff-coat* to us?

Shall

Shall we lose our estates  
 By *plunder* and *rates*  
 To bedeck those proud upstarts that *swagger*,  
 Rather fight for your meat,  
 Which these *Locusts* do eat,  
 Now every man's a beggar.

---

*The Scots Curanto.*

i.

Come, come away to the *English* wars,  
 A fig for our Hills and Valleys,  
 'Twas we did begin and will lengthen their jarrs,  
 We'll gain by their loss and folleys;  
 Let the *Nations*  
 By *invasions*,  
 Break through our barrs,  
 They can get little good by their *falleys*.

2.

Though *Irish* and *English* entred be,  
 The State is become our Debtor.  
 Let them have our Land, if their own may be free  
 And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.  
 If they crave it  
 Let them have it,  
 What care we :  
 We would fain change our Land for a better.

3.  
Long have we longed for the *English* Land,  
But we are hindred still by disasters,  
But now is their time, when they can't withstand,  
But are their own Countries wasters.

If we venter,  
We may enter  
By command,  
And at last we shall grow to be Masters.

4.  
When at first we began to rebell,  
Though they did not before regard us,  
How the name of a *Scot* did the *English* quell,  
Which formerly have out-dar'd us.

For outcomming  
And returning,  
They paid us well,  
And royally did reward us.

5.  
The better to bring our ends about,  
We must plead for a *Reformation*;  
And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,  
With the hopes of an innovation.

They will love us  
And approve us,  
Without doubt,  
If we bring in an alteration.

6.  
Down with the *Bishops* and their train,  
The *Surplice* and *Common Prayers*,

Then

Then will we not have a King remain,  
But we'll be the *Realms* surveyers.

So by little  
And a little

We shall gain  
All the Kingdom without gain-sayers.

7.

And when at the last we have conquer'd the King,  
And beaten away the *Cavaleers*,  
The Parliament next must the same ditty sing,  
And thus we will set the State by the ears.

By their jarring  
And their warring

We will bring,  
Their Estates to be *ours*, which they think to be  
(*theirs*).

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is shar'd,  
And the People are all made Beggars like we;  
A *Scot* will be as good as an English *Leard*,  
O! what a unicity this will be.

As we gain it  
We'll retain it

By the sword;  
And the English shall say, *bonny blew-cap for me*.

An



*An Answer to a Letter from Sir John  
Mennis, wherein he jeers him for  
falling so quickly to the use  
of the Directory.*

**F**riend thou doest lash me with a story,  
A long one too of Directory;  
When thou alone deserves the Birch,  
That brought'st the bondage on the Church.  
Didst thou not treat for *Bristol* City,  
And yield it up? the more's the pity.  
And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong  
The Common-prayer-book went along?  
Did'st thou not scourse, as if enchanted  
For Articles Sir *Thomas* granted?  
And bates, as an Author saith,  
The Articles oth' Christian Faith?  
And now the Directory jostles  
Christ out oth' Church and his Apostles;  
And tears down the Communion rayles,  
That men may take it on their tayles.  
Imagine, Friend, *Bockus* the King  
Engraven on *Sylla's* Signet ring,  
Delivering up into his hands  
*Fugurth*, and with him, all his Lands;  
Whom *Sylla* took and sent to *Rome*,  
There to abide the Senates doom.  
In the same posture I suppose,  
*John* standing in's Doublet and Hose,

Delivering up amidst the throng  
 The Common-prayer and Wisedoms song  
 To hands of *Fairfax*, to be sent  
 A Sacrifice to the Parliament.  
 Thou little thought'st what Year began,  
 Wrapt in that Treaty ? *Busie John*.  
 There lurk'd, the Fire that turn'd to Cinder,  
 The Church her Ornaments to Tinder.\*  
 There bound up in that Treaty lyes  
 The fate of all our Christmaſs-pyes;  
 Our Holydaies there went to wrack,  
 Our Wakes were laid upon their back,  
 Our Gossips spoons away were lurcht,  
 Our Feasts and Fees for Women churcht;  
 All this, and more ascribe we might  
 To Thee at *Bristol*, wretched Knight.  
 Yet thou upbraid'st and rayld'st in rime,  
 On me, for that which was thy Crime.  
 So froward Children in the Sun,  
 Amidst their sports some shrew'd turn done,  
 The faulty Youth begins to prate,  
 And layes it on his harmlesse Mate.

*Dated,*

From *Nympton* where the Cider smiles,  
 And *James* has horse as lame as *Giles*,  
 The fourth of *May*, and dost thou hear ?  
 'Tis as I take the 8th. year  
 Since *Portugal* by Duke *Braganza*  
 Was cut from *Spain*, without a Hand-saw.

*I. S.*

*Tb.*

*The Kings Disguise.*

**A**ND why a Tenant to this vile disguise,  
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with  
 his eyes?  
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,  
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.  
 Oh ! for a state-distinction to arraign  
 Charles of High Treason 'gainst my Sovereign.  
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,  
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.  
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,  
 His ruines prove him a religious house.  
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his  
 And Majesty defac'd the Royal stamp. (lamp,  
 It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,  
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?  
 As if thy blacks were of too faint a dye,  
 Without the tincture of Tautology.  
 Flay an Ægyptian for his Cassocks skin,  
 Spun of his Countries darknesse, line't within  
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowlie trance,  
 The Synod-sable, foggy ignorance :  
 Nor bodily, nor ghostly *Negro* could  
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould :  
 This Privy-Chamber of thy shape would be  
 But the close-mourner of thy Royalty :  
 Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,  
 A Pearle within a rugged Oyster shell.  
 Heaven, which the Master of thy Person owns,  
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations :

Like to the martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,  
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room :  
 Or like the colledge by the changeling rabble,  
*M*——, Elves, transform'd into a stable.  
 Or if there be a propnation higher,  
 Such is the Sacrilege of thine attire, (one  
 By which th' art half depos'd : thou lookst like  
 Whose looks are under sequestration.  
 Whose Regenado form, at the first glance,  
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance,  
 Angel of light, and darknes too, I doubt,  
 Insipid within, and yet possess'd without :  
 Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,  
 Yet with an excommunicated face.  
 Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,  
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print  
 The Sun wears mid-night, Day is beetle-brow'd,  
 And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.  
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate !  
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.  
 What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,  
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostasie ?  
 It is but subtle film of tiffany air,  
 No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies wear,  
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,  
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish'd skreen,  
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough  
 Metal, and three pild darknes, like the slough  
 Of an imprison'd flame : 'tis *Faux* in grain,  
 Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.  
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-castle* Vote  
 Rang *Britains* Corseu, so our light went out.  
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,  
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick setters :

C'oaths

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.* 213

Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick :  
Sure they would fit the Body politick.  
Falsie beard enough to fit a stages plot,  
For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.  
Nay all his Properties so strange appear,  
Y'are not i'th' preience, though the King be there.  
A Libel is his dress, a garb uncouth,  
Such as the *Hue and Cry* once purg'd at mouth.  
Scribbling assassinate, thy lines attest  
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beast,  
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse,  
Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.  
The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind  
Wasting to Hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind  
It to the Barque, which at the Voyage-end  
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collicke in the  
Fiend.

But He not dubbe thee with a glorious scar,  
Nor sink thy Skullar with a man of War.  
The black mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this slandering  
Both do alike in picture execute (suit,  
But since we're all call'd Papists, why not date  
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?  
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought  
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,  
And puzzling Pourtraictures, to shew that there  
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be  
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;  
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse  
I see the Gospel coucht in Parables.  
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,  
And shews Religion in its dasky types.

Such a Text-Royal, so obscure & shade,  
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.

Come all the brats of this expounding age,  
To whom the spirit is in pupillage;  
You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew,  
And with his engine the same jaw-bone too:  
How is't he escapes your Inquisition free,  
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?  
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,  
You that dim Jewels with your *Bristol*-sence:  
And Characters, like Witches so torment,  
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.  
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,  
None but *St. Peter* ope's this Cabinet.  
This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight  
Critick Spectators with redundant light.  
A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call  
The Revelation, is most mystical.

Mount then thou Shadow-royal, and with hast  
Advance thy morning-star, *Charles* overcast.  
May thy strange journey contradictions twist,  
And force fair weather from a Scottish mist;  
Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages  
To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.  
Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,  
Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.  
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews  
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shoes.

*The Rebell S C O T.*

**H**OW! Providence! and yet a *Scottish* crew!  
Then Madam nature wears black patches  
What? Shall our Nation be in bondage thus (too?)  
Unto a Land that truckles under us?  
Ring the Bells backward, I am all on fire,  
Not all the Buckets in a Country Quire  
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd,  
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.  
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease  
To see his Country sick of *Pym's* disease,  
By *Scotch* Invasion to be made a prey  
To such *Pig-wiggin* *Myrmidons* as they?  
But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote  
The name of *Scot* without an Antidote,  
Unless my head were red, that I might brew  
Invention there that might be poyson too.  
Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note  
Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat  
Doth ribbands: could I (in *Sir Emp'rick's* tone)  
Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:  
Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Geneva* Bull,  
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:  
Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,  
Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.  
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.  
Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,  
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.  
Help ye tart *Satyrists* to imp my rage,  
With all the *Scorpions* that should whip this age:

Scots are like Witches, do but whet your pen,  
 Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you  
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take (then.  
 The shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at stake,  
 I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes ;  
 A Scot within a Beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation  
 Fosters no Venom, since the Scots plantation :  
 Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain,  
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.  
 The Scot that kept the Tower, might have shown  
 ( Within the grate of his own breast alone )  
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross  
 What all those wild Collegiates had cost  
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees,  
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.  
 Nature her self doth *Scotch-men* Beasts confesse,  
 Making their Country such a wilderness :  
 A Land that brings in question and suspence  
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence,  
 But that *Montross* and *Crawfords* loyal band  
 Atton'd their sins and christ'ned half the Land.  
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;  
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots ;  
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint  
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.  
 He that saw Hell in's melancholly dream,  
 And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam  
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,  
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselyte.  
 A Land where one may pray with curst intent,  
 O may they never suffer banishment ! (doom,  
 Had he been Scot, God would have chang'd his  
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home :

Like



# Part I. *Rump Songs.* 217

Like *Jews* they spread, and as infection fly,  
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.  
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and despise  
Tuis or that place, Rags of Geography.  
They'r Citizens o'th' world; they'r all in all,  
*Scotland's* a Nation Epidemicall.

And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode  
How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;  
To return knowing in the *Spanish* shrug,  
Or which of the *Dutch States* a double Jug  
Resembles most, in belly, or in beard;  
(The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)  
No, the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat, (meat:  
Their *Ostrich-stomachs* make their *Swords* their  
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,  
Who use to hang their teeth upon their Belt:

Yet wonder not at this their happy choise,  
The *Serpent's* fatall still to *Paradise*.  
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and these  
On the North posture of the patient seize,  
Like Leeches: thus thy Physically thirst  
After our bloud, but in the cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,  
To purchase villanage as once before,  
When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,  
Call them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread;  
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel must tame  
The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim  
Rebells by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)  
Who sadled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,  
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Ægypt's* spoyle?  
They are the Gospels Life-guard: but for them  
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*!

What

What would the Brethren do? the Cause! the  
 Sack possets, and the Fundamental Laws! (Cause!  
 Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!  
 How a *Scotch-stomach*, and no meat, converts!  
 They wanted food and raiment, so they took  
 Religion for their *Seamstresse* and their Cook.  
 Unmask them well, their honours and estate,  
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.  
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,  
 A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,  
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,  
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so.  
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,  
 You Picts in Gentry and Devotion;  
 You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race  
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.  
*Hyperbolus* by suffering did traduce  
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.  
 The *Indian*, that Heaven did forsware,  
 Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there,  
 Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been,  
 He would, *Erasmus*-like, have hung between:  
 My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;  
 I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones.  
 That dish is his, for when the Scots decease,  
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.  
 A *Scot*, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,  
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland-Goose*.

The

*The Scots Apostasie.*

**I**S't come to this? what shall the cheeks of fame,  
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Londons*  
name,  
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence,  
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,  
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?  
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?  
The Devil sure such language did atchieve,  
To cheat our un-forwarn'd Grandam Eve,  
As this impostour sonnd out, to besot  
Th' experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.  
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?  
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?  
Or did you doubt persistance in one good  
Would spoyle the fabrick of your Brotherhood,  
Projected first in such a forge of sin,  
Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?  
Or was't ambition that this damned fact  
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?  
The infamy this super-treason brings,  
Blasts more than Murders of your sixty *Kings*;  
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,  
Those hold with these no competition.  
*Kings* only suffer'd then, in this doth lye  
Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.  
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,  
If not t'attempt deposing of your God:  
Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see  
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee  
Til

Till you were shrivel'd to dust, and your cold  
Land,

Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand !

But 'tis reserv'd, till Heaven plague you worse :

Be Objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your Brethren, to whose viler ends

Your power hath bawded, cease to be your  
friends ;

And prompted by the dictate of their reason,

Reproach the *Traitors* though they hug the *Trea-*

And may their jealousies increase and breed, (*son.*

Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.

In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be

A stigmatizing brand of infamy ;

Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to rome

The world, and for a plague to live at home :

Till you resume your poverty, and be

Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free

To grant ; and may your scabby Land be all

Translated to a general Hospitall,

Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,

To give you comfort of a Summers day ;

But, as a guerdon for your Trayterous War,

Live cherish'd only by the Northern star.

No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,

And be to all but banisht men, as lost.

And such in heightning of the infliction due,

Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.

Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,

But power, your lives and liberties may aw.

No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest,

But each man strive through blood to be the best ;

Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,

By your own Sword our just revenge be wrought.

To

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To sum up all — let your *Religion* be,  
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie :  
Untill, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,  
Perfum'd with Epithetes of good and just;  
HE sav'd, incens'd Heaven may have forgot  
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,  
Unlesse that *Scot* deny himself, and do  
( What's easier far ) renounce his *Nation* too.

---

*The Scots Arrears.*

FOUR hundred thousand pounds !  
A lusty Bag indeed :  
Was't ever known so vast a Sum  
Ere past the River *Tweede* ?

Great pity it is, I swear,  
Whole Carts was thither sent,  
Where hardly two in fifty knew,  
What *Forty shillings* meant :  
But 'twas to some perceiv'd,  
Three Kingdoms were undone.  
And those that sit here thought it fit,  
To settle them one by one,  
Now *Ireland* hath no haste,  
So there they'le not begin;  
The *Scottish* ayde must first be paid,  
For ye came freely in,  
And *William Lilly* writes —  
Who writes the truth you know;  
In frosty weather they marched hither.  
Up to the chins in snow.

Free quarter at excess,  
They do not weigh a feather,  
Those Crowns for coals, brought in by shoals;  
Scarce kept their men together,  
Of Plunder they esteem  
As trifles of no worth,  
Of force ye dote, because recruit  
Issued no faster forth.  
If once this Cash is paid,  
I hope the *Scot* be spedd,  
He need not steal, but fairly deal,  
Both to be cloth'd and fedd.  
Our sheep and Oxen may  
Safe in their pastures stand,  
What need they filch the cow  
That's milch to sojourn in their land.

I wonder much the *Scot*  
With this defiles his hand,  
Because the summ's a price of *Rome*,  
Rais'd out of the Bishops lands;  
But too too well ye know  
To what intent they in come;  
'Twas not their pains produc'd this gains,  
'Twas sent to pack them home :  
Methinks I hear them laugh  
To see how matters proved;  
And give a shout, it so fell out,  
Ye were more fear'd than loved.  
If *Jockey* after this  
Reneaging hath forgot,  
From antient fires, he much retires,  
And shows himself no *Scot*.

## A SONG

## On the Schismatick ROTUNDOS.

ONce I a curious Eye did fix,  
To observe the tricks  
Of the *Schismaticks* of the Times,  
To find out which of them  
Was the merriest Theme,  
And best would besit my Rimes;  
*Arminius* I found solid,  
*Socinians* were not stolid,  
Much Learning for Papists did stickle.  
But *ab, ab, ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*ab, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*'Tis you that my spleen doth tickle.*

And first to tell must not be forgot,  
How I once did trot  
With a great Zealot to a Lecture,  
Where I a Tub did view,  
Hung with apron blew;  
'Twas the Preachers as I conjecture,  
His Use and his Doctrine too  
Were of no other hue,  
Though he spake in a tone most mickle:  
But *ab, ha ha ha, &c.*

He taught amongst other pretty things  
That the Book of *Kings*  
Small benefit brings to the godly,

Beside

Beside he had some grudges  
 At the Book of Judges,  
 And talkt of *Leviticus* odly,  
*Wisedome* most of all  
 He declares *Apocryphal*,  
 Beat *Bell* and the *Dragon*, like *Michael*:  
*But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha, &c.*

'Gainst Humane Learning next he envyes,  
 And almost boldly say's,  
 'Tis that which destroyes Inspiration,  
 Let superstitious sence  
 And wit be banished hence,  
 With Popish Predomination  
 Cut *Bishops* down in haste,  
 And *Cathedrals* as fast  
 As Corn that's fit for the sickle:  
*But ah, ah, ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*ah, ha ha ha ha ha Rotundos rot,*  
*'Tis you that my spleen doth tickle.*

### Cromwell's Panegyrick.

Shall Presbyterian Bells ring *Cromwells* praise,  
 While we stand still and do no Trophies raise  
 Unto his lasting name? Then may we be  
 Hung like the Bells for our dependencie.  
 Well may his Nose, that is *Dominicall*,  
 Take pepper in't, to see no Pen at all  
 Stir to applaud his merits, who hath lent  
 Such valour, to erect a Monument



Part I. *Rump Songs.*

225

Of lasting praise; whose name shall never dye,  
 While *England* has a Church, or Monarchy.  
 He whom the laurell'd Army home did bring  
 Riding triumphant o're his conquer'd King,  
 He is the Generals Cypher now; and when  
 Hee's joyn'd to him, he makes that One a Ten.  
 The Kingdoms Saint; *England* no more shall stir  
 To cry *St. George*, but now *St. Oliver*.  
 Hee's the Realm Ensign; and who goes to wring  
 His Nose, is forc'd to cry, *God save the King*.  
 He that can rout an Army with his name,  
 And take a City, ere he views the same:  
 His Souldiers may want bread, but n'ere shall fear  
 ( While hee's their General, ) the want of Beer;  
 No Wonder they wore Bayes, his Brewing-fat  
 ( *Helicon*-like ) make Poets Laureat.  
 When Brains in those Castalian liquors swim,  
 We sing no Heathenish *Pean*, but a Hymne;  
 And that by th' Spirit too, for who can chuse  
 But sing *Hosanna* to this King of Jewes?  
 Tremble you *Scottish* Zealots, you that han't  
 Freed any Conscience from your Covenant:  
 That for those bal'd Appellatives of *Cause*,  
*Religion*, and the *Fundamental Laws*,  
 Have pull'd the old Episcopacy down,  
 And as the Miter, so you'll serve the Crown.  
 You that have made the Cap to th' Bonnet vaile,  
 And made the Head a Servant to the Taile.  
 And you curst spawne of Publicans, that sit  
 In every County, as a plague to it;  
 That with your Yeomen Sequestrating Knaves,  
 Have made whole Counties beggerly, and Slaves.  
 You Synod, that have sate so long to know  
 Whether we must believe in God, or no;

Q

You

You that have torn the Church, and fate t' im-  
paire

The Ten Commandements, the Creed, the  
Prayer;

And made your honors pull down Heavens glory,  
While you set up that Calse, your *Directory*:

We shall no wicked Jews-ea'd Elders want,

This Army's built of Churches Militant:

These are new Tribes of *Levi*; for they be  
Clergy, yet of no Universitie.

Pull down your Crests, for every bird shall gather,  
From your usurping back, a stolen feather.

Your great Lay Levite, whose great Margent tires  
The patient Reader, while he blots whole quires,  
Nay reams with Treason; and with Nonsense too,  
To justifie what e're you say or do:

Whose circumcised ears are hardly grown  
Ripe for another Persecution:

He must to *Scotland* for another paire;

For he will lose these, if he tarry here.

*burges* that Reverend Presbydean of *Pauls*,  
Must (with his Poundage) leave his Cure of Souls,  
And into *Scotland* trot, that he may pick  
Out of that Kirk, a nick-nam'd Bishoprick.

The Protean Hypocrites, that will ne're burn,  
Must here, or else at *Tyburn* take a turn.

And *Will. the Conqueror* in a *Scottish* dance  
Must lead his running Army into *France*.

Or he and's Juncto among those Crews

In *Holland* build a Synagogue of Jewes,

And spread Rebellion; Great *Alexander*

Fears not a Pillory, like this Commander.

And *Bedlam John*, that at his Clerks so raves,  
Using them not like servants, but like slaves.

He

## Part I. Rump Songs. 227

He that so freely rail'd against his Prince,  
Call'd him *dissembling subtilè Knave*, and since  
Has stil'd the whole Army *Bankrupts*; said, that  
Of their Estates were equal to his own: (none  
He that was by a strong Ambition led  
To set himself upon the Cities head:  
But when he has restor'd his both-side fees,  
Hee'l be as poor, or they as rich as hee's.  
And that still-gaping Tophet Goldsmiths Hall,  
With all his Furies, shall to ruine fall.  
Wee'l be no more gull'd by that Popish story,  
But shall reach Heav'n without that Purgatory:  
What Honour does he merit? what Renown?  
By whom all these Oppression are pull'd down.  
And such a Government is like to be  
In Church and State, as eye did never see:  
Magicians hold, hee'l set up Common-prayer;  
Looking in's face they find the Rubrick there.  
His Name shall never dye by fire nor flood,  
But in Church-windows stand, where Pictures  
And if his Soul lothing that house of clay, (stood:  
Shall to another Kingdom march away,  
Under some Barnes floor his bones shall lye,  
Who Churches did, and Monuments desie:  
Where the rude Thrasher with much knocking  
Shall wake him at the Resurrection. (on,  
And on his Grave since there must be no Stone,  
Shall stand this Epitaph; *That he has none.*

*The Scotch War.*

W<sup>H</sup>en first the *Scottish* War began  
 The *English* man, we did trapan, with  
 Pellit and Pike,  
 The bonny blythe and cunning *Scot*  
 Had then a Plot, which they did not, well smell,  
 it's like;

Although he could neither write, nor read,  
 Yet our General *Lashly* cross'd the *Tweed*  
 With his gay gangh of Blew-caps all,  
 And we marcht with our Generall;  
 We took *New-castle* in a trice,  
 But we thought it had been *Paradice*,  
 They did look all so bonny and gay,  
 Till we took all their *Pillage* away.

Then did we streight to plundering fall (day;  
 Of great and small, for were all most valiant that  
 And *Jinny* in her Satten Gown the best in Town,  
 From Heel to Crown was gallant and gay;  
 Our silks and sweets made such a smother,  
 Next day we knew not one another :  
 For *Fockie* did never so shine,  
 And *Jinny* was never so fine;  
 A geud faith a gat a ged Beaver then,  
 But it's beat into a Blew-cap agen  
 By a Redcoat, that did still cry, Rag,  
 And a red snowt, a the Deelaw the Crag.

The *English* raised an Army streight  
 With mickle state, and we did wate to face them  
 as well; Then

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.* 229

Then every valiant Musquet man put fire in pan,  
And we began to lace them as well;  
But before the Sparks were made a Cole,  
They did every man pay for his Pole;  
Then their bought Land we lent them agen,  
Into *Scotland* we went with our men;  
We were paid by all, both Peasant and Prince,  
But I think we have soundly paid for it since,  
For our Silver is wasted, Sir, all,  
And our Silks hang in *Westminster Hall*.

The Godly Presbyterian, that holy man,  
The War began with Bishop and King,  
Where we like Waiters at a Feast  
But not the least of all the guest, must dish up the  
We did take a Covenant to pull down (thing,  
The Cross, the Crozier, and the Crown,  
VWith the Rochet the Bishop did bear.  
And the Smock that his Chaplain did wear :  
But now the Covenant's gone to wrack,  
They say, it looks like an old *Almanack*,  
For *Jockie* is grown out of date,  
And *Jinny* is thrown out of late.

I must confesse the holy firk did only work  
Upon our Kirk for silver and meat,  
VWhich made us come with aw our broods,  
Venter our bloods for aw your goods, to pilfer &  
But we see what covetousness doth bring, (cheat;  
For we lost our selves when we sold our King ;  
And alack now and welly we cry,  
Our backs mow and bellies must dye;  
VVe fought for food, and not vain-glory,  
And so there's an end of a *Scottish* mans Story;

I curse all your Silver and Gold,  
Aw the worst tale that ever was told.

*The Power of Money.*

**T**Is not the silver nor gold for it self (power:  
That makes men adore it, but 'tis for its  
For no man does doat upon pelf because pelf,  
But all Court the Lady in hope of her dower:  
The wonders that now in our dayes we behold,  
Done by the irresistible power of gold,  
Our Zeal, and our Love, and Allegiance do hold.

This purchaseth Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters, and  
Crowns;  
Wins Battels, and conquers the Conquerors  
bold;  
Takes Bulwarks, and Castles, and Cities, and  
Towns,  
And our prime Laws are writ in letters of gold;  
'Tis this that our Parliament calls and creates,  
Turns Kings into Keepers, and Kingdomes to  
States,  
And peopledomes these into highdomes trans-  
lates.

This made our black Synod to sit still so long,  
To make themselves rich, by making us poor;  
This made our bold Army so daring and strong,  
And made them turn them, like Geese, out of  
door;

'Twas

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'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to  
make it,  
And this made our Priests for to make us to  
take it,  
And this made both Makers and Takers for-  
sake it.

'Twas this spawn'd the dunghill Crew of Com-  
mittees and 'strators,  
Who live by picking the Crockadile Parlia-  
ments gums ;  
This first made, and then prospered the Rebels  
and Traytors,  
And made Gentry of those that were the Nati-  
ons scums :  
This Herald gives Armes not for merit, but store,  
And gives Coats to those that did sell Coats  
before,  
If their pockets be but lin'd well with argent  
and ore.

This, plots can devise, and discover what they  
are ;  
This, makes the great Fellons the lesser con-  
demn ;  
This, sets those on the Bench, that should stand at  
the Bar,  
Who Judge such as by right ought to Execute  
them ;  
Gives the boysterous Clown his unsufferable  
pride,  
Makes Beggars, and Fools, and Usurpers to ride,  
Whiles ruin'd Propriators run by their side.

Stamp either the Armes of the State or the King,  
*St. George* or the Breeches, *C. R.* or *O. P.*

The Cross or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing;  
 This, still is the *Queen* whosoe'er the King be;  
 This, lines our Religion, builds Doctrine & Truth,  
 With Zeal and the Spirit the factious endueth,  
 To club with *St. Katharine*, or sweet Sister *Rwb.*

'Tis money makes Lawyers give Judgement, or  
 plead

On this side, or that side, on both sides, or  
 neither;

This makes young men Clerks that can scarce  
 write or read;

And spawns arbitrary Orders as various as the  
 weather;

This makes your blew Lecturers pray, preach,  
 and prate

Without reason or sence against Church, King, or  
 State,

To shew the thin lining of his twice-covered pate.

'Tis money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and  
 Esquires

Without breeding, descent, wit, learning, or  
 merit;

This makes Ropers, and Ale-drapers, Sheriffs of  
 Shires,

Whose trade is not so low, nor so base as their  
 spirit:

This Justices makes, and wise ones we know,  
 Fur'd Aldermen too, and Mayors also;

This makes the old Wife trot, and makes the Mare  
 to go.

This



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This makes your blew aprons Right Worshipfull;  
And for this we stand bare, and before them  
do fall;

They leave their young heirs well fleeced with  
wooll,

Whom we must call Squires, and then they  
pay all:

Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies  
begawdy,

Court the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-name  
her a Lady,

And for want of good wit, they do swear and talk  
bawdy.

This Mariages makes, 'tis a Center of love,

It drawson the man, & it pricks up the woman  
Birth, virtue, and parts no affection can move,

Whilst this makes a Lord stoop to the Brat of a  
Broom-man;

This gives virtue and beauty to the Lasses that  
you wooe,

Makes women of all sorts and ages to do;

'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too.

This procures us whores, hawks, hounds & hares;

'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groome  
keeps your Gelding;

This built Citizens Wives, as well as wares;

And this makes your coy Lady so coming and  
yielding;

This buys us good Sack, which revives like the  
spring,

'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring;

And this makes you as merry as we that do sing.

*Contentment*

*Contentment.*

**W**Hat though the ill times do run crosse to  
our will,

And Fortune still frown upon us,  
Our hearts are our own, and shall be so still,

A fig for the plagues they lay on us;  
Let us take t'other cup, to chear our hearts up,

And let it be purest Canary;  
We'll ne'er shrink nor care, at the Crosses we bear,  
Let them plague us untill they be weary.

What though we are made both Beggars and

Let's endure it, and stoutly drink on't, (Slaves?

'Tis our comfort we suffer 'cause we wont be  
Knaves,

Redemption will come e're we think on't;

We must flatter and fear, those that over us are,

And make them believe that we love them,

When their Tyranny is past, we can serve them at  
last

As they have serv'd those have been above them.

Let the Levites go preach for the Goose or the

To drink Wine at *Christmas* or *Easter*: (Pig,

The Doctor may labour our lives to new trig,

And make Nature fast while we feast her;

The Lawyer may bawl, out his Lungs and his Gall

For Plaintiff, and for Defendant, (dye

At his Book the Scholar lye, while with *Plato* he

With an ugly hard word at the end on't.

Then

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 235

Then here's to the man that delights in *sol fa*,  
For Sack is his only Rozin.  
A load of hey ho, is not worth a ha ha,  
He's a man for my money that draws in;  
Then a pin for the muck, and a pin for ill luck,  
'Tis better be blithe and frolick, (death  
Than sigh out our breath, and invite our own  
By the Gout, or the Stone, or the Collick.

---

*On the Goldsmiths Committee.*

COM Drawer, some wine,  
Or wee'll pull down the Sign,  
For we are all joviall Compounders :  
We'll make the house ring,  
With healths to our KING,  
And confusion light on his Confounders.

Since Goldsmiths Committee  
Affords us no pittty,  
Our sorrows in Wine we will steep 'um,  
They force us to take  
Two Oaths, but wee'll make  
A third, that we ne'er meant to keep 'um.

And next, who e're sees,  
We drink on our knees,  
To the King, may he thirst that repines :  
A fig for those Traytors  
That look to our waters,  
They have nothing to do with our Wines.

And

And next, here's a Cup  
To the Queen, fill it up,  
Were it poyson we would make an end on't ;  
May *Charles* and she meet.  
And tread under feet  
Both *Presbyter* and *Independent*.

To the Prince, and all others,  
His Sisters and Brothers,  
As low in condition as high born,  
We'll drink this, and pray  
That shortly they may  
See all them that wrongs them at *Tyburn*.

And next, here's three bouls  
To all gallant souls,  
That for the King did, and will venter ;  
May they flourish when those  
That are his, and their foes,  
Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

And next, let a Glasse  
To our undoers passe,  
Attended with two or three Curses :  
May plagues sent from Hell  
Stuff their bodies as well  
As the Cavaliers coyn doth their purses.

May the Cannibals of *Pym*  
Eat them up limb by limb,  
Or a hot Feaver scorch 'um to embers ;  
Pox keep 'um in bed  
Untill they are dead,  
And repent for the losse of their Members.

And

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And may they be found

In all to abound,

Both with Heaven and the Countries anger,

May they never want Fractions,

Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,

Till the Gallow-tree choaks them from danger.

---

*The mad Zealot.*

**A** MI mad, Onoble *Festus*,  
When Zeal and godly knowledge  
Have put me in hope

To deal with the Pope,

As well as the best in the Colledge?

*Boldly I preach, bate a Crosse, bate a Surplice,*

*Miters, Copes, and Rochets:*

*Come hear me pray nine times a day,*

*And fill your heads with Crochets.*

In the house of pure *Emanuel*

I had my Education,

Where my friends surmise

I dazell'd mine eyes

With the light of Revelation.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

They bound me like a Bedlam,

They lasht my four poor quarters;

Whilst thus I endure,

Faith makes me sure

To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs.

*Boldly I preach, &c.*

*These*

These injuries I suffer  
Through Antichrists perswasions;  
Take off this Chain,  
Neither Rome nor Spain  
Can resist my strong invasions.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

Of the beasts ten horns (God blesse us!)  
I have knock'd off three already:  
If they let them alone,  
I'll leave him none:  
But they say I am too heady.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd City,  
I met the great red Dragon;  
I kept him aloof  
With the armour of proof,  
Though here I have never a rag on.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

With a fiery Sword and Target  
There fought I with this Monster:  
But the sons of Pride  
My Zeal deride,  
And all my deeds misconster.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I unhors'd the Whore of Babel  
With the Lance of Inspirations:  
I made her stink,  
And spill her drink  
In the cup of Abominations,  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I have

## Part I. Rump Songs.

239

I have seen two in a Vision,  
With a flying Book between them :  
I have been in despair  
Five times a year,  
And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I observ'd in *Perkins* Tables  
The black Lines of Damnation,  
Those crooked veins  
So stuck in my Brains,  
That I fear'd my Reprobation,  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

In the holy tongue of *Canaan*  
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,  
Till I prickt my foot,  
With an *Hebrew* root,  
That I bled beyond all measure.  
*Boldly I preach, &c.*

I appear'd before th' Archbishop,  
And all the High Commission :  
I gave him no Grace,  
But told him to his face  
That he favour'd Superstition.  
*Boldly I preach, hate a Crosse, hate a Surplice,  
Miters, Copes, and Rochets :  
Come hear me pray nine times a day,  
And fill your heads with Crotchets.*

Of

*Of banishing the Ladies out of Town.*

1.

**A** Story strange I will unfold,  
Then which a sadder ne're was told,  
How the Ladies were from *London* sent,  
With mickle woe and discontent,

2

A heart of *Marble* would have bled,  
To see this rout of white and red,  
Both *York* and *Lancaster* must fly,  
With all their painted Monarchy.

3.

Those faces which men so much prize,  
In *Mrs. Gibbes* her Liveries,  
Must leave their false and borrowed hue,  
And put on grief that's only true.

4.

Those pretty patches long and round,  
Which covered all that was not sound;  
Must be forgotten at the *Farmes*,  
As useles and suspicious charmes:

5.

Now we must leave all our *Designes*,  
That were contriv'd within the *Lines*;  
Communication is deny'd,  
If to our *Husbands* we be try'd.

And



6.

And here's the misery alone,  
We must have nothing but our own,  
Oh give us Liberty, and we  
Will never aske propriety.

7.

Alas how can a Kisse be sent,  
From Rocky *Cornwall* into *Kent*?  
Or how can *Sussex* stretch an arm  
To keep a Northern servant warm,

8.

Oh *London*! Centre of all Mirth,  
Th' Epitome of English Earth;  
All Provinces are in the streets,  
And *Warwick-shire* with *Essex* meets.

9.

Then farewell *Queen-street*, and the Fields,  
And Garden that such pleasure yields,  
Oh who would such fair Lodgings change,  
To nestle in a plunder'd Grange!

10.

Farewell good places old and new,  
And *Oxford Kates* once more adieu;  
But it goes unto our very hearts,  
To leave the Cheese-cakes and the Tarts.

11.

Farewell *Bridge-foot* and *Bar* thereby,  
And those bald-pates that stand so high,

R

We

We wish it from our very Souls,  
That other Heads were on those powles.

12.

But whether hands of Parliament,  
Or of Husbands, we're content,  
Since all alike such Traytors be,  
Both against us and Monarchy.

*Loyalty confin'd.*

**B**eat on proud Billowes, *Boreas* Blow,  
Swell curled Waves, high as *Jove's* roof,  
Your incivility doth shew,  
That innocence is tempest proof, (calm,  
Though surely *Nereus* frown, my thoughts are  
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a Goale,  
A private Closet is to me,  
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my Baile,  
And Innocence my Liberty :  
Locks Barres and Solitude together met,  
Make me no Priſoner but an Anchorit.

I whil'ſt I wiſh'd to be retir'd  
Into this private room was turn'd,  
As if their wiſedomes had conſpir'd,  
The Salamander ſhould be burn'd.

Or

## Part I. *Rump Songs.*

243

The Cynick hugs his poverty,  
The Pelican her wilderness,  
And 'tis the *Indians* pride to be  
Naked on frozen *Caucasus*.

Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see  
Make torments easie to their Apathy.

These Menacles upon my Arm,  
I as my Mistress's favours wear;  
And for to keep my Ankles warm,  
I have some Iron Shackles there.

These walls are but my Garrison; this Cell  
Which men call Goal, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that strook at *Jasons* life,  
Thinking he had his purpose sure:  
By a malicious friendly Knife,  
Did only wound him to a cure.

Malice I see wants wit, for what is meant,  
Mischiefe oft-times, proves favour by th' event:

I'me in this Cabinet lockt up,  
Like some high-prized *Margaret*,  
Or like some great Mogul or Pope,  
Are cloystered up from publick sight.

Retirement is a piece of Majesty,  
And thus proud *Sultan*, I'me as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,  
Where tempting Objects are not seen;  
And these strong Walls do only serve,  
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.

Malice of late's grown charitable sure,  
I'me not committed, but I'me kept secure.

# 244 Rump Songs. Part I.

Whence once my Prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth Treason seem;  
And for to smooth so tough a Path,  
I can learn Patience from him.

Now not to suffer, shews no Loyal heart,  
When Kings wants ease, Subjects must bear a  
(part.

Have you not seen the Nightingale,  
A Pilgrim koopt into a Cage,  
How doth she chant her wonted tale,  
In that her narrow hermitage.

Even then her charming melody doth prove,  
That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a  
(Grove.

My soul is free as the ambient aire,  
Although my baser part's immur'd,  
Whilest Loyal thoughts do still repair,  
T' accompany my Solitude.

And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing,  
Disgrace to Rebels, glory to my King.

VWhat though I cannot see my King,  
Neither in his Person or his Coyne,  
Yet contemplation is a thing,  
That renders what I have not mine.

My King from me, what Adamant can part,  
VWhom I do wear engraven on my heart.

I am that Bird whom they combine,  
Thus to deprive of Liberty;  
But though they do my Corps confine,  
Yet maugre hate, my Soul is free.

Although Rebellion do my Body bind,  
My King can only captivate my mind.

*On the demolishing the Forts.*

**I**S this the end of all the toil,  
And labour of the Town?  
And did our Bulwarks rise so high  
Thus low to tumble down?

All things go by contraries now,  
We fight to fill the Nation,  
Who build Forts to pull down Popery,  
Pull down for Edification.

The Independents tenets, and  
The wayes so pleasing be.  
Our City won't be bound about,  
But stands for Liberty.

The Popish doctrine shall no more  
Prevail within our Nation;  
For now we see that by our works,  
There is no Justification.

What an Almighty army's this,  
How worthy of our praying,  
That with one Vote can blow down that  
All we so long were raising!

Yet let's not wonder at this Change,  
For thus 'twill be with all.  
These works did lift themselves too high,  
And Pride must have a fall.

And when both Houses vote agen,  
The Cavies to be gone,  
Nor dare to come within the lines  
Of Communication.

They must reserve the sense or else,  
Referr'd to the Divines,  
And they had need sit seven years more  
Ere they can read those lines.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,  
For now they did begin  
To build these mighty banks about,  
To keep the Cuckoes in.

Alas what need they take such pains!  
For why a Cucko here  
Might find so many of his Mates,  
Hee'l sing here all the year.

Has *Isaac* our *L. Maior*, *L. Maior*,  
With Tradesmen and his Wenches,  
Spent so much time, and Cakes and Beer,  
To edifie these Trenches!

All trades did shew their skill in this,  
Each Wife an Engineer;  
The Mairesse took the tool in hand,  
The maids the stones did bear.

These Bulwarks stood for Popery,  
And yet we never fear'd um,  
And now they worship and fall down,  
Before those Calves that rear'd 'um.

Part I. *Ramp Songs.* 247

But though for Superstition,  
The Croffes have been down'd,  
Who'd think these works would Popish turn,  
That ever have been round ?

This spoyles our Palmistry; for when  
Wee'l read the Cities fate,  
We find nor Lines nor Croffes now,  
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the Aldermen,  
Will no more mony lend,  
When they that in this seven years,  
Such learned works have pen'd.

Now to debase their lofty lines,  
In which the wits delighted,  
'Tis thought they'l nere turn Poets more,  
Because their works are slighted.

These to a dolefull tune are set,  
For they that in the town.  
Did every where cry Up go we,  
Now they must sing down down.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,  
When tother slighted be,  
The Cits will thither flock and sing,  
Hay, hay, then up go we.

## Upon Routing the Scots Army.

## A SONG.

To the Tune of *Through the Wood Lady*.

1.  
**C**Am lend, lend y'are lugs Joes, an lse speak  
 a Song,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, sing beome agen Jocky,*  
 O hes velient Aets an hes Prowes emong,  
*Sing beome agen beome agen O valent Jocky.*

2.  
 Sirs, *Jockie's* a Man held a mickle Note,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Tha Breech o tha Covenant stuck in hes Throte,  
*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

3.  
 For *Jockie* was riteous, whilk ye wad admire,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 A fought for tha Kirk, bet a plunder'd tha Quire  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

4.  
 An *Jockie* waxt roth, and toll *Angland* a cam,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Fro whence hee'd return, but alack a is lame,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*



5.

An Jockie was armed fro topp toll to toe,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
Wi a po're o Men and th'are geod D—— I tro,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

6.

So valent I wis they were, an fa prat,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
Ne Cock nor Hen durst stand in thare gat,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

7

In every strete thay ded fa flutter,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
Ne Child durst shaw his Bred and Butter,  
*Sing beome agen, Jocky, &c.*

8.

Whan th' *Anglish* Forces they her'd on o're night,  
*Sing beome again Jocky, &c.*  
Next Morne thay harnest themsels for a fight,  
*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

9.

Thare D—— wes tha Mon that wad be sen floot,  
*Sing beome agen, Jocky, &c.*  
He seas't tham awhile, then turn'd Ars's about,  
*Sing beome agen, beome agen, &c.*

10.

Tha Men that ater this valent Scot went,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*

Had

Had ner foond him oout, bet by a strong sent,  
*Sing beome agen, beome agen O valant Jocky.*

II.

Bet se tha reward ò that Cowardly Crue,  
*Sing beome agen Jocky, &c.*  
 Thare Countremon Ballatine sent 'em to Corfew,  
*Not home agen, home agen, O slavish Jocky.*

*The disloyal Timist.*

I.

**N**OW our holy Wars are don,  
 Betwixt the Father and the Son;  
 And since we have by righteous fate,  
 Distrest a Monarch and his Mate.  
 And first their heirs fly into France  
 To weep out their Inheritance;  
     Let's set open all our Packs,  
     Which contain ten thousand wracks;  
 Cast on the shore of the red Sea  
 Of Naseby, and of Newbery.  
 If then you will come provided with Gold,  
     We dwell  
     Close by Hell,  
     Where wee'll sell  
     What you will,  
     That is ill;  
 For Charity waxeth cold.

2.

Hast thou done murther, or bloud spilt,  
We can soon giv't another name,  
That will keep thee from all blame :  
But be it still provided thus,  
That thou hast once been one of us ;  
Gold is the God that shall pardon the Guilt,  
For we have  
What shall save  
Thee from th' Grave,  
Since the Law  
We can awe;

Although a famous Prince's bloud were spilt.

3.

If a Church thou hast bereft  
Of its Plate, 'tis holy-theft;  
Or for Zeal-sake, if thou beest  
Prompted on to take a Priest;  
Gold is a sure prevailing Advocate :  
Then come  
Bring a summe,  
Law is dumb :  
And submits,  
To our wits;

For it's Policy guides a State.

A

*A Medley.*

I.

**R**oom for a Gamester that plays at all he sees,  
 Whose fickle faith is fram'd, Sir, to fit such  
 (times as these ;  
 One that cries *Amen*, to ev'ry factious Prayer,  
 From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit, to *St. Peters* Chair :  
 One that can comply with Crozier and with  
 And yet can bouze (Crown ;  
 A full carouze, -  
 While bottles tumble down,  
 Dery down.

2.  
This is the way to trample without trembling.  
Since Sycophants only secure ;  
Covenants and Oaths are badges of dissembling,  
'Tis the Politique pulls down the pure :  
To plunder and pray,  
To protest and betray  
Are the only ready ways to be great,  
Flattering will do the feat :  
Ne're go, ne're stir  
Have ventred farther,  
Then the greatest o' th' Damme's in the Town,  
From a Copper to a Crown.

3.  
I am in an excellent humor now to think well,  
And I'm in another humor now to drink well ;

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 253

Fill us up a Beer-bowl boy,  
That we may drink it merrily ;  
And let none other see,  
Nor cause to understand,  
For if we do, 'tis ten to one we are Trepand.

4.

Come fill us up a brace of Quarts,  
Whose Anagram is call'd true hearts ;  
If all were true as I would hav't,  
And Britain were cur'd of its humor,  
Then I should very well like my fate,  
And drink off my Wine at a freer rate,  
Without any noise or tumor ;  
And then I should fix my humor.

5.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,  
I may cog and flatter, so may you ;  
Religion  
Is a wigeon,  
And reason  
Is Treson ; (adieu.  
And he that hath a Noble heart may bid the world

6.

We must be like the *Scotish* man,  
Who with intent to beat down schism,  
Brought forth a Presbyterian,  
A Canon and a Catechism.  
If Beuk wont do't, then *Jackie* shoot,  
The Kirk of *Scotland* doth command ;  
And what hath been, since he come in,  
am sure we ha' cause to understand.

*A Medley of the Nations.**The Scot.*

1.

**I** Am the bonny *Scot* Sir,  
My name is *Mickle John* ;  
'Tis I was in the Plot Sir  
When first the Wars began :  
I left the Court one thousand  
Six hundred forty one ;  
But since the flight  
At *Worster* fight  
We are aw undone.  
I serv'd my Lord and Master  
When as he liv'd at home,  
Untill by sad disaster  
He receiv'd his doom ;  
But now we sink,  
Uds bred I think  
The Deel's gat in his room.  
He ne man spares,  
But stamps and stares  
At all Christendom.

2.

I have travel'd mickle grounds,  
Since I came from *Worster* bounds,  
I have gang'd the jolly rounds  
Of the neighbouring Nations ;

And

And what their opinions are  
Of the *Scotch* and *English* war,  
In geed faith I sal declare,  
And their approbations.  
    *Jockie* swears  
    He has his load,  
    Bears the rod,  
    Comes from *God*,  
And complaints go very odd  
Since the siege at *Worster* ;  
    We were wounded  
    Tag'and rag,  
    Foot and leg,  
    Wemb and crag ;  
Hark I hear the *Dutchman* brag,  
And begin to bluster.

*The Dutch.*

3.  
Uds Sacrament, sal *Hogben* *Moghen* States  
Strike down der top sails unto puny Powers ;  
Ten twosand tun of *Tivel* *Dammy* Fates,  
If dat der Ships and Goods prove not all ours :  
Since dat bloot and wounds do delight dem,  
*Tatara* Trumpet sounds,  
Let *Van Tromp* go fort and fight dem ;  
All de States shall first be crown'd,  
*English Skellam* fight not on goat side ;  
Out at last the *Flemings* bear,  
Dey ha' giv'n us sush a broad side ;  
Dat ick sal be forc't to retreat,  
See de *French man* he comes in compleat.

*The*

*The French.*

4.  
 By Gat Mounſieur 'tis much in vain  
 For *Duſhland*, *France*, or *Spain*,  
 To croſſe de *Engliſh* main;  
 De Nation now is grown ſo ſtrong,  
 De Divla er't be long  
 Muſt learna de ſame tongue.  
 'Tis bettra den far to combine,  
     To ſel dem Wine,  
 And teaſha dem to make der Laty fine;  
 We'll teaſh dem for to trip and minſh,  
     To kick and winſh,  
 For by de Sword we never ſal convince,  
 Since every Brewer dere can beat a Prince.

*The Spaniard.*

5.  
 What are the *Engliſh* to quarrel ſo prone,  
 Dat dey cannot now adayes let deir neighbour a-  
 And ſal de Grave and the Catholick King, (lone,  
 Before ever dus control'd wid a ſword and a ſling;  
 Sal bode de *Indians* be left unto de ſway,  
 And purity a doſe dat do plunder and pray;  
 E're dat we will ſuffer ſuch affronts for to be,  
 We'll tumble dem down, as you ſal ſennon ſee:



*The Welsh.*

6.

Taffy was once a Cottamighty of *Wales*,  
Put her Coffin O. P. was a Creator,  
Was come in her Country Catflpluttery nailes,  
Was take her welch hook and was peat her;  
Was eat up her Sheefe,  
Her Tuck and her Geese,  
Her Pick, her Capon was ty for't;

*Ap Richard, ap Owen. ap Morgon, ap Sieson,  
Ap Shenkin, ap Pwel was fly for't.*

*The Irish.*

7.

O hone, O hone, poor Teg and shone,  
O hone may howl and cry,  
St. Patrick help dy Country men,  
Or fait and trot we dye;  
De *nglish* steal our heart of *Usquebagh*,  
Dey put us to de sword all in *Dewguedagh*:  
Help us St. Patrick we ha no Saint at all but thee,  
O let us cry no more, O hone, a cram, a cree!

*The English.*

8.

A Crown, a Crown, make room;  
The *Englsh* man is come,

S

Whose

Whose valour  
 Is taller  
 Than all Christendome:  
 The *Spanish*, *French*, and *Dutch*,  
*Scotch*, *Welsh*, and *Irish* Grutch,  
 We fear not,  
 We care not,  
 For we can deal with such. (waste,  
 You thought when we began in a Civil war to  
 Our Tillage  
 Your Pillage  
 Should come home at last:  
 For when we  
 Could not agree,  
 You thought to share in our fall;  
 But nere stir Sir,  
 For first Sir  
 We shall noose you all.

---

## A Medley.

The English. <sup>3.</sup>  
**L**et the Trumpets sound,  
 And the Rocks rebound,  
 Our English Natives commings;  
 Let the Nations swarm,  
 And the Princes storm;  
 We value not their drumming.  
 'Tis not *France* that looks so smug  
 Old fashions still renewing,  
 It is not the *Spanish* shrug,

Scotish

## Part I. Rump Songs.

259

Scotish cap, or Irish rug;  
Nor the Dutch-mans double jug  
Can help what is ensuing,  
Pray my Masters look about,  
For something is a Brewing.

2.

He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,  
If he grow not wiser, then he's quire undone;  
In a rising Creature we daily see certainly,  
He is a Retreater that fails to go on :  
He that in a Builder's trade  
Stops e're the Roof be made,  
By the Aire he may be betray'd  
And overthrown :  
He that hath a Race begun,  
And let's the Goale be won;  
He had better never run,  
But let 't alone.

3.

Then plot rightly,  
March fightly,  
Shew your glittering Arms brightly :  
Charge hightly,  
Fight sprightly :  
Fortune gives renown.  
A right riser  
Will prize her,  
She makes all the World wiser;  
Still try her,  
Wee'l gain by her  
A Coffin or a Crown.

4.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*  
 Come but to oppose us,  
 We will thrust them out of the Main-yard,  
 If they do but nose us :  
*Hans, Hans*, think upon thy sins,  
 And then submit to *Spain* thy Master;  
 For though now you look like Friends,  
 Yet he will never trust you after;  
 Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,  
 And let the tap and kan run faster;  
 For faith, at the last I think  
 A Brewer will become your Master.

5.

Let not poor Teg and Shone  
 Vender from der Houses,  
 Lest dey be quite undone  
 In der very trowzes :  
 And all her Orphans bestow'd under hatches,  
 And made in *London* free der to cry matches;  
 St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru string  
 Is not fit to unty St. *Hewson's* shooes-strings.

6.

Methinks I hear  
 The Welch draw near,  
 And from each lock a louse drops;  
*Ap Skon, ap LLoyd*,  
 Will spen'd her ploo.  
 For to defend her mouse-traps :  
 Mounted on her *Kisslebagh*  
 With coot store of *Koradagh*,

The

The Pritish war begins.

With a hook her was over come her  
Pluck her to her, thrust her from her,  
By cot her was preak her shins.

Let Taffy fret,  
And Welch-hook whet,  
And troop up Pettigrees;  
We only tout,  
Tey will stink us out,  
Wit Leeks and toasted Sheeze.

7.

But *Jockie* now and *Jinny* comes,  
Our Brethren must approve on't;  
For pret a Cot dey beat der drums  
Onely to break de Couvenant.  
Dey bore St. *Andrew's* Crosse,  
Till our Army quite did rout dem,  
But when we put um to de Loffe  
De deal a Crosse about dem:  
The King and Couvenant they crave,  
Their Cause must needs be further'd;  
Although so many Kings they have  
Most barbarously, basely murther'd.

8.

*The French.* The French-man he will give con-  
Though he trickle in our veins; (sent,  
That willingly  
We may agree,  
To a marriage with Grapes and Graines:  
He conquers us with kindnesse,  
And doth so far entrench,

That fair, and wise, and young, and rich  
     Are finish'd by the *French* :  
 He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,  
 With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose ;  
     And faith they shall  
     Be welcome all  
 If they forbear the nose.  
     For love or for fear,  
     Let Nations forbear ;  
 If fortune exhibit a Crown,  
     A Coward he  
     Must surely be,  
 That will not put it on.

---

*The Levellers Rant.*

**T**O the *Hall*, to the *hall*,  
     For justice we call,  
 On the *King* and his pow'ful *adherents* & *friends*  
 Who still have endeavour'd, but we work their  
 'Tis we will pull *down* what e're is above us, (ends.  
 And make them to *fear* us, that never did *love* us,  
 Wee'l *level* the *proud*, and make every degree,  
 To our *Royalty* bow the *Knee*,  
     'Tis no less than treason,  
     Gainst freedom and Reason  
 For our brethren to be higher than we.

2.

First the thing, call'd a *King*,  
 To judgement we bring, (then he,  
 And the *spawn* of the *court*, that were prouder  
 And next the two Houses united shall be,

Part I. *Ramp Songs.* 263

It does to the *Romish* religion enveagle,  
 For the State to be two-headed like the *spread eagle*  
 Wee'l purge the superfluous Members away,  
 They are too many Kings to sway,  
 And as we all teach,  
 'Tis our Liberties breach,  
 For the Freeborn *Saints* to obey.

3

Not a claw, in the *Law*,  
 Shall keep us in aw;  
 Wee'l have no *cushion-cuffers* to tell us of hell,  
 For we are all *gifted* to do it as well,  
 'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the *Nations*  
 To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation,  
 The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *spirit*  
 Their wealth is our own by merit,  
 For we that have right,  
 By the *Law* called *Might*,  
 Are the *Saints* that must judge and inherit:

*The Safety.*

SINCE it has been lately enacted *high Treason*,  
 For a man to speak *truth* of the *heads* of the state  
 Let every wise man make use of his reason,  
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what  
 For the proverbs do learn us, (he prate.  
*He that stays from the battail sleeps in a whole skin,*  
*And our words are our own, if we can keep 'em in.*  
 What fools are we then, that to prattle begin  
 Of things that do not concern us?

2

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*  
*My mind is a Kingdom*, and shall be to me,  
 I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,  
 I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three.  
 If I could but enjoy it  
 He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *bate*,  
 And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,  
 While he that *creeps* low, lives safe in his state,  
 And *greatness* do scorn to annoy it.

3

I am never the better which side gets the battel,  
 The *Tubs* or the *Crosses*, what is it to me?  
 They'l never increase my goods or my cattel,  
 But a *beggar's* a *beggar* and so he shall be,  
 Unless he turn *Traytor*,  
 Let *Misers* take courses to hep up their treasure,  
 Whose *lust* has no *limits*, whose *mind* has no *measure*.  
 Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,  
 A little contents my nature.

4

My Petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,  
 Without Patent or Custom, or cursed Excise;  
 That the *Whis* may have leave to drink deeper  
 (and deeper,  
 And not be undone, while their heads they *bap-*  
 And in liquor do drench 'um; (tise,  
 If this were but granted, who would not desire,  
 To dub himself one of *Apoll's* own Quire? (fire,  
 We'll ring out the Bells, when our noses are on  
 And the quarts shall be the buckets to drench  
 'um,



5.  
 I account him no wit, that is gifted at railing,  
 And *firting* at those that above him do sit,  
 While they do out-wit him, with *whipping* and  
 ( *goaling*,  
 Then his *purse* and his *person* both pay for his  
 'Tis better to be drinking; (wit,  
 If sack were reform'd into twelve-pence a quart,  
 I'd study for money to Marchandize for't,  
 And a friend that is true, we together will sport.  
 Not a word, but we'll pay them with thinking.

*The Leveller.*

N Ay prethee don't fly me,  
 But sit thee down by me,  
 I cannot endure  
 A man that's demure,  
 Go hang up your *Worships* and *Sirs*;  
 Your *Congies* and *Trips*,  
 With your legs and your lips,  
 Your *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such finikin words,  
 With the *Complements* you bring,  
 That do spell *NO-THING*,  
 You may keep for the *Chains* and the *Furs*:  
 For at the beginning was no Peasant or Prince,  
 And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

2.  
 Those Titles of Honours  
 Do remain in the *Dorsets*,

And

And not in that thing,  
 To which they do cling,  
 If his soul be too narrow to wear 'um,  
 No delight can I see  
 In that word call'd degree,  
 Honest Dick sounds as well  
 As a name of an ell,  
 That with Titles doth swell,  
 And sounds like a spell,  
 To affright mortal ears that hear 'um,  
*He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,  
 May be his own Herald and Godfather too,*

3.

Why should we then doat on,  
 One with a Fools coat on?  
 Whose *Coffers* are cram'd,  
 But yet he'll be damn'd  
 Ere he'll do a good act or a wise one?  
 What *Reason* has he  
 To be ruler o're me?  
 That's a Lord in his chest,  
 But in's *head* and his *breast*,  
 Is empty and bare,  
 Or but puff'd up with air,  
 And can neither *assist* nor *advise* one.  
 Honour's but *air*, and *proud flesh* but *dust* is,  
 'Tis we *Commons* make *Lords*, and the *Clerk* makes  
 (the *Justice*.)

4.

But since men must be  
 Of a different degree,  
 Because most do aspire,  
 To be greater and higher,  
 Then the rest of their Fellows and Brothers.  
 He

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He that has such a spirit,  
Let him gain it by's merit,  
Spend his *brains, wealth, or blood*  
For his *Countries* good,  
And make himself fit  
By his *valour or wit,*

For *things* above the *reach* of *all others.*

For *Honour's* a *Prize*, and who wins it may wear it,  
If not 'tis a *Badge* and a *burthen* to bear it.

5.

For my part let me  
Be but quiet and free,  
I'll drink Sack and obey,  
And let great ones sway,  
And spend their whole time in thinking,  
I'll ne're busie my Pate  
With secrets of State,  
The *News books* I'll burn all,  
And with the *Diurnall*  
Light *Tobacco*, and admit  
That they're so far fit,

As they serve *good company* and *drinking.*  
All the *name* I desire is an honest *Good-Fellow*,  
And that *man* has no worth that won't some-  
times be *mellow.*

---

*The Royalists Answer.*

I Have reason to fly thee,  
And not sit down by thee;  
For I hate to behold,  
One so sawcy and bold,

To

To deride and contemn his Superiours,  
 Our *Madams* and *Lords*,  
 And such mannerly words,  
 With the *gestures* that be  
 Fit for every degree,  
 Are things that we and you  
 Both claim as our due

From all those that are our Inferiours.  
 For from the beginning there were *Princes* we  
 know,  
 'Twas you *Levellers* hate 'um, 'cause you can't  
 be so.

2.

All Titles of Honours  
 Were at first in the *Donours*.  
 But being granted away  
 With the *Grantees* stay,  
 Where he wear a small soul or a bigger.  
 There's a necessity  
 That there should be degree.  
 Where 'tis due we'll afford  
 A *Sir John*, and my *Lord*,  
 Though *Dick*, *Tom* and *Jack*,  
 Will serve you and your *Pack*,  
 Honest *Dick*'s name enough for a *Digger*.  
 He that has a strong *Purse* can all things be or do,  
 He is *valiant* and *wise* and *religious* too.

3.

We have cause to adore,  
 That man that has store,  
 Though a *Bore*, or a *lot*,  
 There's something to be got;  
 Though he be neither *honest* nor *witty*,  
 Make him high, let him rule,  
 Hee'l be playing the fool,

And

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And *transgress*, then we'l squeeze

Him for *fines* and for *fees*.

And so we shall gain,

By the wants of his brain,

'Tis the *Fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.

If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (*wit*.

For the *fool* & the *clown*, as for the *champion* or the

4.

Then why mayn't we be

Of different degree?

And each man aspire

To be greater and higher

Then his *wiser* or *bonester* brother,

Since *Fortune* and *Nature*

Their *favours* do scatter;

This hath *valour*, that *wit*,

To other *wealth*, nor is't fit

That one should have all,

For then what would befall

Him, that's *born* nor to *one* nor to *ther*?

Though *honour* were a *prize* at first, now 'tis a

*chattle*,

And as *merchantable* grown as your *wares* or your

*cattle*.

5.

Yet in this we agree,

To live quiet and free,

To drink *sack* and *submit*,

And not shew our wit

By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking*,

Lest the *politick Jewes*

Read *Diurnals* and *Newes*,

And lard their discourse,

With a *Comment* that's worse,

That

That which pleaseth me best  
Is a Song or a Jest,

And my obedience I'll shew by my *drinking.*

*(doth think well,*  
*He that drinks well, does sleep well, be that sleeps well,*  
*He that thinks well, does do well, be that does well*  
*(must drink well.*

*The Independents resolve.*

Come Drawer and fill us about some Wine  
Let's merrily tipples the day's our own,  
VVe'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,  
Let the King and his Kingdom groan.  
The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,  
VVe'll Monarchy baffle quice,  
VVe'll drink off the Kingdomes revenue,  
And sacrifice all to delight.

'Tis Power that brings  
Us all to be Kings,  
And wee'll be all crown'd by our might.

2.

A fig for divinity lectures and law,  
And all that to Loyalty do pretend,  
While we by the sword keep the Kingdom in aw,  
Our Power shall never have end.  
The Church and the State wee'll turn into liquor,  
And spend a whole Town in a day,  
We'll melt all their *bodkins* the quicker  
Into Sack, and drink them away.

We'll

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We'll keep the *demeans*  
And turn *Bishops* and *Deans*,  
And over the *Presbyters* sway.

3.

The nimble *St. Patrick* is sunk in his bogs,  
And his *Country-men* sadly cry *O bone! O bone!*  
*St. Andrew* and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the fogs,  
Now we are the *Saints* alone.  
Then on our *Superiours* and *Equalls* we trample,  
And *Jockie* our stirrup shall hold,  
The *City's* our *Mule* for example,  
That we may in plenty be roul'd.  
Each delicate dish,  
Shall but *Eccbo* our wish  
And our *drink* shall be cordial gold.

---

*The Lamentation.*

Mourn, *London*, mourn,  
Bathe thy polluted *soul* in tears;  
Return, return,  
Thou hast more cause of grief, then th'hadst for  
For the whole *Kingdom* now begins (fears,  
To feel thy sorrow as they saw thy sins,  
And now do no  
Compassion show  
Unto thy misery and woe,  
But slight thy *sufferings* as thou didst theirs.

2.

Pride towering Pride,  
And boyling lust, those fatal twins,  
Sit side by side,  
And are become *Plantations* of sins.

Hence

Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,  
Both to the King above, and him below.

And fordid sloth

The Nurse of both,

Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth,  
That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

3.

Fire raging fire,  
Shall burn thy *stately towers* down,

Yet not expire,

*Tygres* and *Wolves*, or men more savage grown,

Thy *Childrens* brains, and thine shall dash,  
And in your *blood* their guilty *tailons* wash,

Thy *Daughters* must

Allay their lust,

Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,  
Till thy *Cap* tumble as thou mad'st the *Crown*.

4.

Cry *London* cry !

Now now petition for redresse,

Where canst thou fly ?

Thy empty'd *Chests* augment thy heaviness,

The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,

Th' adored *Houses* slight thee worse than both,

The King poor Saint,

Would help, but can't;

To heav'n alone unfold thy want,

Thence came thy *Plagues*, thence onely *Pity*  
(flow'th.



*The Reformation.*

TELL not me of Lords or Laws,  
*Rules or Reformation,*  
 All that's done's not worth two straws;  
 To the welfare of the Nation.  
 Men in power do rant it still,  
 And give no *reason* but their will,  
 For all their domination,  
 Or if they do an act that's just,  
 'Tis not because they would, but must;  
 To *Gratify* some parties lust,  
 Or merely for a fashion.

2.

Our expence of blood and purse  
 Has produc'd no profit.  
 Men are still as bad or worse,  
 And will be what e're comes of it.  
 We've shuffled out, and shuffled in;  
 The persons, but retain the sin,  
 To make our game the surer,  
 Yet spite of all our pains and skill,  
 The Knaves all in the pack are still,  
 And ever were and ever will,  
 Though something now demurer.

3.

And it cannot but be so,  
 Since those toys in *fashion*,  
 And of Souls so base and low,  
 And mere *Bigots* of the Nation,  
 Whose design is power and wealth;  
 At which, by *rapine, fraud, and stealth,*

T

*Audaciously*

Audaciouſly they vent ye,  
 They lay their Conſciences aſide,  
 And turn with every *winde* and *tide*,  
 Puſſ'd on by *Ignorance* and *Pride*,  
 And all to look like *Gentry*.

4.  
*Crimes* are not puniſh'd 'cauſe their *Crimes*,  
 But 'cauſe they're low and little,  
*Mean men* for *mean faults* in theſe times  
 Make ſatiſfaction to a tittle;  
 While thoſe in *office* and in *power*,  
 Boldly the *underlings* devour.  
 Our Cobweb laws can't hold 'um.  
 They ſell for many a *Thouſand crown*,  
 Things which were never yet their own,  
 And this is *law* and *cuſtom* grown.  
 'Caue thoſe do judge that ſold 'um.

5.  
*Brothers* ſtill with *Brothers* brawl,  
 And for trifles ſue 'um,  
 For two *Pronouns* that ſpoyl all,  
 Thoſe contentious *Meum*, *Tuum*,  
 The wary *Lawyer* buyes and builds,  
 While the *Client* ſells his fields,  
 To ſacrifice to's fury;  
 And when he thinks to obtain his right  
 He's baffled off, or beaten quite,  
 By th' Judges will, or Lawyers ſlight,  
 Or ignorance of the Jury.

6.  
 See the *Tradef-man* how he thrives  
 With perpetual trouble,  
 How he *beats*, and how he *ſtrives*  
 His *Eſtate* t'enlarge and double,

Extort,

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Extort, oppress, grind and encroach,  
To be a *Squire*, and keep a *Coach*,

And to be one o'th' *Quorum*,  
Who may with's *Brother* worships sit,  
And judge without *law*, *fear* or *wit*,  
Poor petty *Thieves* that nothing get,  
And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this

Is mere *diffimulation*,  
No factious *Lecture* does he miss,  
And *scapes* no *schism* that's in *fashion*.  
But with short hair and shining shoes,  
He with two *Pens* and's *Note-book* goes,  
And winks and writes at randome;  
Thence with *short meal* and tedious *Grace*,  
In a loud tone and Publick place,  
Sing *Wisedoms hymnes*, that trot and pace,  
As if *Goliath* scan'd um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,  
And his *Conscience* struggles,  
To call to mind his former *cheats*  
Then at heav'n he turns his juggles.  
And out of all's ill-gotten store,  
He gives a dribbling to the poor,  
In a *Hospital* or *School-house*,  
And the suborned *Priest* for's hire  
Quite' frees him from th' *infernal* fire,  
And places him ith' *Angels* quire,  
Thus these *Jack-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains ith' close,  
Is that he dyed worth so much,

T 2

Then

Which he on's doubtfull seed bestows,  
 That neither care nor know much,  
 Then *Fortunes* favourite his heir,  
 Bred base, and ignorant and bare,  
 Is blown up like a bubble,  
 Who *wondring* at's own suddain rise,  
 By Pride, Simplicity and Vice,  
 Falls to's sports, *drink, drab and dice*  
 And makes all fly like stubble.

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,  
 Whose mad zeal enrag'd us,  
 Is not purify'd a pin,  
 By all those broyles in which she engag'd us,  
 We, our Wives turn'd out of doors,  
 And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,  
 To make an alteration  
 Our *Pulpittees* are proud and bold,  
 They their own *Wills* and *factions* hold,  
 And sell *salvation* still for *Gold*,  
 And here's our *Reformation*.

11.

'Tis a madnesse then to make,  
 Thriving our employment,  
 And *lucre* love, for *Lucres* sake,  
 Since we've possession, not enjoyment.  
 Let the times run on their course,  
 For opposition makes them worse,  
 We ne're shall better find 'um,  
 Let *Grandes* wealth and power ingrosse,  
 And honour too, while we sit close,  
 And laugh and take our plenteous dose,  
 Of *sack* and never mind 'um.

## C H R O N O S T I C O N

Decollationis *CAROLI* Regis tricesimo die *Januarii*, secunda hora *Pomeridiana*, *Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.*

---

Ter Deno Ian! Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
CaroLVs eXVcVs SoLlo SCeptroqVe SeCVto:

---

**C**HARLES — ah forbear, forbear! lest  
Mortals prize  
His Name too dearly, and Idolatize.  
His Name! Our Loss! Thrice cursed and forlorn  
Be that Black Night which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign! — hold!  
lest Outlaw'd Sense  
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense  
With those Celestial powers; and distrust  
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd!  
tremble! and  
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,  
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run  
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Sovereign's murder'd at  
His Gate!

Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!

Strange Body-politick! whose Members spread,  
And Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the  
known

King of three Realms, lyes murther'd in his own;  
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,  
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his blood.

No more, no more, Fame's Trump shall Eccho all  
The rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall  
Great Christendom nere pattern'd; and 'twas  
strange  
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain blinde, each well-set  
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM. (Limb  
And though they yet lives, the lives but to condole  
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

*Religion puts on Black, sad Loyalty*  
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty  
Butcher'd by such Assassins; nay both  
'Gainst God, 'gainst Law, Allegiance, and their Oath.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory  
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN ELEGIE.

Upon King CHARLES the first, murdered publickly by his Subjects.

WERE not my Faith buoy'd up by sacred  
 bloud,  
 It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;  
 Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,  
 It leaves my soul no Anch'rage, but my Creed;  
 Where my Faith resting on th' *Original*;  
 Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall;  
 So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,  
 My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,  
 Which ne're o'reflows us all: Those showers past  
 Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies  
 This stroak hath cut the only neck of land (wast;  
 Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,  
 That covers now our world, which cursed lies  
 At once with two of *Ægypt's* prodigies;  
 O're-cast with darkness, and with bloud o're-run,  
 And justly, since our hearts have theirs outdone;  
 Th' Inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,  
 To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:  
 Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,  
 Voided all Forms, left but Privation  
 In Church and State; inverting ev'ry right;  
 Brought in Hells State of fire without light;  
 No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,  
 Washing their Loyal hearts from bloud so shed;  
 The which deserves each pore should turn an  
 To weep out, even a *bloudy Agony*. (eye,

I et nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries,  
 For *Beauty*, bloudlels cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.  
 All colour's soil but black, all odours have  
 Ill scent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave* :  
 It notes a *Jew*, not to believe as much,  
 The cleaner made by a Religious touch  
 Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to dye,  
 Seems the Judaical Impiety.  
 To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints  
 His rage with *Law*, the *Temple* and the *Saints* :  
 But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,  
 To be cast out, and back into the *Swine* :  
 And the case holds, in that the *Spirit* bends  
 His malice in this *Act*, against his ends :  
 For it is like, the sooner hee'll be sent  
 Out of that body, He would still torment ;  
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud,  
 Detest the *Act*, yet turn it to their good ;  
 Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies ;  
 We easily may the world and death despise :  
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,  
 Only of all the troop, meant him no harm,  
 And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one  
 Weapon yet left, to guard Him to his *Throne* ;  
 In His great Name then inay His Subjects cry,  
*Death thou art swallow'd up in Victory.*  
 If this our losse a comfort can admit,  
 'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit  
 For his enlarged Head, since his distresse  
 Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse ;  
 His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing  
 For him, who was become so great a *King* ;  
 So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*,  
 They had exalted from Him, nor pull'd down ;

And



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And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more  
 Than e're mens falshood promis'd to restore;  
 Which, since by Death, alone he could attain,  
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;  
 Death was enjoin'd by God, to touch a part,  
 Might make his passage quick, ne'r move his heart;  
 Which e'v'n expiring was so far from death,  
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.  
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,  
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud  
 Of flesh and bloud; and from the highest line  
 Of humane vertue, pass'd to be divine:  
 Nor is't much lesse his vertues to relate,  
 Than the high glories of his present state;  
 Since both then passe all Acts but of belief,  
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.  
 And since, upon the Diamond, no lesse  
 Than Diamonds, will serve us to impresse,  
 I'll only wish that for his Elegie,  
 This our *Josias* had a *Jeremie*.

---

AN ELEGIE

On { *The best of Men,*  
*The meekest of Martyrs,*  
 CHARLES the First, &c.

DOE not the Sun call in his light, and day  
 Like a thin exhalation melt away?  
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds, to be  
 Themselves Close Mourners at the Obsequie

Of

Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud,  
 Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a floud,  
 Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and  
 All her convulsed Arteries to shake (make  
 So long, till all those hinges that sustain,  
 Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again  
 Into a shuddered Chaos? Does the Sun  
 Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,  
 And Still it ino vap'rous Clouds, which may  
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,  
 Whose saggy and dishevel'd Beams may be  
 The Tapers at this black Solemnitie?  
 You seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,  
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurst,  
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was  
 To strew infection on the tainted World; (hurld,  
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,  
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?  
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,  
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.  
 Say sons of tumult since you think it good,  
 Still to keep up the trade, and Bath in Blood  
 Your guilty hands, why did you then not state  
 Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?  
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have  
 Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;  
 And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,  
 Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their clay,  
 In the same Urne their Names too might entomb,  
 But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,  
 You gave a blow to Nature, since even all  
 The flock of man now bleeds too in his fall.  
 Could not Religion, which you oft have made  
 A specious glosse your black designs to shade,  
 Teach

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Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven when we  
Are suppled into acts of Clemency?  
And copy out the Deity agen,  
When we distill our mercies upon men?  
But why do I deplore this ruine? He  
Only shook off his fraile Humanity,  
And with such calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,  
Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;  
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,  
We only died, he only liv'd that Day:  
So that his *Tomb* is now his *Throne* become,  
T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome;  
And death the shade of nature did not shroud  
His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,  
That who a Star in our Meridian shone,  
In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

---

*On the Death of his Royal Majestie,*  
*CHARLES late King of*  
*ENGLAND, &c.*

What went you out to see? a dying King?  
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.  
But what went you to see? a Prophet slain?  
Nay that and more, a Martyr'd Sovereign.  
Peace to that sacred dust! Great Sir, our fears  
Have left us nothing but obedient tears  
To court your hearse, and in those pious fouds  
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.  
Accept us in these latter Obsequies,  
The unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes;  
For

For in these faithfull streams, and emanations,  
 W're Subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.  
 Here we cry more than Conquerors : malice may  
 Murder Estates, but hearts will still obey ;  
 These as your glory's yet above the reach  
 Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.

And now, (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire  
 With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*  
 Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd  
 Our duties at your triumphs : where you ride  
 With full cælestial *Joyes*, and *Ovations*,  
 Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.

But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd you  
 hence,

To crown your Soul with that magnificence,  
 And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth  
 Could only wish and stangle in the birth.  
 Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush  
 Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.  
 For where souls act beyond mortality,  
 Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.

We wrastle then no more, but blesse your day,  
 And mourn the anguish of our sad delay :  
 That since we cannot adde, we yet stay here  
 Fettered in clay : Yet longing to appear  
 Spectators of your blisse, that being shown  
 Once more, you may embrace us as your own ;  
 Where never envy shall divide us more,  
 Nor City tumules, nor the worlds uproar ;  
 But an eternal hush, a quiet peace  
 As without end, so still in the increase,  
 Shall lull humanity asleep, and bring  
 Us equal Subjects to the Heavenly King.

Till

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Till then I'll turn *Recusant*, and forswear  
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

---

## AN EPITAPH.

Stay Passenger : Behold and see  
The widowed Grave of *Majestie*.  
Why tremblest thou ? Here's that will make  
All but our stupid souls to shake.  
Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust  
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, *Right* and *Just*.  
The bloud ( O start'st not thou to hear ? )  
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear  
Shed and hurried hence to be  
The miracle of misery.

Adde the ills that *Rome* can boast ,  
Shrift the world in every coast ,  
Mix the fire of Earth and Seas  
With humane spleen and practices,  
To puny the records of time,  
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,  
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze  
The Globe to crooked hams and knees,  
Here's that shall make it seem to be  
But modest *Christianitie*.

The *Law-giver*, amongst his own,  
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.  
Voted *Monarchy* to death  
By the course *Plebeian* breath.  
The *Sovereign* of all command,  
Suff'ring by a *Common* hand.

*A Prince*, to make the odium more,  
Offer'd at his very door.  
The *Head* cut off, O death to see't !  
In obedience to the feet.  
And that by *Justice* you must know,  
If you have *Faith* to think it so.  
We'll stir no further then this *Sacred Clay*,  
But let it slumber till the *Judgement* day :  
Of all the *Kings* on *Earth*, 'tis not denyed,  
Here lies the first that for *Religion* dyed.

---

*The Engagement stated.*

**B**Egon *Expositor* : the *Text* is plain,  
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Sovereign*;  
Away with mental *reservations*, and  
Senses of *Oaths* in files out-vy the *Strand* :  
Here's *Hell* truss'd in a thimble, in a breath,  
Dares face the hazard of the second death.  
The *Saints* are grown *Laconians*, and can twist  
Perjury up in *Pills*, like *Leyden* grist :  
But hold precise *Doponents* : though the heat  
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,  
My cold concoction shrinks, and my advance  
Drives slowly to approach your *Ordinance*.  
The sign's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns  
*Leonick*, rould in curls, while *Terra* burns.  
What though your fancies are sublim'd to reach  
Those fatal reins ? Success and will can teach  
But rash *Divinity* : a sad renown,  
Where one man fell to see a million drown.

When

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When neither *Arts* nor *Armes* can serve to fight  
 And wrest a *Title* from its Law and Right,  
 Must Malice piece the *Trangum*, and make clear  
 The scruple? Else we will resolve to swear?  
 Nay out-swear all that we have sworn before,  
 And make good lesser crimes by acting more  
 And more sublime? This, this extends the Line:  
 And shames the puny soul of *Cataline*.

On this account all those whose Fortune's crost,  
 And want estates, may turn *Knights* of the *Post*.  
*Vaulx* we out-vy'd thee, since thy plot fell lame,  
 We found a closer *Celler* for the same,  
 Piling the fatal Powder in our mouths,  
 Which in an Oath discharg'd blew up the *House*.  
*Maugre Mounteagle*, *Alpes* not throughly slain,  
 Their poysen in an age may live again.

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us see

The mystery of your iniquity.

May a Man course a Cur? and freely box  
 The Question? or the formal Paradox?  
 But as in Physick, so in this device  
 This querk of policy the point is nice.  
 For he that in this model means to thrive,  
 Must first subscribe to the Preparative;  
 Like Witches compact counter-march his faith  
 And soak up all what ere the *Spirit* saith;  
 Then seale and signe. *Scylla* threw three Barres  
 short,

He a had Sword indeed, but no *Text* for't.  
 Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in sin,  
 We perfect what thou trembledst to begin,  
 Flush then to see thy self out-done. But all  
 The world may grieve, 'tis epidemical.

Heaven

Heaven frowns indeed. But what makes Hell enraged?

Sweet *Pluto* be at Peace, we have Engaged.

*On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle  
that hang'd himself.*

**A**LL bail fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear  
Such blossomes, and so lovely every year!  
Call ye me this the slip? marry 'tis well,  
*Zachew* slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:  
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need  
To look about us to preserve the breed.  
Th'are of the Running game, and thus to post  
In nooses, blanks the reckning with their *Host*.  
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose  
That knit this knot: guilt seldome singly goes!  
A wounded soul close coupled with the sense  
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.

But hark you Sir, if haſt can grant the time?  
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe  
In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond juſt,  
When Law ſeemes brib'd to doom them, muſt be  
truſt'd.

But O I ſmell your Plot ſtrong through your  
Hoſe,

'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your  
Cloaths

Elſe your more active hands had fairly ſtay'd  
The leaſure of a Piſm: *Judas* has pray'd.

But



But later crimes cannot admit the pause,  
 They run upon effects more than the cause.  
 Yet let me ask one question, why alone?  
 One Member of a Corporation?  
 'Tis clear amongst Divines, Bodies and Souls  
 As joyntly active, so their judgement rowles  
 Concordant in the Sentence; why not so  
 In earthly Sufferings? *States* attended go:  
 But I perceive the Knack: Old women say  
 And bee't approv'd, each Dogge should have his  
 day.

Hence sweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,  
 And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,  
 All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin  
 Scarlet, so limbe their *Anniverse* of sin.  
 And to their Childrens credits and their Wives  
 Be it still said, they leap fair for their lives.

---

*The States New Coyne.*

1.

Saw you the States mony new come from the  
 Mint?  
 Some People do say it is wonderous fine;  
 And that you may read a great mystery in't,  
 Of mighty King *Nol*, the Lord of the Coyn.

2.

They have quite omitted his Polick head,  
 His worshipfull face, and his excellent Noses  
 But the better to tempt the sisters to bed,  
 They have fixed upon it the print of his Hose.

V

For

3.  
For, if they had set up his Picture there, (stead;  
They needs must ha' crown'd him in *Charles*' his  
But 'twas cunningly done, that they did forbear,  
And rather would set up his Ar--- than his head.

4  
'Tis monstrous strange, and yet it is true,  
In this Reformation we should ha' such luck,  
That Crosses were alwaies disdained by you,  
Who before pull'd them down, should now set  
them up.

5.  
On this side they have circumscrib'd *God with us*,  
And in this stamp and Coyn they confide; (gues  
*Common-wealth* on the other, by which we may  
That *God* and the *States* were not both of a side.

6.  
On this side they have Crosse and Harp,  
And only a Crosse on the other set forth;  
By which we may learn it falls to our part  
Two Crosses to have for one fit of Mirth.

7.  
A Country-man hearing this, straight way did  
think,  
That he would procure such a piece of his own;  
And knowing it like his Wifes Butter-print,  
She should ha't for a Token when as he came  
home.

8.  
Then since that this is the Parliament coyn,  
Now *Lilly* by thy mysterio us charms,  
Or Heralds, pray tell us if these ha' not been  
Carmen or Fiddlers before by their Arms.

*The Rebellion.*

Now, thanks to the Powers below,  
 We have even done our do,  
 The Myter is down, and so is the Crown,  
 And with them the Corronet too :  
 All is now the Peoples, and then  
 What is theirs is ours we know ;  
 There is no such thing as a Bishop or K—  
 Or Peer, but in name or show ;  
 Come Clowns, and come Boys, come Hoberdes  
 Come Females of each degree, (hoys,  
 Stretch out your throats, bring in your Votes,  
 And make good the Anarchy ;  
 Then thus it shall be, sayes *Alse*,  
 Nay, thus it shall be, sayes *Anie*,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, sayes *Tasse*, ! crow,  
 Nay, thus it shall go, sayes *Jenny*.

Oh but the truth, good People all, the truth is  
 is such a thing.

For it will undo both Church and State too,  
 And pull out the throat of our Kings;  
 No, nor the Spirit, nor the new Light  
 Can make the Point so clear,  
 But we must bring out the defil'd Coat,  
 What thing the truth is, and where,  
 Speak *Abraham*, speak *Hester*,  
 Speak *Judith*, speak *Kister*,  
 Speak tag and rag, short coat and long :  
 Truth is the spell that made us rebell,  
 And murder and plunder ding dong ;

Sure I have the truth, sayes *Nymphs*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes *Clem*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes reverend *Ruth*,  
 Nay, I have the truth, sayes *Nem*.

Well, let the truth be whose it will,  
 There is something else in ours,  
 Yet this devotion in our Religions  
 May chance to abate our Powers :  
 Then let's agree on some new way,  
 It skills not much how true,  
 Take *P* ——— and his club, or *Smec* and his tub  
 Or any Sect, old or new;  
 The Devil is in the pack, if choyce you can lack.  
 We are fourscore Religions strong,  
 Then take your choice, the Major voice  
 Shall carry't right or wrong ;  
 Then let's have King *Charles*, sayes *George*,  
 Nay, wee'l have his Son, sayes *Hugh*,  
 Nay, then let's have none, sayes gabbering *Jone*,  
 Nay, wee'l be all Kings, sayes *Prue*.

Nay, but neighbours and friends, one word more,  
 There's something else behind,  
 And wise though you be, you do not well see  
 In which door fits the winde;  
 And for Religion, to speak truth,  
 And in both Houses sence,  
 The matter is all one, if any or none,  
 If it were not for the pretence;  
 Now here doth lurk the key of the work,  
 And how to dispose of the Crown  
 Dexteriously, and as it may be  
 For your behalf and our own;

Then

Then wee'l be of this, sayes *Meg*,  
Nay, wee'l be of this, sayes *Tib*,  
Come, we'll be of all, sayes pittifull *Paul*,  
Nay, wee'l be of none, sayes *Gib*.

Oh we shall have, if we go on  
In Plunder, Excise, and Blood,  
But few folks, and poor, to domineer o're,  
And that will not be good;  
Then let's agree on some new way,  
Some new and happy course,  
The Country is grown sad, the City is Horn mad,  
And both the Houses are worse;  
The Synod hath writ, the General hath shit,  
And both to like purpose, for  
Religion, Laws, the Truth, and the Cause  
We talk on, but nothing we do;  
Come, then let's have peace, sayes *Ne'*,  
No, no, but we won't sayes *Meg*,  
But I say we will, sayes fiery-face *Pbil*,  
We will, and we won't, sayes *Hodge*.

Thus from the Rout who can expect  
Ought but confusion,  
Since the Unity with good Monarchy  
Begin and end in one?  
If then when all is thought their own,  
And lyes at their belief,  
These popular pates, reap nought but debates  
From these many round-headed beast;  
Come Royalists then, do you play the men  
And Cavaliers give the word,  
And now let's see what you will be,  
And whether you can accord;

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A health to King *Charles*, sayes *Tom*,  
 Up with it, sayes *Ralph*, like a man,  
 God bleffe him, sayes *Doll*, and raise him, sayes  
 And send him his own, sayes *Nan*. *Moll*,

But now for these prudent Wights,  
 That sit without end, and to none,  
 And their Committees in Towns and Cities  
 Fill with confusion ;  
 For the bold Troops of Sectaries,  
 The *Scots*, and their Partakers,  
 Our new British States, Col. *Burges* and his Mates,  
 The Covenant and its Makers :  
 For all these wee'l pray, and in such a way,  
 That if it might granted be,  
 Both *Jack* and *Gill*, and *Moll* and *Will*,  
 And all the world will agree :  
 Elke Pox take them all, sayes *Bess*,  
 And a Plague too sayes *Mary*,  
 The Devil, sayes *Dick*, and his Dam too, sayes  
 Amen and amen say we. (*Nick*,

---

*On Britannicus his leap three Story high,  
 and his escape from London.*

**P**aul from *Damascus* in a basket slides,  
 Cran'd by the faithfull Brethren down the  
 Of their embattel'd walls ; *Britannicus* (sides  
 As loath to trust the Brethrens God with us,

Slides

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Slides too, but yet more desp'rate, and yet  
thrives

In his descent; needs must! the Devil drives.

Their Cause was both the same, and herein meet,

Only their fall was not with equal feet,

Which makes the Case *Iambick*: thus we see

How much News falls short of *Divinity*.

Truth was their crying crime: One takes the  
night,

Th' other th' advantage of the *New-sprung Light*

To mantle his escape: how different be

The *Pristin* and the *Modern Policy*?

Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet still

Close in the Propagation of ill?

Hence flows this use and doctrine from the  
thump

I last sustain'd (beloved) *Good wits may Jump*.

---

*An Epigram on the People of England.*

S Weating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cries  
A Boat a Boat, else farewell all the prize.

But having once set foot upon the deep

Hot-spur *Ardelio* fell fast asleep.

So we, on fire with zealous discontent,

Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;

Which being obtain'd at last, what did they do?

Even squeez the Wool-packs, and lye snorting  
too.

## Another.

**B**ritain a lovely Orchard seem'd to be  
 Furnish'd with natures choise variety,  
 Temptations golden fruit of every sort,  
 Th' *Hesperian Garden* fann'd from sein'd report;  
 Great boyes and small together in we brake,  
 No matter what disdain'd *Priapus* spake:  
 Up, up, we list the great boyes in the trees,  
 Hoping a common share to sympathize:  
 But they no sooner there, neglected streight  
 The shoulders that so rais'd them to this height;  
 And fell to stuffing of their own bags first,  
 And as their treasure grew, so did their thirst.  
 Whiles we in lean expectance gaping stand,  
 For one shake from their charitable hand.  
 But all in vain, the dropie of desire (the fire.  
 So scorch'd them, three Realms could not quench  
 Be wise then in your *Ale*, bold youths, for fear  
 The *Gardner* catch us as *Mosse* caught his *Mare*.

---

Upon report there should be no more *Terms*  
 kept at Westminster.

**I**s't possible? will no *Terms* then prevail?  
 And must the *Gown* and *Bag* jog on to sale?  
 The *Bills* and *Answers* in our *Courts* become  
 Converted to the raring use of *Drum*?

And



And shall no more *Confederacies* pass  
 'Twixt *Midsomer* and dying *Michaelmas* ?  
 Though they deprive us of Old \* *Hillary*, \* *An At-*  
 'Tis fit they should allow the *Trinity* ; *torney.*  
 But that's denied too : this *Alteration*  
 Contracts our whole time to a long *Vacation*.  
 Now farewell the (1.) *Brown bowl*, and *Bonny Ale*,  
 The *Sanguine Herring*, and its merry *taile* ;  
 (2.) *Higgenian Quibbles*, and the *Harpean Lyre*,  
*Fentonian Sweetness*, and the *Tow'ring Fire* ;  
 Our (3.) *Host* and *Hostess* too, they're both *Uxorums*,  
 As *Hermophraditus* is, in *Sex Duorums* : (rore,  
 Weep (4.) *Heaven*, lament thy loss, and thou *Hell*  
 Thy *Furnace* scarce will ere be heated more ;  
 Of *Pleasure*, *Paradise*, thou must be barren,  
 And *Purgatory* furnisht but with *Carriion* :  
 Th' *Abomination* of the (5.) *Hole i' th' Wall*,  
 Now *June* is past, cry *Pamphlets* in the *Hall* ;  
 And she that's left but th' remnant of a *Nose*,  
 Who to a *Chirurgion* (as men do suppose)  
 Did pawn the other part for cure of this,  
 Turn *Zealot*, and be *Martyr'd* when she p—  
 All *Trades*, and all *Societies* lament  
 Your wants in us, you'll find cause to repent  
 The setting up your *Idol Parliament* :  
 For though on these *Terms* they'le no profit give  
 To Us, we'll try on other *Terms* to live.

- (1.) The *Scotch Ale-house* in *Hartshorne Lane*.  
 (2.) Clerks of the *Exchequer*, that used to drink their  
*Mornings Draughts* there.  
 (3.) They call'd one another so.  
 (4.) To *Westminster*. ] Places there where Clerks in Term  
 time usually break their *Fast*.  
 (5.) A *Bawdy-house*.

Upon

Upon the Cavaliers departing out of  
London.

Now fare thee well *London*,  
Thou next must be undone,  
'Cause thou hast undone us before;  
This *Cause* and this *Tyrant*,  
Had ne're play'd this high rant,  
Were't not for thy *argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we must desert thee,  
With the lines that begirt thee,  
And the Red-coated *Saints* domineer;  
Who with liberty fool thee,  
While a Monster doth rule thee,  
And thou feel'st what before thou didst fear.

3.

Now *Justice* and *Freedom*,  
With the *Laws* that did breed 'um,  
Are sent to *Jamaica* for gold;  
And those that upheld 'um,  
Have power but seldom,  
For *Justice* is barter'd and sold.

4.

Now the *Christian Religion*  
Must seek a new *Region*,  
And the old *Saints* give way to the new;  
And we that are *Loyal*,  
Vail to those that destroy all,  
When the *Christian* gives place to the *Jew*:

5.

But this is our glory  
In this wretched story,  
Calamities fall on the best;  
And those that destroy us  
Do better imploy us,  
To sing till they are suppress'd.

*On Col. Pride.*

OF Gyants and Knights, and their wonderfull  
We have stories enough in *Romances*, (*fights*  
But Ile tell you one new, that is *strange* and yet  
Though t'other are nothing but *fancies*. (*true*,

2.

A Knight lately made, of the *Governing* trade,  
Whose name he'll not have to be known;  
Has been trucking with fame, to purchase a name,  
For 'tis said he had none of his own.

3.

He by Fortunes design, should have been a Divine,  
And a Pillar no doubt of the Church;  
Whom a *Sexton* (God wot) in the *Belfry* begot,  
And his Mother did pig in the Porch.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *Hog-feed-*  
With which he so long did converse, (*ing*,  
That his *manners* & *feature*, was so like their *nature*,  
You'd scarce know his *sweetnesse* from theirs.

5. But

5.

But observe the device, of this *Nobleman's* rise,  
 How he hurried from trade to trade, (*higher*,  
 From the *grains* he'd aspire, to the *yeast*, and then  
 Till at length he a *Drayman* was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horse* and *he*, in the streets we did see,  
 With his *banger*, his *sling*, and his *jacket* ;  
 Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match*,  
 For he'd ever a mind to the *Placket*.

7.

At length he did find, out a *Trull* to his mind,  
 And *Ursula* was her name ;  
*Oh Urs!* quoth *he*, and *oh Tom* then quoth *she*,  
 And so they began their game.

8.

But as soon as they met, O such *Babes* they did get,  
 And *Blood-royal* in 'um did place, (*Dam*,  
 From a *swinebeard* they came, a *she-bear* was their  
 They were suckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At last when the *Rout*, with their head did fall  
 And the *Wars* thereupon did fall in, (*out*,  
 He went to the field, with a sword, but no shield,  
 Strong drink was his buckler within.

10

But when he did spy, how they dropt down and  
 And did hear the bullets to sing ; (*dye*,  
 His armes he flung down, and run fairly to town,  
 And exchang'd his sword for his sling.

11.

Yet he claimed his share, in such honours as were  
 Belonging to nobler spirits ;

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That ventur'd their *lives*, while this *Buffon* survives  
To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the Wars were all done, he his fighting be-  
And would needs shew his valour in peace, (gun,  
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,  
And frets like a *hog* in his *grease*.

13.

For his first feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,  
A *Wit* as some say, and some not,  
Because he'd an art, to rhyme on the quart,  
But never did care for the pot.

14.

And next on the *Cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,  
Took them and their *Masters* together ;  
But the *combs* and the *spurs*, kept himself and his  
Who are to have both or neither. (Sirs,

15.

The cause of his spight, was because they would  
And because he durst not, he did take on; (*fight*,  
And said they were fit, for the pot, not the spit,  
And would serve to be eaten with *Bacon*.

16.

But flesh'd with these *spoiles*, the next of his *toyles*,  
Was to fall with wild-beasts by the ears,  
To the *Bearward* he goeth, and then opened his  
And said, *Oh! are you there with your bears*. (mouth,

17.

Our stories are dull, of a *Cock* and a *Bull*,  
But such was his valour and care ;  
Since he bears the *Bell*, the tales that we tell,  
Must be of a *Cock* and a *Bear*.

18. The

18.

The crime of the *Bears*, was, they were *Cavaliers*,  
And had formerly fought for the *King* ;  
And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the Round-headed *Curs*,  
That they made their ears to ring.

19.

Our successor of *Kings*, like blind fortune flings  
Upon him both honour and store ;  
Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a Knight,  
As *Tom* has *deserv*, and no more.

20.

But *Fortune* that Whore, still attended this *Brewer*,  
And did all his *Atchievements* reward ;  
And blindly did fling, on this lubberly thing,  
More *Honour*, and made him a *Lord*.

21.

Now he walks with his spurs, and a couple of curs  
At his heels, which he calls *Squires* ;  
So when *Honour* is thrown, on the head of a *Clown*,  
'Tis by *Parasites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The rest of his *pranks*, will merit new thanks,  
With his death, if we did but know it ;  
But we'll leave him and it, to a time and place fit,  
And *Greg.* shall be funeral Poet.

Upon the General Pardon past by the  
RUMP, 1653.

**R** Ejoyce, rejoyce, ye *Cavaliers*,  
For here comes that expells your fears ;

A

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A General Pardon is now past,  
What was long look'd for, comes at last.

It Pardons all that are undone ;  
The Pope ne're granted such a one :  
So long, so large, so full, so free ;  
O what a gracious State have we !

Yet do not joy too much (my friends)  
First see how well this pardon ends,  
For though it hath a Glorious face,  
I fear there's in't but little grace.

'Tis said the Mountains once brought forth,  
And what brought they ? a Mouse inroth ;  
Our States have done the like, I doubt,  
In this their Pardon now set out.

We'll look it o're then if you please,  
And see wherein it brings us ease ;  
And first, it Pardons words I find  
Against our State, words are but wind.

Hath any pray'd for th'King of late ?  
And wish'd confusion to our State ?  
And call'd them Rebels ? he come in  
And plead this Pardon for that sin.

Hath any call'd King *Charles* that's dead  
A Martyr ? He that lost his Head ?  
And Villains those that did the Fact ?  
That man is pardoned by this Act.

Hath

Hath any said our Parliament  
Is such a one as God ne're sent?  
Or hath he writ, or put in Print  
That he believes the Devil's in't?

Or hath he said there never were  
Such *Tyrants* any where as here?  
Though this offence of his be high,  
He's pardon'd for his Blasphemy.

You see how large this Pardon is,  
It Pardons all our *Mercuries*,  
And *Poets* too, for you know they  
Are poor, and have not ought to pay.

For where there's money to be got,  
I find this Pardon pardons not;  
Malignants that were rich before,  
Shall not be pardon'd till they'r poor.

Hath any one been true to th' Crown.  
And for that paid his money down;  
By this new Act he shall be free,  
And pardon'd for his Loyalty.

Who have their Lands confiscate quite,  
For not Compounding when they might;  
If that they know not how to digg,  
This Pardon gives them leave to beg.

Before this Act came out in print,  
We thought there had been comfort in't;  
We drank some Healths to th' Higher Powers,  
But now we've seen't they'd need drink ours.

For



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For by this Act it is thought fit  
That no man shall have benefit,  
Unlesse he first engage to be  
A Rebel to eternity.

Thus in this Pardon it is clear,  
That nothing's here, and nothing's there,  
I think our States do mean to choke us  
With this new Act of *Hocus Pocus*.

Well, since this Act's not worth a pin,  
We'll pray our States to call it in,  
For most men think it ought to be  
Burnt by the hand of *Gregory*.

Then to conclude, here's little joy  
For those that pray *Vive le Roy* :  
But since they'll not forget our Crimes,  
Wee'll keep our mirth till better times.

---

### *Upon Oliver's dissolving the Parliament in 1653.*

1. (before,  
**W**ill you hear a strange thing scarce heard of  
A ballad of News without any lyes,  
The Parliament men are turn'd out of doors,  
And so are the Council of State likewise.

2.  
Erave *Oliver* came to the House like a Spright,  
His fiery looks strook the Speaker dumb;

X

You

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You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,  
Do you mean to lit here till Dooms-day come?

3.  
With that the Speaker lookt pale for fear, (rid,  
As it hough he had been with the night-mare  
Insomuch that some did think that were there,  
That he had even done as the Alderman did.

4.  
But *Oliver* though he be Doctor of Law,  
Yet he seem'd to play the Physician there;  
His Phylick so wrought on the Speakers maw,  
That he gave him a stool instead of a Chair.

5.  
*Harry Martyn* wondred to see such a thing,  
Done by a Saint of such high degree;  
'Twas an act he did not expect from a King,  
Much lesse from such a dry bone as he.

6.  
But *Oliver* laid his hand on his sword,  
And upbraided him with his Adultery;  
To which *Harry* answer'd never a word,  
Saying, humbly thanking his Majesty.

7.  
*Allen* the Coppersmith was in great fear,  
He did as much harm since the Wars began;  
A broken Citizen many a year,  
And now he is a broken Parliament-man.

8.  
*Eradshaw* that President proud as the Pope,  
That loves upon Kings and Princes to trample;  
Now the house is dissolv'd I cannot but hope,  
To see such a President made an example.

9. And

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9.

And were I one of the Council of War,  
I'll tell you what my Vote should be,  
Upon his own Turret at *Westminster*,  
To be hanged up for all comers to see.

10.

My Masters I wonder you could not agree,  
You that have been so long Brethren in evil;  
A dissolution you might think there would be,  
When the Devil's divided against the Devil.

11.

Then room for the Speaker without his Mace,  
And room for the rest of the Rabble-rout;  
My Masters methinks 'tis a pitiful case,  
Like the snuff of a Candle thus to go out.

12.

Now some like this change, and some like it not,  
Some think it was not done in due season;  
Some think it was but a Jesuits plot, (treason,  
To blow up the House like a Gun-powder-

13.

Some think that *Oliver* and *Charles* are agreed,  
And sure it were good policy if it were so;  
Lest the *Hollander*, *French*, the *Dane*, and the  
*Swede*,

Should bring him in whether he would or no.

14.

And now I would gladly conclude my Song,  
With a Prayer as Ballads are used to do,  
But yet I'll forbear, for I think er't be long,  
We shall have a King and a Parliament too.

*Admiral Deans Funeral.*

1.  
**N**ick Culpepper, and William Lilly, (filly,  
 Though you were pleas'd to say they were  
 Yet something these prophes'd true, I tell ye,  
*Which no body can deny.*

2.  
 In the month of May, I tell you truly,  
 Which neither was in June nor July,  
 The Dutch began to be unruly,  
*Which no body can deny.*

3.  
 Betwixt our England and their Holland,  
 Which neither was in France nor Poland,  
 But on the Sea, where there was no Land,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

4.  
 There joyn'd the Dutch, and the English Fleet,  
 Our Authors opinion then they did meet,  
 Some say't that never more shall see't,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

5.  
 There were many mens hearts as heavy as lead,  
 Yet would not believe Dick Dean to be dead,  
 Till they saw his Body take leave of his head,  
*Which no body can deny.*

6.  
 Then after the sad departure of him,  
 There was many a man lost a Leg or a Lim,  
 And many were drow'd 'cause they could not  
 swim,  
*Which no body can deny.*

7. One

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7.

One cries, lend me thy hand good friend,  
Although he knew it was to no end,  
I think, quoth he, I am going to the Fiend,  
*Which no body can deny.*

8.

Some, 'twas reported, were kill'd with a Gun,  
And some stood that knew not whether to run,  
There was old taking leave of Father and Son,  
*Which no body can deny.*

9.

There's a rumour also, if we may believe,  
We have many gay Widows now given to grieve,  
'Cause unmannerly Husbands nere came to take  
leave. *Which no body can deny.*

10.

The Litty is sad of our Dean to sing;  
To say truth, it was a pittifull thing  
To take off his head and not leave him a ring,  
*Which no body can deny.*

11.

From Greenwich toward the Bear at Bridge foot  
He was wasted with wind that had water to't,  
But I think they brought the Devil to boot,  
*Which no body can deny.*

12.

The heads on London Bridge upon Poles,  
That once had bodies, and honefter souls  
Than hath the Master of the Roules,  
*Which no body can deny.*

13.

They grieved for this great man of command,  
Yet would not his head amongst theirs should  
stand;

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He dy'd on the Water, and they on the Land,  
*Which no body can deny.*

14.  
 I cannot say, they look'd wisely upon him,  
 Because People cursed that parcel was on him;  
 He has fed fish and worms, if they do not wrong  
 him,  
*Which no body can deny.*

15.  
 The Old Swan as he pass'd by, (and digg  
 Said, she would sing him a dirge, and lye down  
 Wilt thou sing to a bit of a body, quoth I?  
*Which no body can deny.*

16.  
 The Globe on the Bank, I mean, on the Ferry,  
 Where Gentle and Simple might come and be  
 merry,  
 Admired at the change from a Ship to a Wherry,  
*Which no body can deny.*

17.  
 Tom Godfreys Bears began for to roare,  
 Hearing such moans one side of the shore,  
 They knew they should never see Dean any more,  
*Which no body can deny.*

18.  
 Queen-bitbe, Pauls-Wharf, and the Fryers also,  
 Where now the Players have little to do,  
 Let him passe without any tokens of woe,  
*Which no body can deny.*

19.  
 Quoth th' Students o'th' Temple, I know not  
 their names,  
 Looking out of their Chambers into the Thames,  
 The Barge fits him better than did the great  
 James,  
*Which no body can deny.*

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20.

*Essex* House, late called Cuckolds Hall,  
The folk in the Garden staring over the wall,  
Said, they knew that once *Pride* would have a fall.  
*Which nobody can deny.*

21.

At *Strand* Gate, a little farther then,  
Where mighty Guns numbred to sixty and ten,  
Which neither hurt Children Women nor Men,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

22.

They were shot over times one, two, three, or four,  
'Tis thought one might 'heard the bounce to th'  
Tower,  
Folk report, the din made the Buttermilk sower,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

23.

Had old Goodman *Lenthal* or *Allen* but heard 'um,  
The noise worse than *Olivers* voice would have  
scar'd 'um,  
And out of their small wits would have scar'd um  
*Which nobody can deny.*

24.

*Sommerfet* House, where once did the Queen lye,  
And afterwards *Ireton* in black, and not green, by,  
The Canon clattered the Windows really  
*Which nobody can deny.*

25.

The *Savoy*s mortified spited Crew,  
If I lye, as *Falstaffe* sayes, I am a Jew, (spew,  
Gave the Hearse such a look it would make a man  
*Which nobody can deny.*

26.

The House of S ——— that Fool and Knave,  
X 4 Had

Had so much wit left lamentation to save (grave,  
From accompanying a traytorly Rogue to his  
*Which no body can deny.*

27.

The Exchange, and the ruines of Durham house eke  
Wish'd such sights might be seen each day i'th'  
A General's Carcasse without a Cheek, ( week,  
*Which no body can deny.*

28.

The House that lately Great Buckingham was,  
Which now Sir Thomas Fairfax has,  
Wish'd it might be Sir Thomas's fate so to passe,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

29.

Howards House, Suffolks great Duke of Yore,  
Sent him one single sad wish, and no more,  
He might flote by Whitehall in purple gore,  
*Which no body can deny.*

30.

Some hing I should of Whitehall say,  
Put the Story is so sad, and so bad, by my say,  
That it turns my wits another way,  
*Which no body can deny.*

31.

To Westminster, to the Bridge of the Kings.  
The water the Barge, and the Barge-men brings  
The small remain of the worst of things,  
*Which no body can deny.*

32.

They inter'd him in triump'h, like Lewis the eleven,  
In the famous Chappel of Henry the seven,  
But his soul is scarce gone the right way to hea-  
ven,  
*Which no body can deny.*



*The merry Goodfellow.*

Why should we not laugh and be jolly,  
 Since all the World now is grown mad?  
 And lull'd in a dull melancholly;

He that wallows in store  
 Is still gaping for more,  
 And that makes him as poor,  
 As the Wretch that never any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger?  
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,  
 Grows shriv'd with thirst and hunger;  
 While we that are bonny,  
 Buy Sack with ready-mony,  
 And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Those guts that by scraping and toyling,  
 Do swell their Revenues so fast,  
 Get nothing by all their turmoiling,  
 But are marks of each tax,  
 While they load their own backs  
 With the heavier packs,  
 And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipples,  
 Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,  
 Whose jaws are so hungry and gripples,  
 We ne'r trouble our heads  
 With indentures or Deeds,  
 And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

Our mony shall never indite us,  
Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,  
No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us;  
    We, that have no Estates,  
    Fear no plunder nor rates,  
    We can sleep with open gates,  
He that lyes on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those Fools whose endeavours  
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,  
When we that spend all are the savers;  
    For if Thieves do break in,  
    They go out empty agin,  
Nay, the Plunderers lose their delings.

Then let us not think on to morrow,  
But tipple and laugh while we may,  
To wash from our hearts all sorrow;  
    Those Cormorants which  
    Are troubled with an itch,  
    To be mighty and rich,  
Do but toyl for the wealth which they borrow.

The Maior of the Town with his Ruff on,  
What a pox is he better than we?  
He must vail to the man with the Buff on;  
    Though he Custard may eat,  
    And such lubbardly meat,  
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

*The Rebels Reign.*

**N**OW we are met in a knot, let's take t'other  
And chirp o're a cup of Nectar ; (pot,  
Let's think on a charm, to keep us from harm,  
From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Heretofore at a brunt, a Cross would have don't,  
But now they have taken courses, (Cross left  
With their Laws and their theft, there's not a  
In the Church, nor the Farmers Purfes.

They're with you to bring, for stuffing at a King,  
For now you must make no dainty,  
To have your Nose ground, on a stone turned  
By Noll, and one and twenty. (round

But our Rights are kept for us, in *Oliver's* store-  
house,

'Twere as good they were set in the Stocks :  
They are just in the pickle, in the thirtieth Arti-  
Like *Jack* in a Juglers box. (cle,

We are loath for to look, for the Saints in a book,  
But would not a man be vex't,  
To see them so rough with their blades and their  
But not a word on't in the Text. (buff,

We have been twelve years together by the ears  
To prepare for a spiritual reign :  
Men were never so spic'd, with the Scepter of  
In the hands of a Saint in grain. (Christ  
'Twas

'Twas brewed in their Hives by Citizens wives,  
 Who ventured their husbands far,  
 With *Robin* the fool, there was ne're such a tool  
 To lead in the womens War.

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,  
 So they sought out another more able :  
 Then *Fair*. undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,  
 And sends away *Fax* with a bauble.

*Will*, Conqueror the second, without his host rec-  
 And so did *B*—— billet his Mate ; (kon'd,  
 They made a great noise, 'mongst women and  
 But now they are both out of date. (boys,

Cowardly *W*—— had but a soul Fortune,  
 And wanted a knife to scrape it,  
 When his *Oriphice* ran, there was no mortal man,  
 But *omnibus horis sapit*.

*Bradshaw*, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,  
 And on the Blond Royal did trample,  
 For which the next *Lent*, he was made President,  
 And ere long may be made an example.

*Torislav* did steer, to *Hans mine beer*,  
 And *Askew* to *Don at Madril*, (dispatcht,  
 Ere a man could have scratcht, they were both  
 Yet there they lye Leger still.

*Martin* and *St. Johns*, and more with a Vengeance,  
 Had each a finger i'th' pye :  
 Some for the Money, and some for the Conny,  
 And some for they knew not why.

The

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The Parliament sate as snug as a Cat,  
And were playing for mine and yours :  
Sweep-stakes was their Game, till *Oliver* came,  
And turn'd it to Knave out of doors.

Then a new one was cast, and made up in haste,  
But alas they could do no more  
Than empty our purse, and empty us worse  
Than e're we were married before.

But in a good hour, they gave up their power  
To one that was wiser than they ;  
By common consent, 'twas the first Parliament  
That ever was *felo de se*.

After all this Jeer, we are never the near,  
There sits one at the Helm commanding ;  
One that doth us nick, with a trick for our trick,  
And the stone in our foot notwithstanding

He'll not relax, one groat of the Tax,  
Though it come to more then he need,  
He may keep it in store, till his need be more ;  
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought  
The Realm to the manner he it meant ;  
The fishes, and the fowl, and the Devil and all,  
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a man  
When they call us a Reformed Nation : (swear  
It can never sink into my head for to think  
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the Devil as soon,  
 Our Laws are asleep upon shelves :  
 Our Charter & Freedom, we may bid God speed  
 'Tis well we can beg for our selves. (um,

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,  
 Not a Horse or an Oxe to plough land,  
 Let *Oliver* passe, come fill up my Glasse,  
 And here's a good health to *Rowland*.

---

### The Resolve.

I.

**T**Here's no Man so worthy of Envy as he,  
 Drinks Sack, and is free,  
 Can draw down his mind to his present Con-  
 And at that ebbe, can (dition,  
 Shew himself a better man,  
 Then his Enemy at his full tide of Ambition ;  
 Has a breast so well Man'd, he fears not the thun-  
 Of those Bastards of fame, (der  
 That have got a Name  
 By Rapine and Plunder ;  
 But bravely despiseth,  
 The *Mock-Sun* that riseth :  
 He that's quiet within, what need he to care,  
 Though not worth a groat, h'as the whole world  
 (to spare.

2.

He's arm'd 'gainst the Chances and Changes of  
 And still meets his Fate, (State,  
 With

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With a Conquering Cup of the stoutest Cana-  
 Drinks healths to the best, (ry,  
 And he Wrangles with the rest,  
 Yet never is foyl'd, 'less his liquor miscarry ;  
 His thoughts are more soft then the bed that he  
 Who puts his cares to flight, (lies on ;  
 A Prince is o're Night,  
 And next Morn doth rise one ;  
 Let th' Fates do what they will,  
 He's the self-same Man still :  
 Scepters have Palfies, and Crowns too are shaking,  
 Who soundly doth sleep, need not keep others  
 (waking.

Then give us the Sack, <sup>3.</sup> let the Hen-hearted Cit,  
 Drink *Whey*, and submit,  
 His Cucumber Courage does ne're well till bea-  
 He, *Camel*-like, kneels, (ten ;  
 And his Burthen ne're feels,  
 Till his back become gall'd, and his carcasse  
 (near eaten ;  
 Has a spirit so poor, that ev'ry Fool rides him ;  
 He's soul-lesse, alone ;  
 At best, but a Drone,  
 And no Man abides him ;  
 He's a compact of Clay,  
 That will yield any way :  
 'Tis Sack and good Company sets the Soul free,  
 Like the Musick of that there's no Harmonie.

Upon

*Upon Cromwell's pulling out the Long  
Parliament. 1653.*

*The Alligory.*

1.

**A**S *Plutarch* doth write, ( a Man of known  
Credit )

A *Serpent* there was had a *Mutinous Tayle*,  
Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, that so oft had fed it,  
And would not permit it to lead, or prevaile:  
Is't not fit that by turns we Leaders should be  
Quoth the *Tayle*? follow me, as I've follow'd  
( thee.

2.

Now, the *Body* being grown too strong for the  
*Head*,

Quoth the *Head*, if it must be, then let it be so;  
For quietnesse sake I yield to be lead,

But fear that from hence some mischief will  
A thing so un-naturall never was read, (grow ;  
As the *Head* to turn *Tayle*, and the *Tayle* to turn  
( *Head*.

3.

A Monster like this, but of stranger Conditions,  
Engender'd there was in the year *thirty nine* ;  
Rebell'd 'gainst the *Head*, but with fawning  
*Petitions*,

To have him his Pow'r and his Right to resign;  
This Monster ( the truth on't to speak ) was begot  
By a *Mongrell Parson*, and that Hagg the *Scot*.

4 So



4.  
 So large and so mighty this *Tayle* grew in length,  
 That where e're it came, it swept all before it;  
 There was no resisting so pow'rfull a strength,  
 The *Head* at the last was forc't to implore it :  
 All our Castles and Towns this *Tayle* did subdue,  
 A sad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

5.  
 Above seven years Conflict this *Head* did endure,  
 With that Monsterous *Tayle*, and the Spawn it  
 begot :  
 During which time no Man's life was secure,  
 Our Goods and our Cattle all went to the Pot:  
 At last came a Champion with an Iron flayle,  
 And ended the strife 'twixt the *Head*, and the  
 ( *Tayle* :

6.  
 The *Head* being departed the *Body* began  
 To consult with the *Tayle* what wa: best to do;  
 St. George ( quoth the *Body* ) 'tis said was a Man,  
 But what can this thing be is called St. O.  
 Why he ( quoth the *Tayle* ) was one of our Rout,  
 And 'tis wonderous strange he should turn *Tayle*  
 (about.

7.  
 While thus they did argue in rust our St. O.  
 With Courage more keen then the Sword that  
 he wore;  
 Quoth he, ye are vile things, not fit here to grow:  
 Such Fiends ne're was known in this place  
 heretofore, (you,  
 The wealth and the fat of the Country doth feed  
 And now I do guesse it is high time to bleed you.  
 Y Some

8.

Some say that this *Tayle* wore the mark of a *P*,  
*O*, is a Letter in rank known before it;  
 How e're 't makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,  
 Save this, that I'm sure the *O* had the more wit;  
 There's no Man so blind, but may easily see  
 He hath added unto his small *O*, a tall *P*.

9.

My Story now ended come *viva St. George*,  
 That old true-blew Lad, and Hospitable-Saint,  
 Bring a Butt of good Sack to fill up my Gorge,  
 At this tale of *Head* and *Tayle* I almost faint;  
 Howe're let it pass; if you studdy upon't,  
 I hope you will neither make *Head* or *Tayle* on't.

### The Advice.

1.

**N**E're trouble thy self at the Times nor their  
 turnings,  
 Afflictions run circular, and wheele about,  
 Away with these Murmurings, and, these Heart-  
 burnings,  
 With the Juyce of the Grape wee'l quench the  
 Fire out,  
 Ne're chain, nor imprison thy Soul up in sorrow,  
 What fails us to day, may befriend us to morrow,  
 Wee'l scorn our Content from others to borrow.

2. Though

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2.  
Though Fortune hath left us wee'le strive to re-  
gain her,  
And court her with Cupps till her Favourite  
come,  
Then with a Courage untam'd wee'le maintain  
her,  
And silence the noyse of the Enemies Drum,  
Wee'le link her unto the Man most deserving,  
Shall keep her at work, as well as from starving,  
She shall not hereafter be at her own Carving.

3.  
I hold him a Novice in Humane affairs,  
Thinks whilings in State a wonderous thing,  
To daub up old Ruines with dirty repairs,  
And instead of a Scepter to set up a Sling.  
Such Atomes of Greatnesse are but Fortune's  
laughter,  
She fatteneth them up 'till they're fitted for  
slaughter,  
Then leaves them at *Tiburn* to Tittar and Tauter.

---

*Sharers in the Government.*

A MEDLEY.

To 8. several Tunes.

SOME say the World is but a Cheat,  
Troth we see't  
For the feet Y 2 Still

Still rebell against the Head,  
When Antipodian Rulers sway,  
Who'll obey?

Thus some say,

Shall we not his own steps tread?  
Pray were we not in the late Quarrel,  
All pick'd up in the same Barrel?

Then why that? or why this?  
Our hearts are as great as his.

Here is One that claims a share  
In the Scepter, and the Chaire,  
Though he cries Religion down,  
Hee's Ambitious for a Crown;  
Fain hee'd have his Head to shine  
Where his Father hangs his Signe,  
So he should, had I the Power  
In the twinkling of an how're  
I, of his disease would cure him.

*Harriſon.*

What think you of the Man of War,  
Whose Muzzle is the Sea-mans Star?  
Hee's Arm'd within, and Wall'd without  
To give the Rout, if that we dare;  
But faith the Dutch will hem him in,  
And make him either sink or swim;  
This is the News brought Mr. P —  
To which he lent scarce half an Eare.

*Blake*

There is one, and a sly one,  
In Scotland, lurks to quarter with the Lyon,  
He is your coming Man sir,  
Will lead the Van sir,  
Upon the least Commotion;

*Pick out the meaning  
if you can.*

He

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He wears a Coat with double-colours faced;  
On one side whereof the States is gravely placed,  
But on the other the Cavies rudely raced;  
Hold Ambodexter whither wilt thou go?

Then comes a stout Heart, *Lambert.*  
A Man very pert,  
Reaking with Revenge, for Disgrace;  
He swore he was true  
To give the Devil his due,  
And as firm as the Nose on his Face.

Another puts in *Ludlow.*  
To be a States Pin,  
Good reason it should be so,  
He can Circumvent  
A Parliament;  
Then why not Our *Oliver O*?

Some talk this, and some talk that, *what,*  
Some talk of New wars, and some they know not  
But well fare the Cavalier, for at a bare word,  
Hee's scarce left either Tongue or Sword.

Then Turbulent-spirited *Jack* bring *John Lil-*  
up the Reere, *born.*  
For thou hast a Spleene farr keener  
than any one here;  
Thou spurn'st at Authoritie, art Ambition's  
Minion,  
And boy, it like thy Soap to advance a New-fang-  
led Opinion;

Promotion's thy drift, to rule doth make thy  
Wits roame,  
But a Gibbet 'tis thought will stand betwixt  
thee and home.

*Upon Cromwell's refusing the  
Kingly Power.*

1.

**H**ow poor is his Spirit ? how lost is his Name,  
Deceiveth Opinion, and Curtail's his Fame?  
When as his Designs come near to their height,  
'Twixt *shall I* and *shall I*, suspect their own  
weight,

He has traffiqu'd for Honour, but lost the  
whole Freight :

He that's stout in the Front, not so in the Rear,  
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is Cow'd out by Fear.

2.

A small part of Honor to him doth belong,  
Consults not the Glory, but faints in the throng;  
That dares not embrace what his own Soul  
doth Vote,

But yields up Our Liberties to a Red-coat;  
Sure Midsummer's near, and some Men doth  
dote:

I like the bold Romanes, ( whose Fame ever  
rings )

That kept in Subjection such pittifull things.

3.

He that will be Bug-bear'd, is turn'd again Child,  
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to wield;

Examine

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Examine the Story, no Story you'll find,  
Saving the Story, *that Kat will to kind*, (blind;  
The World is deluded, the Common-wealth  
These false stamps of Honour prove but Copper-  
Mettle,  
And Fame sounds as loud from a Tinkers old  
Kettle.

4.  
He that past has the Pikes, and found Canon-free,  
Which shews that noe Curse from his Parents  
could be,

Had a Soul so devout, it made Killing a Trade;  
And now to retreat at the sent of a Blade  
Doth show of what Mold our *Knight-Errant*  
was made;

He that flaggies in his Flight, when's Ambition  
fores high,  
Doth stab his own Merit, & gives Fame the lye.

5.  
Then *Cicero*-like, yea Gown-men drench Cares,  
O re-whelm'd with your Own, and your Coun-  
tries Affairs;

And Pulpit-men too be as Airy as Wee;  
Do you but preach Sack up, we'll ne'r disagree,  
That Common-wealth's best that is the most  
free :

Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in  
our Crown,  
We can fancy a King up, or fancy Him down.

*The Encounter.*

## A SONG.

1.

**H**Ang the Presbyters Gill,  
 Bring a Pint of Sack Will,  
 More Orthodox of the two;  
 Though a slender dispute  
 Will strike the Elfe mute,  
 Hees one of the honestest Crue.

2.

In a Pint there's small heart,  
 Sirrah, bring us a Quart,  
 There's substance and vigor mer,  
 'Twill hold us in Play,  
 Some part of the day,  
 But we'll suck him before Sun-set.

3.

The daring old Pottle  
 Does now bid us Battle;  
 Let's try what his strength can do;  
 Keep your Ranks and your Files:  
 And for all his Wiles,  
 Wee'l tumble him down Staires too.

4.

The Stout-breasted Lumberd,  
 His Brains ne'r encumber'd  
 With drinking of Gallons three;  
*Triconius* was named,  
 And by *Cæsar* famed,  
 Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.



5.

If then Honour be in't,  
Why a pox should we flint  
Our selves of the fullness it bears?  
H' has lesse wit than an Ape  
In the blood of the Grape,  
Will not plunge himself o're head and ears.

6.

Then summon the Gallon,  
A stout Foe, and a tall One,  
And likely to hold us to't;  
Keep Coyn in your Purse,  
The Word is disburse,  
I'll warrant he falls at your foot.

7.

See, the bold Foe appears,  
May he falls that him fears;  
Keep you but close Order, and then  
We will give him the Rout,  
Be he never so stout,  
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

8.

Wee'l dreyn the whole Cellar,  
Pipes, Butts, and the Dweller,  
If the Wine does flow no faster;  
*Will*, when thou dost slack us,  
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,  
Wee'l Canethy Tun-belly'd Master.

*The Good Old Cause.*

**N**OW Lambert's sunk, and valiant M —  
 Does ape his General Cromwell,  
 And Arthur's Court, 'cause time is short,  
 Does rage like Devils from Hell;  
 Let's mark the fate and course of State,  
 Who rises when t'other is sinking,  
 And beleive when this is past  
 'Twill be our turn at last  
 To bring the Good Old Cause by drinking.

First, red nos'd *Nol* he swallowed all,  
 His colour shew'd he lov'd it:  
 But *Dick* his Son, as he were none,  
 Gav't off, and hath reprov'd it;  
 But that his foes made bridge of's nose,  
 And cry'd him down for a Protector,  
 Proving him to be a fool, that would undertake  
 And not drink and fight like *Hector*. (to rule,

The Grecian Lad, he drank like mad,  
 Minding no work above it;  
 And *Sans question* kill'd *Ephestion*,  
 Because he'd not approve it;  
 He got command, where God had land,  
 And like a *Maudlin* Yonker, (to sleep,  
 When he tippled all and wept, he laid him down  
 Having no more Worlds to conquer.

Rump-

## Part I. Rump Songs. 331

Rump-Parliament would needs invent  
An Oath of Abjuration, (into fashion :  
But Obedience and Allegiance are now come  
Then here's a bowl, with a heart and soul  
To Charles, and let all men say Amen to't,  
Though they brought the Father down  
From a triple Kingdom Crown,  
Wee'll drink the Son up agen to't.

---

### *The Protecting Brewer.*

A Brewer may be a Burgesse grave,  
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,  
That he the better may play the Knave,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,  
For there the Knavery first began,  
And brew most cunning Plots he can,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may put on a Nabal face,  
And march to the Wars with such a grace,  
That he may get a Captains place,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may speak so wonderful well,  
That he may raise strange things to tell,  
And so to be made a Collonel,  
*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,  
And raise his Fortunes, so that he  
Lieutenant-General may be,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer he may be all in all,  
And raise his Powers both great and small,  
That he may be a Lord General,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,  
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,  
And give the wicked world a rub,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer by's Excize and Rate,  
Will promise his Army he knows what,  
And set it upon the Colledge-gate,

*Which no body, &c.*

Methinks I hear one say to me,  
Pray why may not a Brewer be,  
Lord-Chancellor o'th' University,

*Which no body, &c.*

A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,  
When as he has drunk off his cup of Nectar,  
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector.

*Which no body, &c.*

Now here remans the strangest thing,  
How this Brewer about his Liquor did bring,  
To be an Emperour, or a King,

*Which no body, &c.*

A

A Brewer may do what he will,  
And rob the Church and State, to sell  
His soul unto the devil of hell,

*Which no body can deny:*

*The Power of the Sword.*

**L**AY by your Pleading, Law lyes a bleeding,  
Burn all your Studies down, and throw away  
your Reading;

Small power the Word has, and can afford us  
Not half so many Priviledges as the Sword has:  
It fosters your Masters, it plasters Disasters,  
And makes your Servants, quickly greater than  
their Masters;

It venters, it enters, it circles, it centers,  
And makes a Prentice free in spite of his In-  
dentures.

This takes off tall things, and sets up small things,  
This masters Money, though Money masters all  
things;

'Tis not in season, to talk of Reason,  
Or call it Legal, when the Sword will have it  
Treason;

It conquers the Crown too, the Furies and the  
Gown too,

This set up a Presbyter, and this pull'd him  
down too;

This subtil Deceiver, turn'd Bonnet to Beaver,  
Down drops a Bishop, and up starts a Weaver.

This

This fits a Lay-man to preach and pray man,  
 'Tis this can make a Lord of him that was a Dray-  
 man;

Forth from the dull pie, of Follies full pit,  
 This brought an Hebrew Iron-monger to the  
 Pulpit;

Such pittifull things be, more happier than  
 Kings be,

This got the Herauldry of *Timblebee* and *Slings-  
 bee*;

No Gospel can guide it, no Law can decide it,  
 In Church or State, untill the Sword hath sanc-  
 tify'd it.

Down goes the Law-tricks, for from that Matrix  
 Sprung holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbled down  
*St. Patrick's*;

The Sword prevails so highly in *Wales* too,  
*Shinkin ap Powel* cries, and swears Cuts-pluttera-  
 nails too;

In *Scotland* this Waster, did make such disaster,  
 They sent their Money back for which they sold  
 their Masters;

It batter'd so their *Dunkirke*, and did so the *Don  
 firke*,

That he is fled, and swears, the Devil is in *Dun-  
 kirke*.

He that can tower o'er him that is lower,  
 Would be but thought a Fool to put away his  
 Power;

Take Books and rent 'um, who would invent 'um,  
 When as the sword replies, *Negatur argumen-  
 tum?*

Your

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 335

Your grand Colledge Butlers, must stoop to your  
Sutlers,  
There's not a Library living like the Cutlers;  
The bloud that is spilt, Sir, hath gain'd all the  
gilt, Sir,  
Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the  
hilt, Sir.

---

*Cromwell's Coronation.*

**O** *Liver, Oliver*, take up thy Crown,  
For now thou hast made three Kingdoms  
thine own;  
Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation,  
To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppose:  
Whilst we thy good people are at thy Devotion,  
To fall down and worship thy terrible Nose.

To thee and thy Mermydons, *Oliver*, we,  
Do tender our homage as fits thy degree,  
We'll pay the Excise and Taxes, God blesse us,  
With fear and contrition, as penitents should,  
Whilst you, great Sir, vouchsafe to oppresse us,  
Not daring so much as in private to sould.

We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee and thy  
Sword,  
For now thou hast made thy self *Englands* sole  
Lord,  
By Mandate of Scripture, and Heavenly warrant,  
The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too;  
To

To *Charles* and his Kingdoms thou art Heir  
 apparent,  
 And born to rule over the *Turk* and the *Jew*.

Then *Oliver, Oliver*, get up and ride, (side;  
 Whilst Lords, Knights, and Gentry do run by thy  
 The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,  
 Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to  
 All Rebels of old are lost in their story, (thee :  
 Till thou plod'st along to the *Paddington-tree*.

### The BREWER.

To the Tune of the *Black-Smith*.

THEre many a Clinching Verse is made  
 In honour of the *Black-Smiths* trade,  
 But more of the *Brewer* may be said,  
*Which no body can deny.*

I need not much of this repeat,  
 The *Black-Smith* cannot be compleat,  
 Unlessse the *Brewer* do give him a heat,  
*Which no body can deny.*

When *Smug* unto the forge doth come,  
 Unlessse the *Brewer* doth liquor him home,  
 He'll never strike thy pot and my pot *Tom*.  
*Which no body can deny.*



## I.

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52

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30

2

Though *Jemy* gave the first assault,  
 The *Brewer* at last made them to halt,  
 And left them what the Cat left in the Mault.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle  
 Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,  
 For his Nose and Copper were both of one mettle,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Some Christian King began to quake,  
 And said, with the *Brewer* no quarrels we'll make,  
 We'll let him alone, as he Brews let him Bake,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He hath a strong and very stout heart,  
 And thought to be made an Emperor for't,  
 But the Devil put a spoke in his Cart,  
*Which no body can deny.*

If any intended to do him disgrace,  
 His fury would take off his head in the place,  
 He alway did carry his Furnesse in his face,  
*Which no body can deny.*

But yet by the way you must understand,  
 He kept his foes so under command,  
 That *Pride* could never get the upper hand,  
*Which no body can deny.*

He was a stout *Brewer*, of whom we may brag,  
 But now he is hurried away with a hag;  
 He brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,  
*Which no body can deny.*  
 And

## Part I. *Rump Songs.* 339

And now may all stout Souldiers say,  
Farewell the glory of the day,  
For the *Brewer* himself is turn'd to clay,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

Thus fell the brave *Brewer*, the bold son of slough-  
We need not to fear what shall follow after, (ter,  
For he dealt all his life time in fire and water,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

And if his Successor had had but his might,  
We had not been in a pittifull plight,  
But he was found many grains too light,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

Let's leave off singing, and drink off our Bub,  
Wee'll call for a Reckoning, and every man Club,  
For I think I have told you a *Tale of a Tub.*  
*Which nobody can deny.*

---

### *In imitation of Come my Daphne, a Dialogue between Pluto and Oliver.*

*Pluto.* **C**OME Imp Royal, come away, (day.  
Into black night we will turn bright

*Oliver.* 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?

*Pluto.* Come, follow to the Stygian fire,  
Where *Ireton* doth wait  
To welcome thee in state.

*Oliver.* Were I in bed with *Lamberts* wife,  
I'de quit those joyes for such a life.

340 *Rump Songs.* Part I.

*Pluto.* My Princely Nol make hast,  
For thee we keep a Fast.

*Oliver.* In these dismal shades will I  
Unto thee unfold my Villany.

*Pluto.* In my bosome I'll thee lay,  
For thy sake wee'l all keep holyday.

*Chorus.* Wee'l rage and roar, and fry in flames,  
And *Charles* himself shall see  
How damn'dly we agree,  
Yet scorn to change our Chains  
For his eternal diety.

*A Quirel betwixt Tower-hill and  
Tyburn.*

I'LE tell you a Story that never was told,  
A tale that hath both head and heel,  
And though by no Recorder inroll'd,  
I know you will find it as true as steel.

When General *Monck* was come to the Town,  
A little time after the Rump had the rout,  
When Loyalty rose, and Rebellion fell down,  
They say, that *Tower-hill* and *Tyburne* fell out.

Q'oth terrible *Tyburne* to lofty *Tower-hill*,  
Thy longed-for daies are come at last,  
And now thou wilt dayly thy belly fulfill  
With King-killers bloud whilst I must fast.

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 341

The High Court of Justice will come to the Bar,  
There to be cooked and dressed for thee,  
Whilst I, that live out of Town so far,  
Must only be fed by Fellony.

If *Treason* be counted the foulest fact,  
And dying be a *Traytor's* due,  
Then why should you all the glory exact?  
You know, they are fitter for me than you.

(long,  
To speak the plain truth, I have groan'd for them  
For when they had routed the Royal Root,  
And done the Kingdom so much wrong,  
I knew at the last they would come to't.

When *Titchburne* sate upon the Bench,  
Twirling his Chain in high degree,  
With a Beardless Chin, like a withered Wench,  
Thought I, the Bar is fitter for thee.

But then, with stately composed face,  
*Tower-hill* to *Tyburne* made reply,  
Do not complain, in such a Case  
Thou shalt have thy share as well as I.

There are a sort of Mongrels, which  
My Lordly Scaffold will disgrace:  
I know *Hugh Peters* his fingers itch  
To make a Pulpit of the place.

But take him *Tyburn*, he is thine own,  
Divide his quarters with thy knife,  
Who did pollute with flesh and bone  
The quarters of the Butchers wife.

The next among these Petticoat-Peers  
Is *Harry Martin*, take him thither,  
But he hath been addle so many years,  
That I fear he will hardly hang together.

There's *Hacker*, zealous *Tom Harrison* too,  
That boldly defends the bloody deed,  
He practizeth what the Jesuites do,  
To murder his King, as a part of his Creed.

There's single-eyed *Hewson* the Cobler of Fate,  
Translated into Buff and Feather,  
But bootless are all his seams of State (ther.  
When the soul is unript from the upper-lea-

Is this prophane mechanical Brood  
For me, that have been dignify'd  
With loyal *Land* and *Straffords* blood,  
And holy *Hewet*, who lately dy'd?

Do thou contrive with deadly *Dun*  
To send them to the River of *Stix*,  
'Tis pittie, since those Saints are gone, (mix.  
That Martyrs and Murtherers bloud should

Then do not fear me that I will  
Deprive thee of that fatal Day:  
'Tis fit those that their King did kill  
Should hang up in the Kings high-way.

My Priviledge, though I know it is large,  
Into thy hand I'll freely give it,  
For there is *Cook* that read the Kings Charge,  
Is only fit for the Devils tribute.

Then

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 343

Then taunting *Tyburn*, in great scorn,  
Did make *Tower-hill* this rude reply:  
So much rank bloud my stomack will turn,  
And thou shalt be sick as well as I.

These Traytors made those Martyrs bleed  
Upon the Block, that thou dost bear,  
And there it is fit they should dye for the deed;  
But *Tower-hill* cryed, they shall not come there.

With that grim *Tyburn* began to fret,  
And *Tower-hill* did look very grim:  
And sure as a Club they both would have met,  
But that the City did step between.

---

*The Bloody Bed-roll, or Treason displayed  
in its Colours.*

*Triumphing News for Cavaliers,  
The Rump smells strong, cast out by th' Peers.*

OLD OLIVER's gone to the Dogs,  
Oh! No I do mistake,  
Hee's gone in a Wherry  
Over the Ferry,  
Is call'd the *Stygian Lake*.  
But *Cerberus* that Great Porter  
Did read him such a Lecture,  
That made him to roar  
When he came a-shoar

Z 4

For

For being Lord Protector.

*News, news, news,*  
*Brave Cavaliers be merry,*  
*Cheer up your sad souls*  
*With Bacchus Bowls,*  
*Of Claret, White, and Sherry.*

Where is that Cursed Crew

Were of the last Kings Jury,

By thy damned soul

Go fetch them *Nol*

Quoth *Pluto* in his fury.

Where is old *Joan* thy wife?

Her Highness I would see,

Come let her in

She shall be my Queen,

For a Cuckold thou shalt be.

*News, news, &c.*

Make room for a *Ramping Lady*,

One of the Devils race,

This ugly Witch,

And nasty Bitch

Spat in the King's sweet face.

Ile make her a Lady of Honour,

Quoth *Pluto* let her in,

And open the door;

For this old Whore

Shall wait upon my Queen.

*News, news, &c.*

Here comes Sir HENRY MARTYN

As good as ever pist,

This



Part I. *Rump Songs.* 345

This wenching beast  
Had Whores at least  
A thousand on his list :  
This made the Devils laugh,  
So good a friend to see,  
At *Pluto's Court*  
There's better sport,  
Come thou shalt dwell with me.  
*News, news, &c.*

Bid *Caron* bring his Boat,  
Here comes a man of fame,  
Who hath waited here  
Above a year,  
**JACK BRADSHAW** is his name,  
O ho quoth *Pluto* then,  
As loud as he could yawl,  
By *Oliver's Nose*  
I did suppose  
Thou hadst been at *White-ball*.  
*News, news, &c.*

Thou'rt welcome to my Court,  
Here on my Scroul I find,  
I have in store  
A thousand more  
As Arrant Rogues behind.  
Why art thou sad quoth *Pluto*?  
My Servants must appear,  
Then do not grudge  
I'll make thee Judge  
Of all my Subjects here.  
*News, news, &c.*

Here

# 346 *Rump Songs.*

# Part I.

Here comes a friend of mine,  
 Make room for the Lord LISLE,  
     His guests at last  
     Did come so fast  
 That made old *Pluto* smile.  
 Thou must along with me,  
 Now 'tis too late to rue it,  
     Thy damned Soul  
     Is on my Scroul,  
 Remember Doctor *Hewet*.  
*News, news, &c.*

What is the Cause Sir ARTHUR  
 Your Pulses go so quick?  
     'Tis Bishops Lands  
     That's in your hands  
 VWhich makes them beat so thick.  
 Thy Oath of Abjuration  
 Was far a worser thing,  
     For the Devil and thou,  
     Did study how  
 VVe should abjure our KING.  
*News, news, &c.*

Next comes Sir HENRY MILD MAY  
 As good as ever twang'd,  
     VWhat Laws had we  
     VWhen he scap'd free  
 And honest men were hang'd?  
 Perhaps the KING's good grace  
 May pardon what is past,  
     But that's all one  
     At *Pluto's* Turone  
 Thou must appear at last,  
*News, news, &c.*

Shall

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

347

Shall *Traytors* be conceal'd?

Oh! no Sir HENRY VANE,

'Tis a pittifull thing

For our good KING

When *Traytors* are in grain.

If thou wilt take the pains,

Then pray thee go and look,

For I am told

Thou art enrol'd

In *Pluto's* bloody Book.

*News, news, &c.*

Here comes the *Learned* SPEAKER,

Whose baggs of Gold do rust,

Who would not hear

A *Cavalier*

Though his Cause were nere so just.

Corruption bears the sway

Where Justice is deny'd,

The Devil take him,

And Mr. P Y M,

And likewise Collonel P R I D E.

*News, news, &c.*

Make room for one-ey'd HEWSON,

A *Lord* of such account,

'Twas a pretty Jest

That such a Beast

Should to such honour mount.

When *Coblers* were in fashion,

And *Nighberds* in such graces;

'Twas sport to see

How P R I D E and he

Did

Did juffle for the Place.

*News, news, &c.*

What dreadfull ſhew is this ?

'Tis PRIDEAUX or his Ghoſt,

He makes ſuch haſt,

And comes ſo faſt,

I think He's riding Poſt.

A Lawyer if thou art,

Amongſt the damned ſouls,

At *Pluto's* Barre,

'Tis better farre

Then pleading at the Roles.

*News, news, &c.*

Oh welcome Dr. PETERS,

And Cornet YOYCE alſo,

One of theſe twain

Was worſe than *Cain*

That gave the deadly blow :

One of theſe *Cursed Rogues*

Was he that did the feat,

But ſome men ſay

'Twas that Lord GRAY

That made the work compleat.

*News, news, &c.*

A Boat for this Old Doctor

To croſs the River Styx,

For *Pluto* he

Deſired to ſee

Some of his Antick tricks;

My *Chaplain* thou ſhalt be,

What more can be deſired ?

Part I. *Rump Songs.*

349

Oh! quoth he  
That cannot be,  
My Leale is not expir'd.  
*News, news, &c.*

Oh! my *Rump*, my *Rump*, my *Rump*,  
My *Rump* smells wonderous strong,  
The blisters rise  
About my Thighs  
With voting here so long,  
My *Rump* is grown so sore,  
I can no longer sit,  
Hold up thy Bum,  
The Devil is come  
With a Plaister to cure it.  
*News, news, &c.*

When *Pluto* keeps his feast,  
The Rogues must all appear,  
And Mr. S C O T  
I had forgot,  
Must tast of this good Chear.  
Find out the Man, quoth *Pluto*,  
That is the greatest sinner,  
If C O O K be he  
Then C O O K shall be  
The Cook to Cook my dinner,  
*News, news, &c.*

God blesse the K I N G S good grace,  
And keep him from his foes,  
I wish the rather  
Because his Father,  
Had too too many of those.

God

God bleſſe the *Duke of YORK*,  
His *Sister*, and *Another*,

Accuſt be thoſe

That do oppoſe

The ſending for their *Mother*.

*News, news, news,*

*Brave Cavaliers* be merry,

*Cheer up your ſad ſouls*

*With Bacchus Bowls,*

*Of Claret, White, and Sherry.*

*The four Legg'd Elder ; or a Relation of  
a Horrible Dog and an Elders Maid.*

To the Tune of *The Ladies ſall* ; Or Gather  
your *Rose Buds*, and 50 other Tunes.

I.

**A**LL *Christians*, and *Lay-Elders* too,  
For ſhame amend your *Lives*,  
I'll tell you of a *Dog-trick* now,  
Which much concerns your *wives*.

An *Elder's Maid* near *Temple-bar*

(Ah what a *Quean* was ſhe ! )

Did take an ugly *Mastiſſ Cur*

Where *Christians* uſe to be:

*Help Houſe of Commons, Houſe of Peers !*

Oh now or never help !

*Th' Aſſembly* having ſate four years

Have now brought forth a *whelp* !

2.

One Evening late she slept aside,  
Pretending to fetch Eggs,  
And there she made her self a Bride  
To one that had four leggs:  
Her Master heard a Rumblement,  
And wonder'd she did tarry,  
Not dreaming (without his consent)  
His Dog would ever marry.  
*Help House of Commons, &c.*

3.

He went to peep, but was afraid,  
And hastily did run  
To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,  
Not knowing what was done;  
He took his *Ruling Elder's Cane*,  
And cry'd out, *Help, help here!*  
For *Swash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*  
Are now, *fight Dog, fight Bear.*  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

4.

But when he came he was full sorry,  
For he perceiv'd their strife,  
That according to the *Directory*  
These two were Dog and Wife:  
Ah (then he said) thou cruel *Quean*,  
Why hast thou me beguil'd?  
I wonder'd *Swash* was grown so lean,  
Poor Dog he's almost spoyl'd.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

5.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense  
But what's in other Lasses,

And

And could have quench'd thy Cupiscence  
 According to the *Classis*;  
 But all the Parish see it plain,  
 Since thou art in this pickle,  
 Thou art an *Independent Quean*,  
 And lov'st a *Conventicle*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

6.

Alas now each *Malignant Rogue*  
 Will all the world perfwade  
 That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,  
 May be an *Elder's Maid*;  
 They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,  
 Good Master *Elder* stay,  
 Sir, of what *Classis* is your Cur;  
 And then what can we say?  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

7.

They'll many graceless Ballads sing  
 Of a *Presbyterian*,  
 That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing  
 Made up half-Dog half-Man:  
 Out, out, (said he, and smote her down)  
 Was Mankind growa so scant?  
 There's scarce another Dog in town  
 Had took the *Covenant*.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

8.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,  
 And *Jane* did thus reply,  
 Sir, you thought nought too good for him,  
 You fed your Dog too high:  
 Tis true, he took me in the lurch,  
 And leapt into my arm,



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But (as I hope to come to Church)

I did your Dog no harm.

*Ob House of Commons, &c.*

9.

Then she was brought to *Newgate Gaol*;

And there was naked stript,

They whipt her till the Cord did fail,

As Dogs use to be whipt:

Poor City Maids shed many a tear

When she was lash'd and bang'd;

And had she been a *Cavalier*,

Surely she had been hang'd.

*Ob House of Commons, &c.*

10.

Her's was but *Fornication* found;

For which she felt the lash,

But his was *Buggery* presum'd,

Therefore they hanged *Swash*.

What will become of *Bishops* then,

Or *Independency*,

For now we find both Dogs and Men

Stand for *Presbytery*.

*Ob House of Commons, &c.*

11.

She might have took a *Sew-gelder*,

With *Synod-men* good store,

But she would have a *Lay-Elder*

With two legs, and two more.

Go tell the *Assembly of Divines*,

Tell *Adoniram Blew*,

Tell *Burges, Marshall, Case, and Vines*,

Tell *Now-and-Anon-too*.

*Ob House of Commons, &c.*

Aa

12. Some

12.

Some said she was a *Scotish* Girl,  
 Or else (at least) a Witch;  
 But she was born in *Colchester*,  
 Was ever such a Bitch!  
 Take heed all Christian Virgins now,  
 The *Dog-star* now prevails;  
 Ladies beware your Monkeys too,  
 For Moukeys have long tails.  
*Oh House of Commons, &c.*

13.

Blesse King and Queen, and send us peace,  
 As we had seven years since,  
 For we remember no *Dog-days*  
 While we enjoy'd our Prince:  
 Bless sweet Prince *Charles*, two Dukes, three Girls,  
 O save His Majesty!  
 Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*,  
 May lead such lives as He  
*Oh House of Commons, House of Peers!*  
*Oh now or never help!*  
*Th' Assembly having sate four years,*  
*Have now brought forth a whelp!*

### News from Colchester.

Or, A Proper new Ballad of certain Carnal passages  
 betwixt a *Quaker* and a *Colt*, at *Horsley* near *Col-*  
*chester* in *Essex*. To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam*.

1.

ALL in the Land of *Essex*,  
 Near *Colchester* the Zealous,

On

I. Part I. *Rump Songs.*

355

On the side of a bank,  
Was play'd such a Prank,  
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.

2.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*,  
For Brother *Green's* a Stallion,  
Now alas what hope  
Of converting the Pope,  
When a *Quaker* turns *Italian*!

3.

Even to our whole profession  
A scandall 'twill be counted,  
When 'tis talkt with disdain  
Amongst the Profane,  
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

4.

And in the Good time of Christmas,  
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,  
Yet when did they hear  
That a damn'd Cavalier  
Ere play'd such a Christmas gamball?

5.

Had thy flesh, O *Green*, been pamper'd  
With any Cates unhallow'd,  
Hadst thou sweetned thy Gums  
With Portage of Plums,  
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadst swallow'd.

6.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's-flesh,  
The Fiend might have crept into thee,  
Then fullnesse of gut  
Might have made thee rut,  
And the Devil have so rid through thee.

7.

But alas, he had been feasted  
 With a Spiritual Collation,  
     By our frugal Mayor,  
     Who can dine on a Prayer,  
 And sup on an Exhortation.

8.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,  
 Though he us'd the weapon carnal,  
     Filly Foal, quoth he,  
     My Bride thou shalt be:  
 And how this is lawfull, learn all.

9.

For if no respect of Persons  
 Be due 'mongst the sons of *Adam*,  
     In a large extent,  
     Thereby may be meant  
 That a *Mare's* as good as a *Madam*.

10.

Then without more Ceremony,  
 Not Bonnet vail'd, nor Kist her,  
     But took her by force,  
     For better for worse,  
 And us'd her like a Sister.

11.

Now when in such a Saddle  
 A Saint will needs be riding,  
     Though we dare not say  
     'Tis a falling away,  
 May there not be some back-sliding?

12.

No surely, quoth *James Nailor*,  
 'Twas but an insurrection

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Of the Carnal part,  
For a Quaker in heart  
Can never lose perfection.

13.

For (as our Masters teach us)  
The intent being well directed,  
Though the Devil trapan  
The Adamical man,  
The Saint stands un-infected.

14.

But alas a Pagan Jury  
Ne're judges what's intended,  
Then say what we can,  
Brother *Green's* out-ward man  
I fear will be suspended.

15.

And our Adopted Sister  
Will find no better quarter,  
But when him we inroul  
For a Saint, Filly Foal  
Shall passe her self for a Martyr.

16.

*Rome* that Spiritual *Sodome*,  
No longer is thy debter,  
*O'Colchester*, now  
Who's *Sodome* but thou,  
Even according to the Letter?

*The Four-legg'd Quaker.**To the Tune of The Four-legg'd Elder.*

1.

ALL that have two or but one ear,  
 (I dare not tell ye half)  
 You of an Essex Colt shall hear  
 Will shame their very Calf.  
 In Horsley Fields near Colchester  
 A Quaker would turn Trooper;  
 He caught a Foal and mounted her  
 (O base!) below the Crupper.  
*Help Lords, and Commons, once more help,  
 O send us Knives and Daggers!  
 For if the Quakers be not gelt  
 Your Troops will have the Staggers.*

2.

Ralph Green (it was this Varlet's name)  
 Of Colchester you'll swear,  
 For thence the Four-legg'd Elder came,  
 Was ever such a Pair!  
 But though 'twas foul 'tween Swash and Jane,  
 Yet this is ten times worse;  
 For then a Dog did play the Man,  
 But Man now play'd the Horse.  
*Help, &c.*

3.

The Owner of the Colt was nigh,  
 (Observing their Embrace)  
 And drawing nearer did espy  
 The Quaker's forrel Face:

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My Foal is ravish'd ( then he cries,  
 And fiercely at him ran )  
 Thou Rogue, I'll have thee haltered twice,  
 As Horse and eke as Man!  
*Help, &c.*

4.  
 Ah Devil, do'st thou tremble ? now  
 'Tis sore against thy will;  
 For Mares and preaching Ladies know  
 Thou hast a Colts tooth still :  
 But mine's not guilty of this Fact,  
 She was by thee compelled;  
 Poor thing, whom no man ever backt  
 Thou wickedly hast Bellied.  
*Help, &c.*

5.  
 O Friend ( said *Green*, with sighs and groans )  
 Let this thy wrath appease !  
 ( And gave him then eight new Half-crowns  
 To make him hold his peace )  
 The man reply'd, though I for this  
 Conceal thy Hugger Mugger,  
 Do'st think it lawfull for a Piece  
 A silly Foal to Bugger ?  
*Help, &c.*

6.  
 The Master saw his Colt defil'd,  
 Which vext his Soul with doubt;  
 For if his Filly prov'd with Childe  
 He knew All would come out :  
 Then he afresh began to rave,  
 ( For all his Money taking )  
 Neighbours, said he, I took this Knave  
 'Ich' very act of *Quaking*.  
*Help, &c.*      Aa 4

7. Then

7.

Then to the Pinfold ( Gaol I mean )  
 They dragg'd him by the Mane,  
 They call'd him Beast, and call'd her Quean,  
 As if she had been *Jane*.  
 O stone him ( all the Women cry'd )  
 Nay geld him ( which is worse )  
 Who scorn'd us all, and took a Bride  
 That's Daughter to a Horse !  
*Help, &c.*

8.

The Colt was silent all this while,  
 And therefore 'twas no Rape,  
 The Virgin foal he did beguile,  
 And so intends to scape:  
 For though he caught her in a Ditch  
 Where she could not revolt,  
 Yet he had no *Scott'sh* spurr nor Switch  
 To ride the willing Colt  
*Help, &c.*

9.

O *Essex*, *Essex*, *England's* pride,  
 Go burn this long-tail'd Quean,  
 For though the *Thames* runs by thy side,  
 It cannot wash thee clean !  
 'Tis not thy Bleating Sonn's complaints,  
 Hold forth such wanton courses,  
 Thy Oysters hint the very Saint  
 To horn the very Horses.  
*Help, &c.*

10.

Though they salute not in the Street  
 ( Because they are our Masters )  
 'Tis now reveal'd why *Quakers* meet  
 In Meadows, Woods, and Pastures.

But



But Horse-men, Mare-men, all and some

Who Man and Beast perplex,

Not only from *East-Horsley* come,

But from *West-Middle-Sex*.

*Help, &c.*

11.

This was not GREEN the *Feltmaker*,

Nor Willow GREEN the *Baker*,

Nor GEORGE the Sea-GREEN *Mariner*,

But RALPH the *Grasse-GREEN Quaker*,

Had GREEN the Sow-gelder but known,

And done his Office duly,

Though RALPH was GREEN when he came on,

He had come off most blewly.

*Help, &c.*

12.

Alas you know by Man's flesh came

The *Foul-disease* to *Naples*,

And now we fear the very same

Is broke into our *Stable*;

For Death hath stoln so many Steeds

From Prince and Peer, and Carrier,

That this new *Murrain* rather needs

a \* *FARRAR* than a *Farrier*

*Help, &c.*

[ \* *Physician*  
to the *Earl*

of *Pem-*

13.

Nay if this GREEN within the walls

Of *Colchester* left forces,

Those *Cavaliers* were *Caniballs*,

Eating his *Humane* Horses!

But some make Man their *second course*,

( In cool Blood will not spare )

Who butcher Men and favour Horse

Will couple with a Mare.

*Help, &c.*

brook, who  
is no *Quaker*.  
nor *Quacker*.

[ 14. This

14.

This *Centaur*, unquoth *Other* thing,  
Will make a dreadful Breach:

Yet though an *Ass* may speak or \*sing, \* A new Self  
O let not *Horses* preach!

But *bridle* such wilde *Colts* who can  
When they'll obey no *Summons*,  
For things begot 'tween *Mare* & *Man* *of young Men*  
*and Women,*  
*who pray, eat*  
*and sing ex*  
*tempore.*

Are neither *Lords* nor *Commons*.

*Help, &c.*

15.

O *Elders*, *Independants* too,

Though all your *Power's* combin'd;

*Quakers* will grow too strong for you

Now *Horse* and *Man* are joyn'd:

While *Cavaliers*, poor foolish *Rogues*,

Know only *Maids* Affairs,

*She-Presbyters* can deal with *Dogs*,

And *Quaking-men* with *Mares*.

*Help, &c.*

16.

Now as when *Milan* Town was rear'd,

A *Monstrous* Sow untam'd,

With *Back* half *Hair* half *Wool* appear'd,

'Twas *Mediolanum* nam'd:

So *Colchester* must have recourse

To some such four-legg'd *Sister*,

For sure as *Horsley* came from *Horse*,

From *Colt* 'twas call'd *Col-chester*.

*Help, Lords and Commons, &c.*

A JOLT on Michaelmas day 1654.

To the Tune of

*To himself that hath fool'd  
More than Mahomet could, &c.*

1.

IT fell on a day,  
When good People say  
St. Michael beat the Dragon,  
My Lord the Protector  
Did drive (like a Hector)  
A Coach instead of a \* Wagon.

\* Londinium  
petere solebat  
gestatorio, seu  
vehiculo com-  
muni.

2.

Because he did hear  
The Chareteer  
Did antiently wear a Crown,  
Up went the Horse-heels,  
Round round went the Wheelles,  
'Till his *Highbesse* came head-long down.

3.

He reign'd them so hard,  
They look'd back and were fear'd  
To see him so red and so grim  
Away then they fled,  
And though he us'd to lead,  
This *new-modell'd* Horse would lead him.

4. Buc

4.  
 But O how they snuff  
 When his Pistol flew off,  
 For which all the Saints suspect him,  
 Doth Providence attend him,  
 Thirty thousand defend him,  
 Yet a poor Pocket-pistol protect him ;

5.  
 How many a Hurl  
 Had poor Mr. \* *Thurl* —  
 — *Lo* ! He in the Coach did prank it :  
 He thought he had fate  
*Chief Secretary of State,*  
 But was toss'd like a Dog in a Blanket.

6.  
 Nay had they run faster  
 Hee'd follow his Master  
 Through all the Sceans of this Mad-show :  
 A Brewer, a Collonel,  
 A Preacher a General,  
 A Protector, a King — then comes *Bradshaw*.

7.  
 They slander my Lord  
 With a bug-bear Word,  
 That he did like *Phaeton* drive;  
 But his *Higness* try'd  
 Six Horses to guide,  
 And *Phaeton* had now five.

\* Vocem τῆς THURLO rithmicè respondentem nostrates  
 desiderant : nomen itaque (ipsius homulli instar crucis) hanc  
 τμῆσιν patitur ; nostroque vel versiculo , ac ipso curru,  
 huc illuc impellitur.

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8.

Mad *Phaeton* hurl'd  
Fire all o're the World,  
Then dead in a River was found:  
But my Lord had no ayme  
To set all in a flame,  
And never was born to be drown'd.

9.

'Twas *Nero* did strive  
Such Charets to drive,  
And publickly shew'd his Work;  
But when my Lord sticks  
Up his Bills to shew tricks,  
Hee'l undo th'other *dauncing Turk*.

10.

Put if you look high,  
There's some reason why  
These Jades did so fling and skip,  
For though we afford  
Him the *power of the Sword*,  
He had no command of the *Whip*.

11.

Enthron'd in his Chair  
(What a pox did He there?)  
He took such Protectorly courses,  
He seem'd Horse and Mule,  
But 'tis easier to rule  
Three Kingdoms, than six Horses.

12.

Not a day nor an hour  
But we felt his Power,  
And now he would shew us his Art:

His

His first Reproach  
Is a fall from a Coach,  
And his last will be from a Cart.

---

*The House out of Doors.*

April 20. 1653.

To the Tune of Cook Laurell.

1.

**Y**OU saw Eleven Members turn'd out of Doors,  
And 200. more were driven from home,  
And then their own Lords were voted down stairs,  
(When some of them crept into the Lower room:)  
We purg'd and we purg'd, but all would not do't,  
The Body had got such a damnable Paunch)  
Till OLIVER fell upon Branch and Root, (Branch.  
Then down with it, down with it, down Root and  
With a hey down, down a down down,  
Sing ho down down to make up the Ditty,  
With a hey down down a down down,  
The Parliament's broke as well as the City.

2.

These Remnant Members began to say  
Their General was fit to be had in suspicion;  
And offer'd to Vote his Commission away, (fion:  
As if (forsooth) they had given him his Commis-  
He did (yet did not) make use of his Sword,  
On Men that could vote, and vote, but no more;  
He

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He shew'd them his Hilt, and spake but a word,  
And that word blew the whole House out of  
*With a hey down, &c.* (door.  
*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

3.  
This day was *Strafford* all-to-be-Traitor'd,  
*Because (they say) He had an Intent*  
(As this day *Nol* the *Members* scatter'd) *April* 1641  
*By an Army to force the Parliament.* 20. } 1653

At which old *VANE* now rants and raves,  
For *Strafford's* bloud is not yet grown cold )  
And yet we must say while we speak of *Knaves*,  
The *Old* is the *Young*, and the *Young* is the *Old*.  
*With a hey down, &c.*  
*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

4.  
Sir *MILDMAY* then with his hand on his groin,  
( As fit for a *Knave of the Diamonds* ) stood :  
He eat the *Kings* Bread, & drank the *Kings* Wine,  
So long till at last he drank of his *Bloud*.  
So did *CORNELIUS HOLLAND* too,  
Whose share i'th' *Revenue* doth fill three *Pages*,  
But now when the *House* is broke up ( you know )  
'Tis fit *Household Servants* be paid their *Wages*.  
*With a hey down, &c.*  
*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

5.  
The Judge of *Morocco* ( *Treason HILL* )  
Devour'd at a *Morsell* all *Taunton Dean*,  
He keeps five *Chambers* i'th' *Temple*, but will  
( Now th' *House* is pull'd down ) be a *Hillock*  
again.  
And the *Devil* too for his *BOND* doth call,

Though

Though Dennis from Chamber to Chamber did  
He late Lord President at Whitehall, (hop,

But now must go home to sit in his shop.

*With a hey, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

6.

Now Alderman Fustian cocks not his Beaver,  
Who chang'd his Name from Perry to PURT,  
A Dean and a Bishop made out of a Weaver,  
That had been refus'd to be of a Jury :

He vow'd to leave not a Gentleman,

*Though every House were as big as Rome :*

In all bloody Votes he highest ran;

But now may run down to his Bottom and Loom.

*With a hey, &c.*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*

7.

Now look to your Wives, for I am inform'd

That carnal SCOT is again broke loose;

But the House that shelter'd his Lust is Reform'd

As he did the Hall of Lambeth-house;

(For he knew the High Commission sat there)

Both King and Cromwell he openly curs'd,

But Oliver now will pay his Arrear,

For of all kind of Scots the English is worst.

*With a hey down, down a down down,*

*Sing so down down to make up the Ditty,*

*With a hey down down a down down,*

*The Parliament's broke as well as the City.*



The RUMP.

December 26. 1659.

To the Tune of *The Blacksmith.*

Now Master & Prentice for Rimes must pump  
On Hab, \* Noll, Arthur, and Lawson Vantrump,  
A Long Parliament of a Short Rump. [St. John's.  
*Which no body can deny.*

For Wits and No-Wits now have an Itch  
To prepare some damnable tearing Switch  
For them whose very Face is a Breech.  
*Which, &c.*

Twelve years they sate above Kings and Queens,  
Full twelve, and then had enter'd their teens  
When Oliver came to out-sin their Sins.  
*Which, &c.*

And yet after all his signal Septembers, (bers  
Both he and his Babe, and his Orber-House Mem-  
Saw Rump was but asleep in its Embers.  
*Which, &c.*

For up it rose, then out 'twas blown,  
For Lambert and Rump like my Lady and Joan,  
Blew in and out till Rump blew out John.  
*Which, &c.*

And then it swell'd with such monstrous growth  
B b That

That by and by it broke out in the South,  
From whence it was called PORTS-MOUTH.

*Which, &c.*

From thence to *London* it rode tan-tivy,  
( Though *London* then wore *Holly* and *Ivy* )  
And sate at *Whitehall* in a Council-Privy.

*Which, &c.*

Then suddenly *Fleetwood* fell from Grace,  
And now cries *Heaven* bath spit in his face,  
Though he smelt it came from another place.

*Which, &c.*

*Janizary Desbrow* then look'd pale,  
For, said he, if this *Rump* prevail,  
'Twill blow me back to my old Plough-tayl,

*Which, &c.*

But when he felt his own Regiment kick,  
Oh, quoth he, this was my own Trick  
'Gainst my Brother *Nol* and my Nephew *Dick*,

*Which, &c.*

Now whom the Devil doth *Rump* represent ?  
'Twas This that Sir *Thomas Jermyn* meant  
When he call'd it a *Whipping Parliament*.

*Which, &c.*

We're stript of all shelter from the long *Robe*,  
As rich and warm as the Devil left *Job*,  
For Satan *Rump* sits Lord of the Globe.

*Which, &c.*

And

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And yet when all is examin'd and ponder'd,  
You'll find *three Kingdoms* enslav'd & plunder'd,  
For saying *Fourty* is lesse than *Four hundred*.

*Which, &c.*

And now behold the Sign is in *Clune*,  
But if *Monck* be honest or wise, then soon he  
Makes *Rump* but the *Italian's Domo Communi*.

*Which, &c.*

Heaven blest the *King*, with his two brave *Brothers*,  
From *Rumps* and *Lords* of the *House* call'd *Others*,  
And hang these *Rumping* Sons of their Mothers.

*Which, &c.*

And that He may blesse both Us and our Heirs,  
Let all the Members of *Commons* and *Peers*,  
Turn honest as He that wants his Ears.

*Which nobody can deny.*

---

*Sir Eglamor and the Dragon:*

*Or a Relation how Generall George Monck slew  
a most Cruell Dragon Febr. 11. 1659.*

*To the Tune of Sir Eglamor.*

I.

**G**enerall George that Valiant wight,  
He took his Sword and he would go fight,  
And as he rode through *London Town*,  
Men, Women, Posts, and Gates, fell down.

B b 2

2. But

2.

But turning about towards *Westminster*,  
 He saw it must come to *Fight Dog, Fight Bear*,  
 For there an old Dragon late in its Den,  
 Had devour'd (God knows how many) brave Men.

3.

This Dragon it was and a monstrous Beast,  
 With fourty or fifty heads at least,  
 And still as this Dragon drank down Blood,  
 Those heads would wag and cry *good---good---good!*

4.

No *Hidra* nor *Leviathan*,  
 For every Head look'd like a Man,  
 And yet they all grew *Hidra*-wise,  
 For cut off one and another would rise

5.

Besides it had most Devilish claws,  
 Call'd *Committees* of the *Good Old Cause*;  
 But Devil and his Dam had no such Paunch  
 As this which swallow'd *Knot and Branch*.

6.

It swallow'd Churches, Pallaces,  
 Forrests, islands, Lands, and Seas,  
 Cathedrall Choires it made but a Sallad,  
 And left not a man to sing a Ballad.

7.

But that which made this Dragon prevaile,  
 Was a damnable Sting stuck in its *Tayle*,  
 This *Tayle* 'gainst Christendom made Wars,  
 And swept down all St. *Georges Stars*.

8.

Then *Ægypt's* Plagues we understood,  
*Darknesse, Rivers* turn'd to *Blood*,

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Upstart *Vermin* thick as wooll,  
And *Frogs* and *Locusts* Pulpits full.

9.

Yet that which most did *Plague* these *Isles*,  
Three Kingdoms lay so sick of th' *Piles*,  
For every man in dolefull dump  
Was tortur'd with a *Bloody Rump*.

10.

But as in its Den this *Dragon* did sit,  
*George* gave it many a gay good hit,  
Though then he had no *Sword* nor *Sythe* on,  
But fought as *Phaëus* slew old *Python*.

11.

For *George* shot at him a flaming *Letter*,  
(Which some then thought might have been bet-  
He wipe'd the *Rump* away with a *Paper*, (ter)  
And out it flew like a stinking *Vapour*.

12.

Now *London* had her own desire,  
For every *Street* was pav'd with fire,  
All Men and Bells with many a thump,  
Cry'd *Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-Rump-R.*

13.

Six thousand fifty *Bone-fires* then,  
(By twenty more then th' *Army* had Men)  
O monstrous *Rump*, that thus requires  
(Though but half broyl'd) six thousand *Fires*!

14.

This very day that *Rump* was burn'd,  
Old *Magna Charta* was confirm'd;  
This day they Voted that monstrous thing, *Febr.*  
That no *Addresses* be made to the King. 11. 1647.

15.

Now God bleſs Charles, & ~~York~~, & Glouceſter,  
 From many or from one Impoſtor,  
 May Kings, and Peers, and Commons joyn  
 To ſave us both from Rump and Loyn.

*The Cities Feaſt to the Lord Protector.*

*To the Tune of Cook Laurell.*

SIR Mayor invites his Highneſſe his gueſt,  
 And bids him to Grocers-Hall to dinner,  
 There never was Saint at ſo great a Feaſt  
 Provided him at the Charge of a Sinner.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

And what was the day do you think, without jeſt-  
 Of all the year it was *Aſh-wedneſday*, (ing,  
 This pious Reformer ſet apart for his Feaſting,  
 When all good Chriſtians ſhould Faſt and Pray.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

The Souldiers in cluſters throng'd for place,  
 To ſee this Monſter of their own making,  
 And ſaid it was a Protector's grace,  
 But that it wanted not much of *A King*.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

The Bucks of the City in herds were met,  
 And were paled in with a very good fence,  
 But what their *Does* did, I cannot tell yet,  
 Of that ye may hear three quarters hence.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

With

Part I. *Rump Songs.* 375

With that the Recorder marcht up to the Hall  
With a dish of Divinity dreft for his palate,  
And laid before him a shoulder of *Saul*,  
With a favory *family* by for a salate.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

His Highness commanded to lay it by,  
'Twas fit for his people he'd make it known,  
And they should have it, good reason why,  
For they wanted more shoulders than their own.

*With a ran tan ibe Devil is dead.*

A dish of Delinquents heads in a Charger  
Was sent as a present from Goldsmiths Hall,  
He wisht his stomach ten times larger,  
Yet made a long neck and poach'd them all.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

A Prelate was next, and to him he buckles,  
With a Bishoprick truss'd before and behind,  
His Highness was in with him up to the knuckles,  
And to his own kitchen the skuers assign'd.

*Wub aran tan the Divel is dead.*

His Highness then call'd for a boule of Canary,  
And drank so deep that it made him reel,  
He to's'd it to *Lambert*, and *Lambert* to *Harry*,  
And *Harry* to the *Mayor*, and the *Mayor* to *Steel*.

*With a rantan the Devil is dead.*

When Dinner was ended, away to the banquet,  
Where snatching of Sugar-plums one from ano-  
ther,  
Hal fill'd up his pockets, and said God be thank-  
ed, B b 4 And

# 376 Rump Songs. Part I.

And carried them home to his Lady Mother.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

Then his Highness commanded the Mayor to kneel,  
The Beast of the City was soon on his knees,  
He made him a Knight with iron and steel,  
And bid him rise up, and pay him his fees.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

Up rose my Lords worship and made him a leg,  
With that the Knight-maker did give him the  
Sword;

His Highness did spice him without a nutmeg,  
When he made a bad Knight of a pittifull Lord.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

When he left the City he broke a jest,  
His words were pithy, and I'll repeat them,  
Farewell (quoth his Highness) thou spur-gall'd Beast,  
Fools make the Feasts, and wise men eat them.

*With a ran tan the Devil is dead.*

---

FINIS.





# RUMP SONGS.

---

## The Second Part.

---

*The Re-zurrec-tion of the RUMP. Or,  
Rebellion and Tyranny revived.*

*To the Tune of the Blacksmith.*

**I**F none be offended with the scent,  
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content,  
To sing of the *Rump* of a Parliament.  
*Which no body can deny.*

I have sometimes fed on a *Rump* in Sowse,  
And a man may imagine the *Rump* of a Lowse;  
But till now was ne're heard of the *Rump* of a  
House.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There's a *Rump* of Beef, and the *Rump* of a Goose,  
And a *Rump* whose neck was hang'd in a Noose;  
But ours is a *Rump* can play fast and loose.  
*Which no body can deny.*

A Rump had *Jane Shore*, and a Rump *Messaleen*,  
 And a Rump had *Antonies* resolute *Queen*;  
 But such a Rump as ours is, never was seen,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Two short years together we *English* have scarce  
 Been rid of thy Rampant Nose ( *Old Mars* )  
 But now thou hast got a prodigious *Arse*.  
*Which no body can deny*

When the parts of the Body did all fall out,  
 Some Votes it is like did pass for the Snout;  
 But that the Rump should be King was never a  
 doubt. *Which no body can deny.*

A Cat has a Rump, and a Cat has nine Lives,  
 Yet when her Head's off, her Rump never strives;  
 But our Rump from the Grave hath made two  
 Retrives. *Which no body can deny.*

That the Rump may all their Enemies quail,  
 They'll borrow the Devils Coat of Mayl,  
 And all to defend their Estate in Tayl.  
*Which no body can deny.*

But though their scale now seems to be th'upper,  
 There's no need of the charge of a Thanksgiving,  
 supper,  
 For if they be the Rump, the Armi's their Crupper.  
*Which no body can deny.*

There's a Saying belongs to the Rump,  
 Which is good although it be worn to the Hump,  
 That on the Buttocks I'll give thee a Thump.  
*Which no body can deny.* There's

## Part II. Rump Songs. 3

There's a Proverb in w<sup>ch</sup> the *Rump* claims a part;  
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,  
That for all you can do I care not a Fart.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's another Proverb gives the *Rump* for his  
But Alderman *Atkins* made it a Jest, (Crest,  
That of All kind of Lucks, *shitten* Luck is the best.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's another Proverb that never will fail,  
That the *good* the *Rump* will do when they pre-  
Is to give us a Flop with a Fox-tail. (vail

*Which no body can deny.*

There is a Saying which is made by no Fools,  
I never can hear on't, but my heart it cools,  
That the *Rump* will spend all we have in Close-  
stools.

*Which no body can deny.*

There's an Observation wise and deep,  
Which without an *Onion* will make me to weep,  
That Flyes will blow Maggots in the *Rump* of a  
Sheep.

*Which no body can deny.*

And some that can see the wood from the trees,  
Say, this sanctified *Rump* in time we may leese;  
For the *Cooks* do challenge the *Rumps* for their  
Fees.

*Which no body can deny.*

When the *Rump* do sit wee'l make it our Moan,  
That a Reason be enacted if there be not one,  
Why a Fart hath a tongue, and a Fyest hath none.

*Which no body can deny.*

And

## 4 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

And whilst within the Walls they lurk,  
To satisfie us, will be a good work,  
Who hath most Religion, the *Rump* or the *Turk*,  
*Which no body can deny.*

A *Rump's* a Fag-end, like the haulk of a *Furrow*,  
And is to the whole like the *Jail* to the *Burrough*,  
'Tis the *Bran* that is left when the *Meal* is run  
thorough, *Which no body can deny.*

Consider the *World*, the *Heav'n* is the *Head* on't,  
The *Earth* is the middle, and we men are fed on't;  
But *Hell* is the *Rump*, and no more can be fed on't.  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Fleſcere ſi nequeunt Superos Acharonta movebunt.*

### *A New-Years-Gift for the R U M P.*

**Y**OU may have heard of the *Politick Snout*,  
Or a tale of a *Tub* with the bottom out,  
But scarce of a *Parliament* in a *ſhitten Clout*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

'Twas *Atkins* firſt ſerv'd this *Rump* in with *Mustard*,  
The ſawce was a compound of *Courage* and *Cuſtards*:  
*Sir Vane* bleſ'd the Creature: Not ſuſt'd & bluſter'd.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The *Right* was then in *Old Oliver's Noſe*,  
But when the *Devil* of that did diſpoſe,

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 5

It descended from thence to the *Rump* in the cloze.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Nor is it likely there to stay long,  
The Retentive Faculties being gone,  
The *Juggle* is stale, and *Money* there's none.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Secluded Members made a Tryal  
To Enter, but them the *Rump* did defie all  
By the Ordinance of Self-denyal.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Our Politique Doctors do us Teach,  
That a Blood-sucking Red-coat's as good as a Leech,  
To Relieve the Head, if applyed to the Breech.  
*Which no body can deny.*

But never was such a *Worm* as *Vane*;  
When the State scorn'd last, it voided him then,  
Yet now he's crept into the *Rump* again.  
*Which no body can deny.*

*Ludlow's Fart*, was a Propbetique Trump:  
( There was never any thing so Jump )  
Twas the very Type, of a Vote of this *Rump*.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They say 'tis good Luck, when a Body rises  
With the *Rump* upward ; but he that advises  
To Live in that Posture is none of the wisest.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Reason is worse, though the time be untoward,  
When

When things proceed with the wrong end forward;  
But they talk of sad news to the Rump from the  
Norward. *VVhich no body can deny.*

'Twas a wonderfull thing the strength of that Part,  
At a Blast, it will take you a Team from a Cart;  
And Blow a Man's Head away with a Fart.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

When our Brains are Sunck below the Middle,  
And our Consciences steer'd by the key down- diddle,  
Then things will go round without a Fiddle.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

You may order the City with a Hand-Granado,  
Or the General with a Bastonado,  
But no way for a Rump like a Carbonado.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

To make us as famous in Counsel, as VVars,  
Here's Lenthal, a Speaker for mine——  
And Fleetwood is a Man of Mars.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

'Tis pittty that Nedhams Fall'n into Disgrace,  
For he orders a Bum with a marvailous Grace,  
And ought to attend the Rump by his Place.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

Yet this in despite of all Disasters,  
Although he hath Broken the Heads of his Masters,  
'Tis still his Profession, to give 'em all Plasters.  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

Let

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 7

Let 'em cry down the Pope, till their Throats  
are sore,

Their Design was to bring him in at the back door,  
For the Rump has a mind to the Scarlet-whore.  
*Which no body can deny.*

And this is a truth at all hands confest,  
However unskillfull in any of the rest;  
The Rump speaks the Language of the Beast.  
*Which no body can deny.*

They talk that Lambert is like to be try'd  
For Treason, and Buggery beside,  
Because that he did the Rump bestride.  
*Which no body can deny.*

The Rump's an old Story, if well understood  
'Tis a thing dress'd up in a Parliaments Hood,  
And lik't; but the Taile stands where the Head  
should.  
*Which no body can deny.*

'Twould make a man scratch where it does not itch,  
To see forty Fools heads in one Politick breech,  
And that --hugging the Nation as the Devil did the  
Witch.  
*Which no body can deny.*

From rotten Members preserve our Wives: (Lives,  
From the mercy of a Rump, our Estates and our  
For they must needs go, whom the Devil drives.  
*Which no body can deny.*

*A New Ballad.*

To an Old Tune, *Tom of Bedlam.*

**M**ake room for an honest Redcoat,  
 ( And that you'l say's a wonder )  
 The Gun, and the Blade,  
 Are his Tools, ——— and his Trade,  
 Is for Pay, to Kill and Plunder.  
 Then away with the Laws,  
 And the Good Old Cause,  
 Ne'r talko' the Rump or the Charter,  
 'Tis the Cash does the feat,  
 All the rest's but a Cheat,  
 Without That, there's no Faith nor Quarter.

'Tis the Mark of our Coin, GOD WITH U',  
 And the Grace of the Lord go along with't,  
 When the Georges are flown,  
 Then the Cause goes down,  
 For the Lord is departed from it.  
 Then away, &c.

For Rome, or for Geneva,  
 For the Table, or the Altar,  
 This spawn of a Vote,  
 He cares not a Groat ———  
 For the Pence, hee's your dog in a Halter.  
 Then away, &c.

Tho' the Name of King or Bishop,



## Part II. Rump Songs.

9

To Nostrils pure may be *Loathsome*;  
Yet many there are,  
That agree with the *Maïor*,  
That their *Lands* are wondrous toothsome.  
*Then away, &c.*

When our Masters are Poor, we Leave 'em,  
'Tis the *Golden Calf* we bow too;  
*VVe kill, and we slay,*  
Not for Conscience, but Pay;  
Give us *That*, wee'l fight for you too:  
*Then away, &c.*

'Twas *That* first turned the *King* out;  
The *Lords*, next: then, the *Commons*:  
'Twas that kept up *Nol*,  
Till the Devil fetch'd his Soul;  
And then it set the *Bum* on's.  
*Then away, &c.*

*Drunken Dick* was a *Lame Protector*,  
And *Fleetwood* a *Backslider*:  
These we served as the rest,  
But the *City's* the *Beast*  
That will never cast her *Rider*.  
*Then away, &c.*

When the *Maïor* holds the *Stirrop*,  
And the *Shreeves* cry, *God speed your Honours*:  
Then 'tis but a *Jump*,  
And up goes the *Rump*,  
That will spur to the Devil upon us.  
*Then away, &c.*

And now for a fling at your *Thimbles*,  
Your *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *VVhyttles*,

Cc

1a

In truck for your Toyes,  
 We'll fit you with Boyes :  
 ('Tis the doctrine of *Hugh's Epistles.*)  
*Then away, &c.*

When your *Plate* is gone, and your *Jewells*,  
 You must next be entreated  
 To part with your *Bags*,  
 And strip you to *Rags*,  
 And yet not think y'are cheated.  
*Then away, &c.*

The truth is, the *Town* deserves it ;  
 'Tis a *Brainless, Heartless Monster* :  
 At a *Clubb* they may *Bawl*,  
 Or *Declare* at their *Hall*,  
 And yet at a push, not one stir.  
*Then away, &c.*

*Sir Arthur* vows he'll treat 'em,  
 Far worse than the *Men of Chester*,  
 He's *Bold*, now they're *Cow'd*,  
 But was nothing so *Low'd*  
 When he lay in the ditch at *Lester*.  
*Then away, &c.*

The Lord hath left *John Lambert*,  
 And the *Spirit*, *Feaks Anointed*,  
 But why oh Lord,  
 Hast thou sheathed thy *Sword*?  
 Lo, thy *Saints* are disappointed.  
*Then away, &c.*

Tho' *Sir Henry* be departed :

Part II. *Rump Songs.*

Sir *John* makes good the placenow,  
 And to help on the work  
 Of the Glorious *Kirk*,  
 Our *Brethren* march apace too.  
*Then away, &c.*

While *Divines*, and *States-men* wrangle,  
 Let the *Rump-ridden* Nation bite on't,  
 There are none but we  
 That are sure to go free,  
 For the *Souldier's* still in the right on't.  
*Then away, &c.*

If our *Masters* won't supply us,  
 With *Money, Food, and Clothing* :  
 Let the *State* look to't,  
 We'll ha' one that will do't,  
 Let him live, ——— we'll not damn for nothing  
*Then away with the Laws,*  
*And the Good Old Cause,*  
*Ne'r talk o' the Rump or the Charter,*  
*'Tis the Cash does the Feat,*  
*All the rest's but a Cheat,*  
*Without That there's no Faith, nor Quarter.*

*The Breech wash'd by a Friend to the*  
*R U M P.*

To the Tune of *Old Simon the King.*

**I**N an humour of late I was,  
 Ycleped a dolefull dump.

C c 2

Thought

Thought I---we're at a fine pass;  
 Not a man stands up for the *Rump*:  
 But lets be *lashed* o'r and o'r. ●  
 While it lies like a senceless Fop. ---  
 'Twould make a man a *Whore*,  
 To see a *Tail* tew'd like a *Top*.  
 Though a *Rump* be a dangerous bit,  
 And many a *Knave* runs mad on't,  
 Yet verily as it may bit,  
 An honest man may be glad on't.

To abuse a poor, *Blind Creature*---  
 I had like to have said and a *Dumb*;  
 But now it has gotten a *Speaker*,  
 And *Say* is the *Mouth* of the *Bum*,  
 When *Besse* rul'd the *Land* there was no man  
 Complain'd, and yet now they rail :  
 I beseech you what differs a *Woman*  
 From a thing that's all *Tongue*, and *Tayle* ?  
 Though a *Rump*, &c.

The *Charter* we've sworn to defend,  
 And propagate the *Cause*.  
 What call yethose of the *Rump-end*  
 But *Fundamental Laws* ?  
 The *Case* is as clear as the *Day*,  
 There had been no *Reformation*,  
 If the *Rump* had claw'd it away,  
 You had had no *Propagation*.  
 Though a *Rump*, &c.

As a *Bodie's* the better for a *Purge*,  
 Tho' the *Guts* may be troubled with *Gripes* :  
 So the *Nation* will mend with a *Scourge*,  
 Tho'

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 13

Tho' the *Tayle* may be sick of the *Stripes*.  
Ill humours to conveigh,  
When the *State* hath taken a *Looseness*,  
( Who can hold what will away ?  
The *Rump* must do the *Business*.  
Though a *Rump*, &c.

The bold *Cavalier*, in the *Field*,  
That laughs at your *Sword*, and *Gun-shot*,  
An *Ord'nance* makes him to yield,  
And he's glad to turn *Tail* to *Bum-shot*.  
Old *Oliver* was a *Teazer*,  
And waged warr with the *Stump*;  
But *Alexander*, and *Cesar*  
Did both submit to the *Rump*.  
Though a *Rump*, &c.

Let no man be further misled  
By an *Errour*, past *Debate* ;  
For *Sedgwick* has prov'd it the *Head*,  
As well of the *Church* as the *State*;  
*Honest Hugh* : that still turns up the *Tippets*,  
When he *Kneels* to *Administer*;  
Says--- a *Rump*, with *Skippons* *sippets*,  
Is a *Dish* for a *Holy Sister*.  
Though a *Rump*, &c.

We're all the better for't,  
'Tis the *Fountain* of *Love*, and of *Life*.  
'Tis that makes the *sport*,  
Keeps the *peace* betwixt *Man*, and *Wife*.  
Oh; --- happy all they that have spent  
Their *Bloud*, and *Estates* on the *Breech*,

## 14 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

For they're sure, at last to *Repent*;  
And they'd better dye *Honest* than *Rich* !  
*Though a Rump, &c.*

Through *Pride* of *Flesh*, or *State*,  
*Poor Souls* are *overthrown* :  
How happy then is our *Fate* ?  
*We've a Rump* to take us down :  
In matters of *Faith* 'tis true,  
Some differings there may be,  
But give the *Saints* their due,  
In the *Rump* they all agree.  
*Though a Rump, &c.*

'Tis good at *Bed*, and at *Board*;  
It gives us *Pleasure* and *Ease*,  
Will you have the rest in a word ?  
'Tis good for the new disease,  
( *The Tumult of the Guts* )  
'Tis a *Recipe* for the *Kings Evil*,  
Wash the *Members* as sweet as *Nuts*,  
And then throw them all to the *Devil*.  
*Though a Rump* be a dangerous *Bit*,  
And many a *Knave* runs mad on't,  
Yet, verily, as it may bit,  
An honest man may be glad on't.

*Chipp's*

Part II. . *Rump Songs.* 15

*Chipp's of the Old Block ; or, Hercules  
Cleansing the Augean Stable.*

To the Tune of *The Sword.*

1.

**N**OW by your good leave Sirs,  
Shall see the Rump can cleave Sirs,  
And what Chips from this Treacherous Block  
Will come you may conceive Sirs.

2.

*Lentball's* the first o' the Lump sure,  
A Fart and he may jump sure,  
For both do stink, and both we know  
Are Speakers of the Rump sure.

3.

That Mine of Fraud Sir *Arthur*,  
His Soul for Lands will barter,  
And if you'd ride to Hell in a Wayn  
Hee's fit to make your Carter,

4.

Sir *Harry Vane*, God bleffe us,  
To Popery he would press us,  
And for the Devils Dinner he,  
The *Romane* way would dress us.

5.

*Harry Martin* never mist-a  
To love the wanton *Twist-a*,  
And lustfull *Aretines* bawdy Leaves  
Are his Evangelist-a.

6.

Harry Nevill's no Wigeon,  
His Practise truly stygian  
Makes it a Master-piece of wit  
To be of no Religion.

7.

But my good Lord Glyn Man,  
Pride is a deadly sin Man,  
Cots plultera nails few Traytors be  
Like you of all your kin Man.

8.

If Saint-John be a Saint Sir,  
He hath a devilish Taynt Sir,  
While Straffords blood in Heavens High Court  
Of Justice makes complaint Sir.

9.

Doctor Palmers all day sleeping,  
And into his Heart ne're peeping,  
'Tis ill he that neglects his own,  
Should have All-souls in keeping

10.

VWill Bruertons a sinner,  
And, Croyden knows, a Winner,  
But O take heed least he do eat  
The Rump all at one Dinner.

11.

Robin Andrews is a Miser,  
Of Coblers no despiser,  
And could they vamp him a new head,  
Perhaps he would be Wiser.

12.

But Baron VWild come out here,  
Shew your Ferret Face and Snout here,  
For you being both a Fool and Knave  
Are a Monster in the Rout here.

13 Nick



13.

Nick Leckmere Loyalty needs still,  
And on Weather-Cocks he feeds still,  
If Heathen, Turk or Jew should come,  
So he would change his Creed still.

14.

There's half-witted *VWill Say* too,  
A right fool in the Play too,  
That would make a perfect Ass,  
If he could learn to Bray too.

15.

*Cornelius* thou wert a Link-boy,  
And born 'tis like, in a Sink boy,  
Ide tell thy Knavery to the World,  
But thy pitch sticks in my ink boy.

16.

Baron *Hill* was but a Valley,  
And born scarce to an Alley,  
But now is Lord of *Taunton Dean*  
And thousands he can Ralley.

17.

But if you ask the Nation,  
Whence came his Elevation?  
They'll say he was not raised by God,  
But by our inundation.

18.

Lord *Fines* he will not Mall men,  
For he likes not death of all men,  
And his heart doth go to Pit to Pat,  
When to Battle he should call men.

19.

Perfideous *VWhitlock* ever,  
Hath mischiefs under's *Beaver*,  
And for his ends will put the World  
Into a burning Feavour.

20. *Ashley*

20.

*Ashley Cowper* knew a Reason,  
That Treachery was in season,  
When at the first he turned his coat  
From Loyalty to Treason.

21.

And gouty Master *Wallop*,  
Now thinks he hath the Ballop,  
But though he trotted to the Rump,  
Hee'l run away a Gallop:

22.

There's *Carew Rawleigh* by him,  
All good men do defie him,  
And they that think him not a Knave,  
I wish they would but try him.

23.

*Luke Robinson* that Clownado,  
Though his heart be a Granado,  
Yet a High-shoos with his hands in his Poke,  
Is his most perfect shadow.

24.

*Salloway* with Tobacco,  
Inspired, turn'd State Quacko;  
And got more by his feigned zeal,  
Then by his *What de'e lack bo*.

25.

But *List* is half forgotten,  
Who oft is over-shotten,  
For just like Harp and Gridiron  
His brains with Law do Gotten.

26.

Lord *Monson*'s next the Bencher,  
Who waited with a Trencher,  
Now his tail is jerk'd at home and abroad,  
For he's a feeble Wencher.

We

## Part II. *Rump Songs.*

19

27.

We hear from Sir *John Lentball*,  
Though his gouty Lord hath spent all,  
His Rump's plac'd wrong, but 'tis his face  
That is right Fundamental,

28.

What Knaves are more to be vext, Sirs,  
You'll hear when I sing next, Sirs,  
For now my Muse is tir'd with this  
Abominable text, Sirs.

*Ridentem dicere verum, Quid vetat ?*

---

### *Rump Rampant, or the Sweet Old Cause in Sippets.*

To the Tune of,  
*Last Parliament sat as snug as a Cat.*

**I**N the name of the fiend,  
What the *Rump* up agin,  
The Delk, and the Good Old Cause,  
If they settle agin,  
Which to think were a sin,  
Good night to Religion and Laws.

First Tithes must go down  
Like a sprig of the Crown,  
Although J. Presbyter grumble ;  
Already they tell's  
Our Lead and our Bells  
They'll sell, next our Churches must tumble:  
This

This poor *English* Nation,  
 By this Generation,  
 Hath been grieved 11. years and more,  
 But in that season,  
 And not without reason,  
 They ha' thrice been turn'd out of door.

Which they please to call force,  
 Yet themselves can do worse,  
 For this Parcel of a House  
 Dare keep out of door,  
 Thrice as many more,  
 And value the Law not a Louse.

First by Owl-light they met,  
 And by that light they set,  
 The reason of it mark,  
 Their Acts and the light,  
 Do differ quite,  
 Their deeds do best with the dark.

Esquire *Lentball* had swore,  
 He'd sit there no more,  
 Unless in with Oxen they drew him,  
 That he once might speak true,  
 They pick'd him out two,  
 Sent *Pembrook* and *Salisbury* to him.

When these Gamesters were pack'd,  
 The first gracious act  
 Was for pence for their friends of the Army,  
 Who for any side fight,  
 Except't be the right ;  
 Sixscore thousand a month won't harm ye.

Yet

Part II. *Rump Songs.*

21

Yet many there be,  
Say the House is not free,  
When I am sure of that,  
T'one another they're so free,  
That the Nation do see,  
They're too free for us to be fat.

Religion they wav'd,  
Now they had us enslav'd,  
And got us sure in their Claw,  
They pull'd off their mask,  
And set us our task,  
Which is next to make Brick without straw.

The next Act they made  
Was for helping of Trade,  
So they settled again the Excise,  
Which the City must pay,  
For ever and aye,  
Yet might have chose had they been wise.

To pull down their King,  
Their plate they could bring,  
And other precious things,  
So that *Sedgwick* and *Peters*,  
Were no small getters  
By their Bodkins, thimbles and rings.

But when for the good  
Of the Nation 'twas stood  
Half ruined and forlorn,  
Though't lay in their power,  
To redeem't in an hour,  
Not a Citizen put out his horn.

They

They had manacled their hands  
 With King and Bishops Lands,  
 And ruined the whole Nation,  
 So that no body cares  
 Though they and their Heirs,  
 Be cornute to the third Generation.

May their wives on them frown,  
 But laugh and lie down,  
 To any one else turn up Trump ;  
 To mend the breed,  
 As I think there is need,  
 Be rid like their men by the *Rump*.

And may these wise Sophees,  
 Pay again for their Trophees,  
 For I hope the Parliament means  
 ( Now they ha' been at the costs  
 To set up the posts )  
 To make them pay well for the Chains.

*Fortunate Rising : or, The Rump Upward.*

Good people, and you that have been undone  
 By Guns, and Drums and the Trumpets tone,  
 And new hard words since Forty and One.  
*Which no body can deny.*

Here is a word that will plague you more  
 Then any that ever went before,  
 'Tis the *Rump* of Harry Martins Whore,

*VVhich, &c.*  
 The

## Part II. Rump Songs. 23

The Cause was at first a pretty conceit  
To create a durty Rebel great;  
But now that has left th'imperial Seat,  
*Which, &c.*

A General was a glorious Name,  
Till Essex his Member spoilt his fame;  
For a Souldier ought to be good at the Game,  
*Which, &c.*

The Communication Line was a Jigg,  
And as good as the Bath to make women big,  
Who never were so, till they learnt to digg,  
*Which, &c.*

Artillery was a thundring word,  
Where many appear'd with Musket and Sword,  
To fright poor Atkins out of a turd,  
*Which, &c.*

Cavalier was a name of as great a Force,  
As Centaure, that is both Man and Horse,  
And for Ravishing suffered many a curse,  
*Which, &c.*

Yet every Woman that had this fear,  
Although in her heart a Roundhead she were,  
In her belly she wisht a Cavalier,  
*Which, &c.*

Sequestration scar'd Men out of their Plate,  
Excise drew potent Ale out of date,  
And the Corps de Gard broke many of pate,  
*Which, &c.*  
The

24 Rump Songs. Part II.

The Plunderers made men hide their money,  
And women their jewels, if they had any;  
And one there was, hid Gold in her Cunny,  
*Which, &c.*

A Commonwealth is a Citizens trust,  
And by his wife ador'd it must,  
As a Topique to prove adultery just,  
*Which, &c.*

The Protector storm'd with all mankind,  
Made Kings, and Princes walk behind,  
Till the Diavel out-ranted him in a wind,  
*Which, &c.*

The Committee of Safety threw the Dye;  
But some body spit in his face from on high,  
And made the valiant Fleetwood cry,  
*Which, &c.*

But the Rump is a word of such a power,  
Pronounc'd, your beer, like thunder, 'twill sower,  
And after make you squitter at howr,  
*Which, &c.*

The Squirting at Epsom's not worth a louse,  
Rump out-does all, that comes there to carouse;  
For it shits from Portsmouth to Wallingford house,  
*Which, &c.*

If Booth were no Knave, a Fool let him be,  
To keep such a stir for Liberty,  
When the Rump sets all it's Tenants Free,  
*Which, &c.*  
He



Part II. *Rump Songs.* 25

He that could imitate sounds in a fart,  
And speak from behind with a wondrous Art,  
Were he living now, should take *Lentbals* part,  
*Which, &c.*

And then a Fart for the Cities forces,  
For *Monk* that's coming with all his Horses,  
And a T ——— for *Fairfax* too, that worse is,  
*Which, &c.*

A *Parson* once in a frolick Divine,  
Exhausted Glasses, twenty and nine,  
For *Turkey's Rump* in *Canary* wine,  
*Which, &c.*

And sure he received a Revelation,  
When to preach he left his first Vocation,  
That a *Rump* in time should rule the Nation,  
*Which, &c.*

*Montelions Diall's* a drolling Mock,  
With a stick in the Countrey Fellows dock,  
And fitter now than the *Pallace* clock,  
*Which, &c.*

*Morlay* a joynt of the *Rump* grew bigg,  
And swelling; but politick *Hasterigg*,  
Ha's sent him for Phylick to Doctor *Trigg*,  
*Which, &c.*

Mad *Vane* was Anointed King, and said,  
He received a Crown that burden'd his Head,  
For which the *Rump* sent him home to Bed,  
*Which, &c.*

26 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

The Abjuring Oath made the Speaker Sick,  
Which *Hasterigg* taking in the Nick,  
For his fain'd one show'd him a real Trick,  
*VVhich, &c.*

Thus, what for alimēt is unfit,  
The Tail by a vertue guiding it,  
Excludes, and leaves it self besit,  
*VVhich, &c.*

Let no man pretend any Cause,  
Against the *Rump* to open his Jawes,  
For it rules by the *Fundamental Laws*,  
*VVhich no body can deny.*

---

*A proper New Ballad on the Old Parlia-  
ment, or the Second Part of  
Knave out of Doors.*

To the Tune of

*Hei bo my bony,  
My heart shall never rue,  
Four and twenty now for your Mony,  
And yet a hard pennyworth too.*

Good morrow my Neighbours all,  
What news is this I heard tell ?  
As I pass through *VVestminster-hall*,  
By the house that's near to Hell :  
They told me *John Lambert* was there,

With

## Part II. Rump Songs. 27

With his Bears, and deeply did swear :  
( As Cromwell had done before )

Those Vermine should sit there no more.

*Sing bi ho Will. Lenthall,*

*VVho shall our General be ?*

*For the House to the Devil is sent all,  
And followe god faith mun ye.*

*Sing bi ho, &c.*

Then Muse strike up a Sonnet,  
Come piper and play us a spring;

For now I think upon it,

These Rs turn'd out their King.

But now it must come about,

That once again they must turn out:  
And not without Justice and Reason,

That every one home to his Prison.

*Sing bi ho Harry Martin,*

*A Burgess of the Bench,*

*There's nothing here is certain.*

*You must back and leave your VVench.*

*Sing bi ho, &c.*

He therè with the buffe head,

Is called Lord, and of the same house,  
Who ( as I have heard it said )

Was chastis'd by his Lady-Spouse.

Because he run at sheep,

She and her Maid gave him the Whip;  
And beat his head so addle;

You'd think he had a knock in the Cradle,

*Sing bi ho Lord Mounson,*

*You ha' got a park of the Kings,*

*One day you'l hang like a haunson,*

*For this and other things.*

*Sing hi bo, &c.*

It was by their Masters order  
 At first together they met,  
 Whom piously they did murder,  
 And since by their own they did set.  
 The cause of this Disaster,  
 Is 'cause they were false to their Master.  
 Nor can their *Gensd'armes* blame,  
 For serving them the same.  
*Sing hi bo Sir Arthur,*  
*No more in the house you shall prate;*  
*For all you kept such a quarter,*  
*You are out of the Councill of State.*  
*Sing hi bo, &c.*

Old Noll gave them once a purge  
 (Forgetting *Occidisti,*)  
 (The Furies be his scourge )  
 So of the cure mist he.  
 And yet the drug he well knew it,  
 For he gave it to Dr. Huit.  
 Had he given it them he had done it,  
 And they had not turn'd out his son yet.  
*Sing hi bo brave Dick,*  
*L. Hall and Lady Joan,*  
*Who did against Loyalty kick,*  
*Is now for a New-years-gift gone.*  
*Sing hi bo, &c.*

For had old Noll been alive,  
 He had pull'd them out by the ears.  
 Or else had fired their Hive,

And

And kickt him down the stairs;  
Because they were so bold,  
To vex his righteous soul.  
When he so deeply had swore,  
That there they should never sit more.  
*But bi ho Nol's dead,*  
*And stunk long since above ground,*  
*Though lapt in spices and lead,*  
*That cost us many a pound.*  
*Sing bi ho, &c.*

Indeed Brother Burges your Ling  
Did never stink half so bad;  
Nor did your Habberdin,  
When it no Pease-straw had.  
Ye were both chose together,  
'Cause ye wore stuff-cloaks in hard weather.  
And Cambridge needs would have  
A Burges, Fool, and Knave.  
*Sing bi ho J. Lowry,*  
*Concerning Abberdine,*  
*No Member spake before ye,*  
*Yet ye neer spoke again.*  
*Sing bi ho my hony,*  
*My heart shall never rue,*  
*Here's all pickt ware for your mony,*  
*And yet a hard penyworth too.*

Ned Prideaux he went post  
To tell the Protector the news,  
That Fleetwood ruled the roost,  
Having tane off Dicks shooes.  
And that he did believe,  
Lambert would him deceive;

As he his brother had gull'd,  
 And Cromwell Fairfax bull'd.  
*Sing hi ho the Attorney*  
*Was still at your command,*  
*In flames together burn ye,*  
*Still dancing band in hand.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Who's that that would hide his face?  
 And his neck from the collar pull?  
 He must appear in his place,  
 If his Cap be made of Wool.  
 Who is it with a vengeance?  
 It is the good Lord Saint John!  
 Who made Gods House to fall,  
 To build his own withall.  
*Sing hi ho who comes there?*  
*Who'tis I must not say;*  
*But by this dark-lanthorn I swear*  
*He's as good in the night as day.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Edge Brethren, room for one,  
 That looks as big as the best;  
 'Tis pittty to leave him alone,  
 For he is as good as the rest.  
 No Picklock of the Laws,  
 He builds among the Daws.  
 If you ha' any more Kings to murder,  
 For a President look no further.  
*Sing hi ho J. Bradshaw,*  
*In blood none further engages;*  
*The Devil from whom he had's law,*  
*Will shortly pay him his wages.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Next

Next Peagoose *Wild* come in,  
 To shew your weezle face,  
 And tell us *Barleys* sin,  
 Whose blood bought you your place.  
 When Loyalty was a crime,  
 He liv'd in a dangerous time,  
 Was forc'd to pay his neck,  
 To make you Baron of the Cheque.  
*Sing hi ho Jack Straw,*  
*We'l put it in the Margent,*  
*'Twas not for Justice or Law*  
*That you were made a Sergeant.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

*Noll* serv'd not *Satan* faster,  
 Nor with him did better accord;  
 For he was my good Master,  
 And the devil was his good Lord.  
*Both Slingsby, Gerrard, and Hewit,*  
 Were sure enough to go to it,  
 According to his intent,  
 That chose me President.  
*Sing hi ho Lord Lisle,*  
*Sure Law had got a wrench,*  
*And where was Justice the while,*  
*When you sate on the Bench?*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Next comes the good Lord *Kebbe*,  
 Of the triumvirate  
 Of the seal, in Law but feeble,  
 Though on the Bench he sate.  
 For when one puts him a case,  
 I wish him out of the place;

28 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

And if it were not a sin,  
 An abler Lawyer in.  
*Sing give the seal about,*  
*I'de have it so the rather,*  
*Because we might get out,*  
*The Knave my Lord my Father.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Pull out the other there,  
 It is Natbaniel Fines,  
 ( Who Bristol lost for fear )  
 We'l not leave him behind's;  
 'Tis a Chip of that good old block,  
 Who to Loyalty gave the first knock.  
 Then stole away to Lundey,  
 Whence the foul fiend fetches him one day.  
*Sing hi ho Canting Fines,*  
*You and the rest to mend 'um,*  
*Would you were served in your kinds,*  
*With an ense rescidendum.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

He that comes now down stairs,  
 Is Lord Chief Justice Glin.  
 If no man for him cares,  
 He cares as little again.  
 The reason too I know'r,  
 He help to cut *Straffords* throat,  
 And take away his life,  
 Though with a cleaner knife.  
*Sing hi ho Britain bold,*  
*Straight to the bar you get,*  
*Where it is not so cold*  
*As where your Justice set.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

He



## Part II. *Rump Songs.*

32

He that shall next come in,  
Was long of the Council of States;  
Though hardly a hair on his chin,  
When first in the Council he fate :  
He was sometime in *Italy*,  
And learned their fashions prettily  
Then came back to's own Nation  
To help up Reformation.

*Sing hi ho Harry Nevil,*  
*I pretbee be not too rash,*  
*With Atheism to court the Devil,*  
*You'r too bold to be his Bardash.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

He there with ingratitude blackt,  
Is one *Cornelius Holland* :  
Who but for the Kings house lackt,  
Wherewith to appeale his Colon.  
The case is well amended,  
Since that time, as I think,  
When at Court gate he tended,  
With a little stick and a short link.  
*Sing hi ho Cornelius,*  
*Your zeal cannot delude us,*  
*The reason pray now tell us,*  
*Why thus you plaid the Judas ?*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

At first he was a Grocer,  
Who now we Major call :  
Although you would think no fir,  
If you saw him in *White-ball*.  
Where he has great command,  
And looks for cap in hand;

And

# 34 Rump Songs. Part II.

And if our eggs be not addle,  
 Shall be of the next new Moddle.  
*Sing hi ho Mr. Saloway,*  
*The Lord in Heaven doth know*  
*When that from Heaven you shall away,*  
*Where to the Devil you'll go.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Little Hill since set in the House,  
 Is to a Mountain grown :  
 Nor that which brought forth the Mouse,  
 But thousands the year of his own,  
 The purchase that I mean,  
 Where else but at Taunton Dean ?  
 Five thousand pound per annum,  
 A sum not known to his Granam.  
*Sing hi the Good Old Cause,*  
*'Tis old althoug not true,*  
*You have got more by that then the Laws,*  
*So a Good Old Cause to you.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Master Cecil pray come behind,  
 Because on your own accord  
 The other House you declin'd,  
 You shall be no longer a Lord.  
 The reason as I guesse  
 You silently did confesse,  
 Such Lords deserved ill,  
 The other House to fill.  
*Sing hi ho Mr. Cecil,*  
*Your honour now is gone,*  
*Such Lords are not worth a whistle,*  
*We made better Lords of our own.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 35

*Luke Robinson shall go before ye,  
That snarling Northern tike,  
Be sure he'll not adore ye,  
For honour he doth not like.  
He cannot honour inherit,  
And he knows he can never merit :  
And therefore he cannot bear it,  
That any one else should wear it :  
Sing hi ho envious lown,  
You're of the Beagles kind,  
Who alwayes barked at the Moon,  
Because in the dark it shin'd.  
Sing hi ho, &c.*

*'Tis this that vengeance rouses,  
That while you make long prayers,  
You eat up widdows houses,  
And drank the Orphans tears.  
Long time you kept a great noise,  
Of God and the Good Old Cause ;  
But if God to you be so kind,  
Then I am of the Indians mind,  
Sing hi ho Sir Harry,  
We see by your demeanor,  
If longer here you tarry,  
You'll be Sir Harry Vane Senior.  
Sing hi ho, &c.*

*Now, if your zeal do warm ye,  
Pray loud for fairer weather,  
Swear to live and die with the Army,  
For these Birds are flown together.  
The House is turned out a door,  
( And I think it was no sin too )*

If we take them there any more,  
We'll throw the House out of the window.

*Sing hi ho Tom Scot,*  
*You lent the Devil your hand :*  
*I wonder be helpt you not,*  
*But suffer'd you to be trap and.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

They're once again conduced,  
And we freed from the evil  
To which we long were used,  
God bleſs us next from the Devil !  
If they had not been outed,  
The Army had been routed,  
And then this rotten *Rump*,  
Had ſat untill the laſt trump.  
*Int hi ho Lambert's here,*  
*The Proteſtors Inſtrument bore :*  
*And many there be that ſwear*  
*His Lady had done it before.*  
*Sing hi ho, &c.*

Come here then honeſt Peters,  
Say Grace for the ſecond courſe :  
So long as theſe your betters,  
Muſt patience have upon force.  
Long time ye kept a great noiſe,  
With God and the *Good Old Cauſe*,  
But if God own ſuch as theſe,  
Then where's the Devils fees.  
*Sing hi ho Hugo,*  
*I hear thou art not dead,*  
*Where now to the Devil will you go,*  
*Your Patrons bring ſt-d.*

Part II. Rump Songs.

33

*Sing hi ho my bony,  
My heart shall never rue :  
Four and twenty now for a penny,  
And into the bargain HUGH.*

---

*A City Ballad.*

To the Tune of *Down in a Bottom.*

I

Since the *Realm* lost its head  
All our trading is dead,  
And our *Money* and *Credit* is flown;  
We have try'd many new,  
But find it too true,  
That no *Head* fits so well as our own.

2.

The *Drum* and the *Trump*  
Devour'd all to the *Rump*,  
And then they drank *healths* for that,  
But that yielding no grease,  
They next came to squeeze  
The *City* because it was fat.

3.

The *City* declar'd  
That they were afeard,  
And they their *Militia* would settle;  
But, except the *Boyes*,  
They made only a noyse,  
Their *Votes* were in dock out nettle.

4. The

4.

The *Mayor* and his *Peers*  
 Durst not for their ears  
 Assert the *Militia's* power :  
 Though once he seem'd for it,  
 He does now abhor it,  
 And *Revolted* in lesse then an hour.

5.

'Tis that cursed *wedge*  
 That took off his edge,  
 For he looks like a jolly *Clubber*;  
 If he had but the life  
 And spirit of his Wife,  
 He would not lye still like a *Lubber*.

6.

Our pair of new *Sheriffs*  
 Hang by them like sleeves,  
 Their valour will ne're be their sin;  
 So they be high and rich  
 They do not care which  
 Side looses, if they may but win.

7.

That *Earwigg* that doth write  
 Himself *Lord* and *Knight*,  
 (And is one as much as the other)  
 Doth so still undermine,  
 That he spoyles our design,  
 By the help of old *Besse* his *Brother*.

8.

He cares not a pin,  
 So as he may get in,  
 Who ere he keep out of his right,  
 He'll turn and return,  
 But be hang'd ere he'll burn,  
 For he dares neither *suffer* nor *fight*.

9. His

9.

His Ambition him thrust  
Into a *Pageant* at first,  
And up to the *Pulpit* next;  
And then into the *Chair*  
Of our *City Lord Mayor*,  
Which he better improv'd then his *Text*.

10.

O there did he squeeze  
Out the *Fines* and the *Fees*,  
Nor the *Church* nor the *Laity's* escapes,  
Had he staid another Year,  
At which he did lear,  
He had prest us like *Canaans Grapes*.

11.

There's just such another  
May well be call'd *Brother*,  
A *Colonel* stout, and a *Knight*,  
And an *Alderman* too,  
As now *Aldermen* go,  
That will neither take wrong nor do right.

12.

We ne're yet did know  
That he durst meet a foe,  
And his pale colour speaks him afraid  
Yet in story we read  
He did one valiant deed,  
Which was to his *Masters Maid*.

13.

Then to get an *Estate*,  
He found out a *Mate*,  
Which was an old *Usurers* Daughter,  
Supplanted the Son,  
And then he begun  
To be *Wealthy*, and *Worshipfull* after.

14 There

14.

There are more besides him  
 Stands for the back *Limb*,  
 A crue of such *Harlotry* tools,  
 That who's not more blind  
 Then Fortune, may find  
 That he raises some besides Fools.

15

Some are wary grave Sirs,  
 In their Chains and their Furs,  
 That dare not declare their opinion,  
 If hang'd they were all,  
 One tear would not fall  
 Without the help of an Onion.

16.

There's one kin to a *Miter*,  
 That's no *Presbyter*,  
 But loyal and honest and free,  
 Had we took down the Mayor,  
 And plac'd him in the Chair,  
 Up some body had gone and we.

17.

There's another, a Wit,  
 Was for all he could get,  
 But now wheels about and is true;  
 He may win all our hearts  
 Would he use his best parts  
 With our foes as he did with the *Jew*.

18.

The rest of the Court  
 Are a mixt colour'd sort,  
 Rank *Presbyter*, rank *Independent*,  
 They do still so prevail  
 For the *Westminster* tale,  
 'Tis feard we shall ne're have an end on't.

But



Part II. *Rump Songs.* 41

19.

But our *Counsel* of Commons  
Are valiant old *Romans*,  
And stand for our *peace* and *freedom*,  
If that Dog that sells *Leather*,  
And the *Salesman* together  
Would either be honest or be dumb.

20.

But yet we cann't see  
Any reason why we  
Should all be so much at their becks,  
If we chains must forbear,  
Pray why should they wear  
A *Militia* about their necks?

21

Our *Town Clerk* we took,  
Has a serious look,  
And his silence did shew him a *wit*,  
But we discern him no more  
Than the *Court* heretofore  
Did that sullen *Mask* which he writ.

22.

The late *Petticoat Squire*  
From his shop mounted higher  
To the *Sword*, and from that he did start  
By his *mony* and *grace*  
To a *Remembrances* place  
Now reports when the *Rump* let a *start*.

23.

Their *Chaplain* that praid  
Now recants what he said,  
And walks by a perfecter light :  
The cause why he straid  
Was he wincked when he praid,  
Now his eyes are open he's right.      E e      What

24.

What ere the Cause be  
 We clearly may see,  
 No good thing propos'd for the City's,  
 But mens policy bends  
 It to their private ends,  
 That 'tis spoyl'd by the close Committee.

25.

And it needs must be so,  
 For we all do well know  
 'Tis for *wealth* men are put into office;  
 And he that has stoic  
*Domineers* or'e the poor,  
 Whether *Fool, Knave, Elder, or Novice.*

26.

We our *Members* have sent,  
 But the quick *Parliament*  
 Had first sent their *M mbers* we find,  
 Yet no body knows,  
 With which side *Monk* will close  
 Or will stand for *before, or behind.*

27.

Hee's a Souldier no doubt  
 Both skilfull and stout  
 But had need be more than a *Stalian,*  
 If his love should extend  
 To the hindermost end,  
 And use us like *Italian.*

28.

A thousand a year  
 If he could but tell where,  
 They thought would have made him to mind  
 But they promise still, 'em;  
 As *Diego* made his will,

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 43

Great things, but none knows where to find 'em.

29.

In this prodigal trick  
They have out-done old Nick,  
For what he did give he did show,  
Their title's the same,  
And so is their aime  
For ought any man doth know.

30.

Let it go as it will,  
We are *Citizens* still,  
And free to this side, or that  
We may prate, and may Vote,  
But when it comes to't,  
We'l be true to no body knows what.

31.

But this we see plain  
'Twas for honour and gain  
That we at the first did fall out,  
And were not publick lands  
Got in private mens hands  
The times would soon turn about.

33.

And now we do find,  
These Saints in their kind,  
Those are mad that to aid them in *flocks* come,  
And he that will fight  
To keep us all from our right  
Shall be chronicled for a *Coxcomb*.

## The RUMP Dockt.

Till it be understood  
 What is under *Monck's* Hood,  
 The City dare not shew his horns :  
 Till ten dayes be out,  
 The Speaker's sick of the Gout,  
 And the *Rump* doth sit upon thorns.

If *Monck* be turn'd *Scot*,  
 The *Rump* goes to pot,  
 And the *Good Old Cause* will miscarry:  
 Like coals out of embers,  
 Revive the Old Members :  
 Off goes the *Rump*, like *Dick* and *Harry*.

Then In come the Lords,  
 Who drew Parliament Swords,  
 With Robes lined through with Ermin;  
 But Peers without Kings  
 Are very useles things,  
 And their Lordships counted but Vermin.

Now *Morley* and *Fagg*  
 May be put in a bagg,  
 And that doughty Man *Sir Arthur*,  
 In despair of his Foil,  
 With Alderman *Hoyle*,  
 Will become a Knight of the Garter.

That Knave in Grain  
*Sir Harry Vane*

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 45

His Case then most mens is sadder;  
 There is little hope  
 He can scape the rope,  
 For the *Rump* turned him o're the Ladder.

That precious Saint *Scot*  
 Shall not be forgot,  
 According to his own desires;  
 Instead of Neck-verse  
 Shall have it writ on his Herse,  
*Here hangs one of the Kings Tryers,*

Those nine sons of *Mars*,  
 That whipt the *Rumps* Arse,  
 I mean the Commanders War-lick;  
 If the *Rump* smell strong  
 With hanging too long,  
 Shall serve to stuff it with Garlick.

That parcel of man  
 In length but a span,  
 Whose wives Eggs alwaies are addle  
 Must quit the Life-guard,  
 As he did when scar'd  
 By *Lambert* out of the Saddle,

*Lambert* may now turn Florist,  
 Being come off the poorest  
 That ever did Man of the Sword :  
 The *Rump* let a Fart  
 Which took away his heart,  
 And made him a Squire of a Lord.

# 46 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

His *Cheshire* glory  
Is a pitifull story,  
There the Saints triumph without battle;  
But now *Monck* and his Friers  
Have driven him into the Briers,  
As he did *Boorb* and his Cattle.

For the rest of the *Rump*,  
Together in a Lump,  
'Tis too late to cry, *Peccavi*,  
Ye have sinn'd all or most  
Against the Holy Ghost,  
And therefore the Devil must have ye.

But now valiant City,  
Whether must thy Ditty  
Be sung in Verse, or in Prose,  
For till the *Rump* stunk  
For fear of *Monck*,  
Thy *Militia* durst not shew its Nose.

Base Cowards and Knaves,  
That first made us Slaves,  
Very Rascals from the beginning;  
Onely unto *Moncks* Sword  
The Nation must afford  
The honour of bringing the King in.

*Arfy*

I. Part II. *Rump Songs.* 47

*Arfy Versy*, or *The Second Martyrdom*  
of the *RUMP*.

To the Tune of

*The Blind Beggar of Bednall-green.*

1.

**M**Y Muse, to prevent lest an after-clap come,  
(the Bum,  
If the winde should once more turn about for  
As a preface of honour, and not as a frump,  
First with a Sirreverence ushers the *Rump*,

2.

I shall not dispute whether Long-tails of *Kent*,  
Or Papist this name of disgrace did invent;  
Whose Legend of lies, do defame us the more,  
Hath entail'd on us *Rumps* ne're heard on before.

3.

But now on its Pedigree longer to think,  
(For the more it is stir'd the more it will stink)  
'Tis agreed the *Rumps* first report in the Town  
Did arise from the wooden invention of *Brown*.

4.

Old *Oliver's* nose had taken in snuff,  
When it sate long ago, some unfavoury puff,  
Then up went the *Rump*, and was ferkt to the  
quick,  
But it settled in spight of the teeth of poor *Dick*,

5.

Then the Knight of the Pestle, King *Lambert*,  
and *Vane*,

E e 4

With

48 *Rump Songs* Part II.

With a Scepter of Iron did over it reign :  
But the *Rump* soon re-setled , and to their disgrace,  
Like Excrements voided them out of the place.

6.

It did now, like a *Truant's* well-disciplin'd Bum,  
With the rod of affliction harder becomes;  
Or else like the Image in *Daniel* it was, (brass.  
Whose Head was of Gold, but whose Tayl was of

7.

It endured the first heat ; and proved no starter,  
But sung in the midst of the flames like a Martyr,  
And whisk'd the Tayl like a terrible Farter,  
And sounded most chearfully, *Vive Sir Arthur*.

8.

But the next fire Ordeal put into a dump,  
Sir *Orlando* the furious chief joynt of the *Rump*,  
That he looked like the picture of *Richard* the  
Or like an ejected and frost-bitten T—— (Third-

9.

'Tis said that his *Durindana* he drew,  
And a Wight on the Road most manfully flew ?  
But, pardon'd by *Charles*, made good what they  
tell us,

How ill 'tis to save a thief from the Gallows.

10.

Being now to be burn'd , he soon did expire,  
For he was but a flash , and would quickly take  
So that their fewel upon him to spend, (fire,  
What was it but Coals to *Newcastle* to send ?

11.

To bring 'em to th' stake as in order they lye,  
*Harry Martyn* the next place must occupy;

'Twas



Part II. Rump Songs. 49

'Twas expected in vain he should blaze, for he  
swore,  
That he had been burnt to the stumps before.

12.

Tom Scot for the Bum most stibly did stand;  
Though once by a Bum he was foully trapand;  
But time and his office of Secretary (ry  
Had learnt him his Business more private to car-

13.

Some thought he arriv'd at his dignity first,  
By being so well in iniquity verst,  
The mystery of which he hath practis'd of late  
In his Function, which was, to be Baud to the  
State.

14.

Hob Morley in silence did suffer the losse  
Of his Rump, and with patience took up the  
Crosse,  
That to see him so sing'd and so scorcht you  
would swear  
No Camel more meckly his burden could bear.

15.

The Speaker was thought to the Rump to be true,  
Because like a Fart at first he burnt blew;  
But streight he was eunningly seen to retire,  
For fear to endanger the Rolls in the fire.

16.

St. John a mortal of flesh and of blood,  
Swore by St. \* Peter the example was good:  
So facing about and shifting his station,  
He turn'd o're a new leaf in St. Johns Revelations.

\* H. hath a great kindresse for that Saint, not because of his Keys,  
(which he knew he should never make use of) but in reference to Pe-  
terborough Minster, the stones of which built his new house

50 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

17.

*Harry Nevil* that looks like a *Mahomets* pigeon,  
Accused to be of a State-mans Religion,  
Is left to his choyce what procelle hee'll have,  
To be burnt for an *Atheist*, or hang'd for a *Knave*.

18.

Now stop thy Nose reader, for *Atkins* doth come,  
That shame to the *Breeches* as well as the *Bum*.  
To wish he was burnt were an idle desire,  
For he comes provided to shit out the fire.

19.

But least he without a Companion should be,  
Here's *Lisf*: that comes next stinks worser then he;  
So foully corrupt, you may plac't in your Creed,  
Such a *Rump* could alone such a *Fistula* breed.

20.

Poor *Ludlow* was bogg'd in *Ireland* of late, (State;  
And to purge himself came to the Rump of the  
But gravely they told him he had acted amiss,  
When he sought to betray the *Rump* with a *kiss*.

21.

*Ned Harby* was sure an herb *John* in the pot,  
Yet could he not scape the disastrous lot:  
Scarce Church'd of the Gout was the trusty old  
Squire,

But he hopt from the Frying-pan into the fire.

22

*Robin Andrews* was laid on last as they tell us,  
For a log to keep down the rest of his fellows;  
Though he spent on the City, like one of the  
*Roysters*,

Each morning his \* two pence in Sack and in  
Oysters.

\* Some Authors hold that it was but three half pence,  
but Poetry will not admit broken number.

23. Next

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 51

23.

(none,

Next *Praise-God*, although of the *Rump* he was  
Was for his Petition burnt to the *Bare-bone* :  
So *Praise-God* & *Rump*, like true *Josephs* together,  
Did suffer ; but *Praise-God* lost the more \* *leather* :

24

There's *Lawson* another dag-lock of the taylor,  
That the water to avoid, to the water did sayle ;  
And in Godly simplicity means (as they say)  
To manage the Stern, though the *Rump's* out of  
play.

25.

But *Overton* most with wonder doth seize us,  
By securing of *Hull* for no lesse than *Christ Jesus* ,  
Hoping (as it by the story appears) (years.  
To be there his Lieutenant for one thousand

26.

Lord *Mcunson* ? Ob *Venus* ! what do you here ?  
I little thought you were a *Rumper* I swear :  
But an impotent Lord will thus far avail,  
He will serve for a Cloak to cover the tail.

27.

To burnish his Star Mr. *Salisbury's* come,  
With the Atmos of gold that fall from the *Bum* ;  
Sure 'twas but a Meteor, for I must tell ye,  
It smelt as 'twere turning to th' *Aldermans* jelly.

28.

Brother *Pembroke* comes last, and does not disdain  
Tho' despis'd by the world, to bear up the train:  
But after New-lights so long he did run,  
That they brought him to \* *Berlehem* before they  
had done.

\* Courteous Reader, he is a Leather seller.

\* Not *Berlehem* in *Juda* (for he is none of the *Magi* )

29. Thus

29.

Thus the *Foxes* of *Sampson* that carried a brand  
 In their tails, to destroy and to burn up the land;  
 In the flames they had kindled themselves to  
 expire,  
 And the Dee'l give them Brimstone unto their fire.

---

*A Christmas Song, when the RUMP  
 was first dissolved.*

To the Tune of *I tell the Dick.*

**T**His Christmas time, 'tis fit that we  
 Should Feast and Sing and merry be  
 It is a time of mirth;  
 For never since the world began,  
 More joyfull news was brought to man,  
 Then at our *Saviours* birth.

But such have been these times of late,  
 That Holy dayes are out of date,  
 And holynesse to boot;  
 For they that do despise, and scorn  
 To keep the day that Christ was born,  
 Want holynesse no doubt.

That Parliament that took away  
 The observation of that day,  
 We know it was not free;  
 For if it had, such Acts as those  
 Had ne're been seen in verse or prose,  
 You may conclude with me.

'Twas

## Part II. Rump Songs.

53

'Twas that Assembly did maintain  
'Twas Law to kill their Sovereign,  
Who by that Law must dye,  
Though Gods anointed ones are such,  
Which Subjects should not dare to touch,  
Much lesse to Crucifie.

'Twas that which turn'd our Bishops out  
Of house and home both branch and roote,  
And gave no reason why,  
And all our Clergy did expell,  
That would not do like that Rebells.  
This no man can deny.

It was that Parliament that took  
Out of our Churches our *Service Book*,  
A Book without compare;  
And made Gods house, (to all our griefs)  
That house of Prayer, a *Den of Thievs*,  
Both here and every where.

They had no head for many years  
Nor heart (I mean the House of Peers)  
And yet it did not dye  
Of these long since it was bereft,  
And nothing but the *Tayle* was left,  
You know't as well as I.

And in this *Tayle* there was a tongue,  
*Lentball* I mean, whose fame hath wrung  
In Country and in City;  
Not for his worth or eloquence,  
But for a Rebells to his Prince,  
And neither wise nor witty.

This

This Speakers words must needs be winde,  
 Since they proceeded from behind ;  
 Besides, you may remember,  
 From thence no Act could be discreet,  
 Nor could the sense o' th' House be sweet,  
 Where *Atkins* was a Member.

This tale's now done, the Speakers dumb,  
 Thanks to the *Trumpet* and the *Drum* ;  
 And now I hope to see  
 A Parliament that will restore  
 All things that were undone before,  
 That we may Christians be.

---

*Bum-Fodder : or, Waste-Paper, proper  
 to wipe the Nations RUMP  
 with, or your Own.*

Free Quarter in the North is grown so scarce,  
 That *Lambert* with all his men of *Mars*,  
 Have submitted to kiss the *Parliaments Arse*,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

If this should prove true (as we do suppose)  
 'Tis such a wipe as the *RUMP* and all's Foes  
 Could never give to Old *Olivers Nose*,  
*Which nobody can deny.*

There's

## Part II. Rump Songs. 55

There's a Proverb come to my mind not unfit,  
When the Head shall see the R U MP all be-fut,  
Sure this must prove a most lucky bit,  
*Which, &c.*

There is another proverb which every Noddy,  
Will jeer the R U MP with, and cry Hoddy-doddy  
Here's a Parliament all Arse and no Body,  
*Which, &c.*

Tis a likely matter the World will mend  
When so much blood and Treasure we spend,  
And yet begin at the wrong end,  
*Which, &c.*

We have been round, and round about twirl'd  
And through much sad confusion hurld,  
And now we are got into the Arse of the World,  
*Which, &c.*

But 'tis not all this our courage will quail, (sail,  
Or make the brave Sea-men to the R U MP strike  
If we can have no head we will have no tail,  
*Which, &c.*

Then let a Free Parliament be turn'd trump,  
And ne're think any longer the Nation to mump  
With your pocky, perjuri'd, damn'd old R U MP,  
*Which, &c.*

But what doth Rebell R U MP make here,  
When their proper place (as W-- P--- doth swear)  
Is at the Devils Arse in Derbyshire.  
*Which, &c.*  
Then

Then thither let us send them a file,  
 For if they stay longer, they will us beguile  
 With a Government that is loose in the hilt,  
*Which, &c.*

You'll find it set down in the Harrington's Moddle  
 Whose Brains a Commonwealth doth so coddle,  
 That 'e has made a Rotation in his Noddle,  
*Which, &c.*

'Tis a pittifull paffe you men of the Sword  
 Have brought your selves to, that the Rump's  
 And Arse Verse must be the word, (your Lord,  
*Which, &c.*

Our Powder and Shot you did freely spend,  
 That the Head you might from the Body rend,  
 And now you are at Wars with the But-end,  
*Which, &c.*

Old Martin and Scot have all such an itch,  
 That they will with the Rump try t'other twitch,  
 And Lentbal can grease a fat Sow in the Bitch,  
*Which, &c.*

That's a thing would please the Butchers and  
 Cooks,  
 To see this stinking Rump quite off the hooks,  
 And Jackdaw go to pot with the Rooks,  
*Which, &c.*

This froward Sir John (who the Rump did  
 ne're fail)  
 Against Charles Stuart in a Speech did rail,



Part II. *Rump Songs.* 57

But men say it was *without head or tayl,*  
*Which, &c.*

Just such is the Government we live under,  
Of a *Parliament* thrice cut in sunder;  
And this hath made us the Worlds wonder,  
*Which, &c.*

Old *Noll* when we talkt of *Magna Charta,*  
Did prophesie well we should all smart-a;  
And now we have found his *Rump's Magna Part-a,*  
*Which, &c.*

But I cannot think *Monck* (though a Souldier  
and Sloven )  
To be kin to the Fiend whose feet are cloven,  
Nor will creep i' th' *Rumps Arse* to take in their Oven,  
*Which, &c.*

Then since he is coming, e'ne let him come  
From the North to the South, with Sword and  
Drum,  
To beat up the Quarters of this lewd Bum,  
*Which, &c.*

And now of this Rump I'll say no more,  
Nor had I begun, but upon this score,  
There was something behind, which was not be-  
fore.  
*Which, &c.*

*A Vindication of the RUMP : or The  
RUMP Re-advanced.*

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

**F**ULL many a Ballad hath been Penn'd,  
And scoffing Poem writ  
Against the RUMP; but I intend  
To speak in Praise of it.  
Come *Jove* and *Apollo*, come *Venus* and *Mars*,  
And lend your assistance : to speak of the A —  
Will require a prodigious wit,

There's scarce a Lady to be found  
That loves either Pear or Plum  
One half so well, if she be found,  
As tabering at her B —  
It may be, you'll say, I'm wide of the Case,  
Since that Musick's made in a distant place :  
I answer the breadth of your Thumb.

When Alderman *Atkins* did bemar  
His Hose through a Panick fear,  
And Captain *Rea* that man of War,  
Oh! what a Hogo was there?  
If you ask me, what praise is in this? at a word,  
The Captain so fenced himself by a T —  
That his Enemies could not come near.

There is not a Lawyer in Country or Town,  
Whose Rhetorick doth prevail, (Gown,  
Although he hath purchas'd Fee simple by th'  
But

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 59

But loves to be dealing in Tail;  
And I may well swear by *Apollo* or *Mars*,  
That at a Place called, the *Oven's Arse*,  
Oft times I have drunk good Ale.

And when you are dallying with a young Maid,  
Would you not her Buttocks bethump?  
And I have been often well apaid  
With a Goose both fat and plump:  
The Body being eaten, we strive for the Tayl,  
Each man with his Kan'kn of nappy brown Ale,  
Doth box it about for the *RUMP*.

The *RUMP* of a Coney I often have seen  
Most piteously claw'd by a Ferret,  
And a Capons *Rump* is a bit for a Queen,  
Although she's a Person of merit. ( day,  
In preaching and praying who spends the whole  
At night keeps a *Rump* wherewithall for to play,  
Be he never so full of the spirit.

I wonder who first call'd the Parliament *RUMP*,  
Some say, that it was *Jack Hobby*,  
And some, fiery *P* — good wits will jump;  
Now I write not this to bob ye,  
But only to tell ye that good Mr. *P* —  
For all that he's cropt, yet he could not get in,  
But was fain to remain in the *Lobby*:

The other day I was going in haste,  
(To think on't it grieves my heart)  
I saw a poor Fellow all nak'd to the waste,  
And whipt at the Arse of a Cart:

60 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

His *Rump* ('tis true) suffer'd the Rout. But I  
would

Fain know who it was, that durst be so hold,  
As to call Mr. Speaker Sir F —

He might as well have stiled him *Anus*,  
Since he was the mouth of the *R U M P*.

As cunning a Fox as *Romes Sejanus* :

But I do not love for to frump;  
Orelse I could tell ye, my Friends, to an Ace,  
What good can crew to the Land by a Mace,  
As long as the Knave's the great'st Trump,

Our zealous sticklers for Reformation  
Will edifie on the Rump of a Sister,  
And it will never grow out of fashion  
To Phyfick the Tayl with a Glister. (ter  
But beware that *Monk* doth not come with a bit-  
Purge to the Rump which will make her beshit  
For she hath already bepist her. ( her,

---

*The RUMP roughly but righteously hand-  
led : In a New Ballad.*

To the Tune of *Cook Laurel*.

I.

**M**ORE Sacks to the Mill, here comes a fresh  
Wit,  
That means without Mittens ( as you shall see )  
To handle a RUMP that's all to beshit,  
Sirreverence of the Company. 2. And

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 61

2.

And let other finners that love a whole skin,  
Keep out of my reach for fear of a Stone;  
For I'm like the Hang-man, who (when's hand  
was in )  
Said he had as good truss up forty as one.

3.

First I'll tell you whence this *Rump*-regnant  
came,  
When *England* to Faction and Schism was bent,  
By means of long peace to settle the same,  
Our noble King summon'd a Parliament.

4.

A Parliament which may make old men grieve,  
And Children that ne're shall be born com-  
plain;  
I mean such as dy'd before they did live,  
Like *Harrington's Rota* or th' Engin of *Vane*.

5.

This Parliament, like a wilde skittish Tit,  
Unman'd and unback'd, and unapt to obey,  
Would let neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate sit,  
Yet stammel'd nos'd *OLIVER* smelt out a  
way.

6.

With Pistol and Musquet he brought the Beast  
under,  
And aw'd it so much, and so far did prevail,  
That tamely he dockt it, and ( to all mens won-  
der )  
He cast off the Colt and saddled the Tayl :

7

Which shortly began to kick at's Command,  
And restive it grew, and left its true pacing,  
F f 3 Which

62 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Which made him resolve on his own Leggs to  
stand,

And turn the R U M P out of the stable a gra-  
sing.

8.

The Red-coats, with breath like my Lady's  
Bumblast,

This Parliament-snuff blew twice out and in;  
But North and West-winds will so out it at last,  
That nought but Hell fire shall light it agen.

9.

Though now they tempt Monk with a 1000. *per*  
*annum,*

In hopes that to worship, his face hee'll fall  
flat on;

Yet he's wise enough to resist and disdain 'em,  
And cry, *Get behind me, thou Eob-tail of Satan.*

10.

Right pat with St. George's this Story will jump,  
Poor England's the Damsel appointed for slaugh-  
ter,

And Monk the St. George to kill Dragon RUMP,  
And safely restore to the King his fair Daugh-  
ter.

11.

The Rump thus in grosse no more shall be plaid  
on,

But now I will whet my Pen (if it please ye)  
To joynt it, & shew what foul parts it is made on,  
God grant that our Stomachs prove not over-  
queasie.

12.

Here's *Lentbal* once Mouth to the Parliaments  
mind,

Though

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 63

Though he at length acted the Fundament's  
Part,  
Whose Speech was not breaking of Silence but  
Winde,  
And's giving the Thanks of the House, but a  
Fart.

13.

But many I find this Opinion are firm in,  
That he has no real distemper at all,  
But feigns it; and like a Propheticall Vermin,  
Runs from an old House that is ready to fall.

14.

If *Ludlow* the state of Grace he had been in,  
And kept himself safe fro' th' Committee of  
Safety,  
For's Fathers sake, Deputy Fart he had been,  
Instead of the *Frost*, they call *Say the crafty*.

15.

Next comes the *Rump's* Gad-fly, the *Jeku-like*  
driver,  
King-abjuring *ARTHUR*; Sir, you (if I ken  
you)  
O' th' Bishop's *Uriah-like* fall were Contriver,  
To get the fair *Bersheba* of their Revenue.

16.

But 'twas a more carnal concupiscence,  
That at *Bristol-Vicaridge* set you a neighing,  
Which you enjoy'd and occupy'd in the sence  
Which puts pretty Maids to pishing and sying.

17.

Nay you like the *Trojan-Adulterer* swore, (Fury,  
To those that once saved you from the King's  
That rather than *Helen of Duresm* restore,  
Their *Troynovant* in its own ashes you'd bury.

F f 4

18. But

# 64 Rump Songs, Part II.

18.

But I dare no farther his passion provoke  
For fear of a prejudice which it may do me  
For with his own Choller should he chance to  
choke,  
The Hang-man in Action of Trespasse might  
sue me.

19.

Then have at Sir Harry the Int'rest Refiner,  
Who's not of the Church, but Society of J E-  
And can make Divinity's Self-Diviner, (SU S,  
And model new Heavens, and new Earths to  
please us.

20.

'Twas he that injected the sublimd matter  
To late Lady Lambert, and she to th' Squire,  
Which made him Protector, and Parliament-ha-  
And to be First Monarch devoutly aspire. (ter,

21.

Like Grub from Sheepstails, since the Rump doth  
him throw,  
He'll creep to some placket of Sanctification,  
And come forth a Flesh-flye next Summer, and  
blow  
New Maggots in's Church, of more whimsical  
fashion.

22.

Me hinks in his eyes the waters do gather,  
As if the Lord *Straffords* Death troubled his  
sight;  
Perhaps he repents and means (like his Father)  
Ev'n in his own Garter to do his Ghost right.

23.

There goes the twice treacherous Banquerout  
Salloway From



Part II. *Rump Songs* 63

From *Westminster Wolves*, to *Tow'r Lions* bound,  
Cause he from one Treason to another did fall  
away,

And will fall again, but not quite to the ground.

24.

The next is a Politick Pen-man that got-land  
By's Knavery more then his Birth, and 'tis his  
hope

That *Lambert* shall ever and ever be *Scot-land*,  
And seat of an Arch-one, but not of a Bishop.

25.

Here's *Nevil* (who to be made in *Scot's* stead  
A State-Secretary) did praise a New art,  
To th' Office, (by Letters unto the House read)  
He courted himself in the name of *Charles*

*Stuart*.

26.

Now see with a *P O X*, where *Martin* comes on,  
The seed of corrupt and sinfull Loyns,  
Who a worthy had been, if as near *Solomon*  
In Wisdome, as number of Concubines.

27.

If in utter darknesse there should be a failing  
Of Horror, the *Rump* may furnish it with  
*Squire Fleetwood* to help out the weeping and  
wailing,

And Sir *William Brereton* for gnashing of teeth.

28.

Now *Mildmay*, and *Whitlock*, and *List* I might  
call in,

And Master Lord *Salisbury* (from Noble house  
Who seems not descended, so much as down fall)  
And others, which well may serve a fresh Muse.

29. And

29.

And now the *Rump's* set in the Salt, and *Monck*  
 Hath offer'd full fairly his own for to make it,  
 But finding himself by the Devil out-drunk,  
 He honestly cries, *Nay then let him take it.*

30.

But for 'em when hence they go, (such were their  
 follies)

Above nor beneath, there no quiet place is,  
*King Charles* in Heaven, in Hell *Tyrant NO L* is,  
 Who (as God us'd *Fleetwood*) will spit in their  
 faces.

31.

Now mark what sweet *Morsells* Hell swallowed  
 of late,

There's *Cromwell*, and *Prideaux*, and *Bradshaw*,  
 and theres

He that made *Old Nick* (when he 'enter'd his  
 Gate)

Cry, *Ob my Son Pride*, are you there with your  
*Bears?*

32.

And now I no longer will rake in this sink,  
 But shortly the *RUMP* is for *Tyburn*, and then  
 I'll tell you more of it; but you (as I think)  
 Do now stop your Noses, and I'll stop my Pen.

### *The She-Citizens Delight.*

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all a Row*:

**Y**OU Cow-hearted Citizens  
 What is your damn'd pretence,  
 To keep your selves within your beds,

And

I. Part II. *Rump Songs.* 67

And not fight for your Prince;  
Whose Majesty should you behold,  
Your shame will breed your woe,  
And then like fools you will cry out,  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

There's some of you whose Bishops Lands  
Do so much clog their heels,  
That now they cannot stir, whereas  
Else would they run on wheels:  
But yet I hope a time will come  
When you shall be made know,  
And told unto their faces that  
*You'r Cuckolds all a row.*

But yet for one most reverent Act  
You are to be commended,  
That through your Rams-Head zeal you have  
Your Brother Rump Befriended,  
To seat them in the Parliament House,  
Their wisdoms forth to show,  
But they and you are all alike  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

But I advise you set this R U M P  
In salt for fear of stinking,  
'Twill fall unto the Devils share,  
Because 'tis his by drinking;  
In spite of all their Acts and Laws  
Hee'l car' them down below,  
Then Hell and City all alike  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

Alas

And

Alas poor Lambert is undone,  
 And now he may go Preach,  
 Since 'tis the *Englisk Al-a-mode*  
 For every Rogue to Teach;  
 He'll nose it bravely in a Tub,  
 And let his Brethren know  
 That they are Damn'd unlesse they dip  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

But where's your mighty Fleetwood now,  
 His honor's worn to th' stump,  
 He'll serve Ambassador to hell  
 To make room for the Rump,  
 And thus King-killers one by one  
 Shall to the Devil goe  
 Upon the City Asses pack  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

And now Cow-hearts look to your shops,  
 The Red-coats will you fright,  
 And plunder you because they know  
 Your hornes hang in your light;  
 Not matter, for you have been the cause  
 Of all the Kingdoms woe,  
 And do deserve still to be call'd  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

But if that you would honest grow,  
 And do a glorious thing,  
 Which is to rouse and take your Armes,  
 And fight for Charles our King;  
 Which A& your Credits will regain,  
 And all the World shall know  
 That you shall then no more be call'd  
*Cuckolds all a row.*

## Part II. Rump Songs. 69

The RUMP Carbonado'd: or A New  
BALAD.

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

**L** End me your ears, not cropt, and I'll sing  
Of an hideous Monster, or Parliament thing,  
That City and Country doth wofully wring,  
*Which no body can deny.*

Take care that no Sectary be in this place,  
For if you offend the least Babe of Grace,  
The Rump will be ready to fly in your face,  
*Which, &c.*

They fram'd a *Remonstrance*, to set all on fire,  
Which took with the People, as they did desire,  
And forc'd them to Covenant that they would  
conspire, *Which, &c.*

No sooner exalted was *Essex* his horn, (scorn,  
But God's law, and man's too the Cuckold did  
To ruine our Country this Rebel was born,  
*Which, &c.*

Take *Warwick* along, if company you lack,  
No Admiral like an old Puritan Jack,  
A verier Knave you can't find in the Pack,  
*Which, &c.*

These arm'd with Commissions by Sea and by  
Land,

Did

70 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Did send forth their forces the King to with-  
stand,  
Till of all that was good they had soon made an  
hand, *Which, &c.*

In glory and wealth, we once so abounded,  
And were in Religion so thoroughly grounded,  
That none could have shatter'd us thus but the  
*Roundhead, Which, &c.*

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church and  
the Laws,  
To set up an Idol, then Nick-nam'd the Cause,  
Like Bell and Dragon to gorge their own Maws,  
*Which, &c.*

They banisht all Royallists out of the Line,  
And scarce would endure to hear any Divine,  
That would not for company cogge, lye, and  
whine, *Which, &c.*

So frantickly zealous they were at that season,  
That the five rotten Members impeacht of High  
Treason,  
They guarded against all Right, Law and Reason,  
*Which, &c.*

*Will* fool was counted the worst of the twain,  
Till *Tom* fool Lord F—— the Cause to maintain,  
His Honor and Conscience did fearfully stain,  
*Which, &c.*

Sir *William* at *Run-away-downs* had a bout,  
Which him and his Lobsters did totally rout,  
*And*

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 31

And his Lady the Conqueror could not help him  
cut, *Which, &c.*

Though General B—— do now fawn and be-  
seech,

The Cavaliers found him a blood-sucking Leech,  
He would seem a Convert, but he stinks of the  
Breech, *Which, &c.*

All will confesse that Saint *Oliver Cromwell*  
Had learn'd in his Reign the three Nations to  
cumwell,

Although it be true that he did love a *Bum-well*,  
*Which, &c.*

But young *Dick* and *Harry*, not his Heirs but his  
Brats :

As if they had lesse wit and grace than *Gib-Cats*,  
Slunk from their Commands like a pair of  
drown'd Rats, *Which, &c.*

The sound of a Rump nere heard of before,  
In their addle pates did so whistle and roar,  
That streight they betook themselves to the back  
door, *Which, &c.*

When *Hasslerig* of the Rump brought up the rear,  
The Army was in such a bodily fear,  
That no one commander durst ever appear,  
*Which, &c.*

Down goes the Publick, when Knaves usurp  
Power,  
The Rump by one Ordinance can more men de-  
vour, *Than*

Than all the great Guns shot from the Tower,  
Which, &c.

Pennington long since was broken to fitters,  
Yet sits with the Rump of Sects to Pig-litters;  
And such as come near him, he all to besquitters,  
Which, &c.

If Alderman *Atkins* you keep not in minde,  
Hee'l take it so ill, that hee'l fly out behinde,  
And make you remember with every winde,  
Which, &c.

*Titchborn* could preach, pray and prate by the  
Spirit,  
And *Ireton* little better, who rang'd like a Ferrets  
And *Tyburn* thinks long to give them their merit,  
Which, &c.

Lord *Gourney* was right, whom the City betraid;  
Now the City would be right, were the Maior  
not a Jade :  
Till such as he be made examples, nere look for  
better Trade, Which, &c.

Ne're did any Nation so court their own good,  
As we have all offers of mercy withstood,  
God's judgement on our rapine, and shedding of  
blood, Which, &c.

All wise men and good, say it is a mischievous  
A Kingdome to turn to a Popular State; (fate,  
Yet wee'l take no warning untill it be too late :  
Which, &c.



## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 83

A desperate crew of self-seeking Elves,  
Do wilfully force us on quickiands and shelves;  
This we see, yet we seek not to safeguard our  
selves, *Which, &c.*

For when the poor Cits are plunder'd by force,  
Their grievances find as little remorse  
I'th' man-beast, the Maior as in his great horse,  
*Which, &c.*

The *Rump* yet sits brooding upon their close stool  
In labour to bring forth a Knave or a Fool;  
Begotten by a new Legislative Tool,  
*Which, &c.*

Sir Henry Vane Prince of the last modell'd rout,  
Was known as a *Traitor*, both cunning and stout,  
Yet for being too rampant the *Rump* shut him out,  
*Which, &c.*

*James Harrington* Knight or Knave, choose you  
whether,  
For in the *Rump* still Knight and Knave go toge-  
ther,  
The times cannot mend till hee's eyed to his re-  
ther, *Which, &c.*

*Harry Martin* and *Scot* with some thirty eight  
more  
Are resolved on the question to keep us all poor,  
Whilest they have the power to Plunder and  
Whore, *Which, &c.*

Who can gain-say that it was a strong fart,  
G g *Which*

# 84 Rump Songs. Part II.

Which blew the Lord *Disborough* back to his  
Cart,  
And taught silly *Fleetwood* of crying the Art,  
*Which, &c.*

'Tis pity that *Hewson* the Lord should have died  
For piercing his Brother, the Cocker's Hide,  
Since the word of Command came from his blind  
side,  
*Which, &c.*

*Luke Robinson* wants both his Bristles and Aule  
To stitch up his lame Legge, and help him to  
craule,  
Who down-right hath halted betwixt God and  
*Baal,* *Which, &c.*

The Prentices once put the Troupers to flight,  
And the Red-coats for fear then were ready to  
fite,  
When *Lambert* the Atheist marcht Northward to  
fight,  
*Which, &c.*

The Greeks that sack *Troy* from the Belly did  
come  
Of *Eprius* his Horse; but with Musket and Drum  
The War among us is carried on by the Bum,  
*Which, &c.*

*Jack Presbyter* struts up and down in a jump,  
Curtail'd on purpose for fear lest the *Rump*  
Should sit on his skirts and give him a thump,  
*Which, &c.*

Instead of an Use of divine Consolation,

The

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 85

The Hypocrite publisht a late Exhortation,  
To trapan this poor City, and beggar the Nation,  
*Which, &c.*

For what is call'd Christian, it is no great matter,  
So they may but gather, they care not who  
scatter;

They cannot be gifted unless they do flatter,  
*Which, &c.*

Since *Charles* was beheaded we have backward  
gone,

And now are brought ev'n to the bare Rump-  
bone,

Which speaks in no other but *Atkins* his tone,  
*Which, &c.*

'Tis hard to say, how much these Arse-wormes  
do urge us,

We now need no Quack but these *Jacks* for to  
purge us,

For resisting our Head the Tayle now doth  
scourge us,  
*Which, &c.*

*Lenthall* now Lords it though the Rabble him  
mock,

In calling him Speaker, and Speaker to the Dock,  
For an hundred pound more hee'l kiss their very  
Nock,  
*Which, &c.*

And now if we crave but a Parliament Free,  
We are sure to feel Plunder, or Prison to see;

They'l gore us, and bore us, & slaves we must be,  
*Which, &c.*

# 86 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

We are sensible now, that there is no one thing,  
Can full satisfaction to all Interest bring,  
Till in spite of all Traytors, we fetch in the King,  
*Which, &c.*

*Monk* like the Oracle plays fast and loose;  
We know not yet, whether hee's a Fox or a Goose,  
He had need look about him, for his neck's in a  
noose, *Which, &c.*

Then to conclude this innocent Song,  
Least the *Rump* should infect you, which smelleth  
so strong:  
Old *Old Nick* blest them all, and take them e're  
long, *Which no body can deny.*

*A Psalm sung by the People before the  
Bone-fires, made in and about the  
City of London, Febr: II.*

To the Tune of *Up tails all.*

Come let's take the *Rump*  
And wash it at the Pump,  
For 'tis now in a shitten Case:  
Nay if it hang an Arse,  
Wee'l pluck it down the staires,  
And roast it at Hell for its grease.

Let

Let the Devil be the Cook,  
 And the roast overlook,  
 And lick his own fingers space;  
 For that may be born,  
 (if he take it not in scorn  
 To lick such a privy place.)

Though we are bereft  
 Of our Armes, Spits are left,  
 Whereon the Rump we will roast;  
 Wee'l prick it in the Tayl,  
 And bast it with a Flayl,  
 Till it stink like a Cole-burnt Toast.

It hath lain long in brine,  
 Made by the Peoples eyne,  
 So 'tis salt through unfavoury meat;  
 Wee'l draw it round about  
 With Welsh Parsley, and no doubt  
 It will choak *Pluto's* great Dog to eat.

We will not be mockt,  
 This *Rump* hath been dockt,  
 And if our skill doth not fail;  
 To fear it is good,  
 Or else all the blood  
 In the Body, will leak out at the Tail.

Then down in your Ire,  
 With this *Rump* to the fire,  
 Get *Harrington's Rosa* to turn it;  
 If Paper be lackt,  
 The Assessment Act  
 You may stick upon: lest ye burn it.

## 88 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

But see there my Masters  
 It rises in blisters,  
 And looks very big on the matter;  
 Like a roasting Pigs ear;  
 It sings, do ye hear?  
 'Tis enough, come quickly the Platter.

Lay Trenchers and Cloth,  
 And away bring the Eroth,  
 Did the Devil o' th' Fag-end make none;  
 But hold, by your leave  
 Napkins we must have  
 To wipe our mouths when we have done.

Come Ladies pray where?  
 Will you none of our Chear?  
 Are ye of such a squeamish nature?  
 Pray what is the reason?  
 Are Rumps out of season?  
 But 'tis an abuse to the Creature.

Come wee'l fall on,  
 Pray cut me a Bone,  
 The Meat may be healthfull and sound;  
 Fogh! come let us bury't,  
 To th' hole we must carry't,  
 This *Rump* it stinks above ground.

This Fire wee'l stile  
 The Funeral pile,  
 The Grave shall be under the Gallows;  
 The Vane shall be th' Scull  
 Of some Trayterous Fool,  
 And the Epitaph shall be as follows;

*Und.*

*Underneath the Stones  
A Rump-Corporate's bones,  
Are laid full low in a sink,  
And we do implore ye  
Let them rest, for the more ye  
Do stir them, the more they will sink.*

---

*A Display of the Headpiece and Codpiece  
Valour, of the most Renowned Collonel Ro-  
bert Jermy, late of Bafield in the County of  
Norfolk, Esq; with his Son Captain Toll  
by his side; now on their way for New-Eng-  
land. Or, the lively description of a dead-  
hearted fellow.*

To the Tune of a *Turd*, or the *Black-Smith*.

**D**'d you ne're hear of the Baby of *Mars*,  
That charg'd *Fox's* wife with a *Tars*,  
For his valour lies all in his *Arse*,  
Which needs must be very strong.

A sanctify'd Colonel in beaten Buff,  
With a Scarlet Jump that's (1) Cudgel-proof;  
And his Son (2) *Crowland* Coward of the self-same  
stuff,  
Who got the *Wench* bigg with young. *Proba-  
tum est.*

(1) *Cudgell'd by Mr. Armiger at Wells in Norfolk, Novemb-  
4. 1654.*

(2) *Ran away six miles at Crowland Siege, and ne're lookt be-  
hind him.*

90 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

He's a Journey-man Soldier to the States Army,  
And 'tis in his terms, When you fight you must  
spare me :

So runs the Commission of Colonel Jermy,  
If I be informed true.

Upon a Mock-Larm he's sure in the Van,  
Where he takes none , and does no more hurt  
than he can.

He's a pittifull Souldier, though a cruel man,  
Let's give the Devil his due,

To sacrifice to his fears and his pride,  
He caus'd a ( 1 ) Church-Champion be mur-  
der'd and try'd

By the Judge of his name , and the Rope on his  
side;

'Tis Pity they ever were parted.

Yet you cannot but say 'twas very well meant,  
When he went to the House of Parliament,  
In love to his Country before he was sent,  
In a Coach, when he might have been Carted.

You must always take the good-will for the  
deed,

Though at (2) *Risen* he had not the luck to speed;  
Yet some other place may have very great need,  
If the Devil releas but his hire.

(1) He caused Parson Cooper to be hang'd by Judge Jermy, for  
fear he should beat him.

(2) He corrupted twenty free Burghers at Risen, to give their  
Votes for him in the last Election for Parliaments.



## Part II. *Ramp Songs.* 91

So dear was his love that he ( 1 ) purchas'd a  
throng  
Of Sea-men, in Lice and Lungs very strong.  
Sure he will be some body ere it be long,  
If he be not laid in the mire.

How the Sailers did hollow and throw up their  
Hats,  
And the men with wide mouths that us'd to cry  
Sprats;  
But the brave Spak of *Arundel* made them look  
like drown'd Rats,  
When he ( 2 ) humbled *Tom Toll* for his sin.

That high-born Hero had cudgell'd their  
Swords,  
Had they not almost expir'd at his words;  
But the whole design was not worth two half-  
Turds,  
Though you throw the ( 3 ) three Justices in.

In his last good service he ( 4 ) took the City,  
By an Order from the mistaken Committee,  
Where he scap'd a scowring, the more was the  
pitty;  
For 'twas foul when you've said what you can.

He march'd into the Gates with an hundred  
O brave! he ne're did the like before; (more,  
For he us'd to sneak in at the ( 5 ) back dore,

( 1 ) He hired 100. men to come with him to LYN with swords and  
guns, for fear Mr. HOWARD, and his two men should beat him.

( 2 ) Mr. Howard gave him a box on the ear with the back of his  
hand, and he fell to the ground with fear.

( 3 ) Justice Cremar, Justice Peddar, and Justice Life.

( 4 ) He took the City of Norwich when the Gates were open, and no  
opposition.

( 5 ) Mrs. Foxe's back door.

As

92 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

As becomes a right modest man.

When they entred the Town they beleagur'd  
the Maior,  
And with wonderfull courage they storm'd the  
Chair;  
But they soon were all foul, and ran very fair,  
As if they'd been bred for the Course.

For the (1) Bells were rung backward, as he sayes  
his Prayers,  
And his head went forward with his haste down  
the stairs,  
Like a man of dispatch in the State-affairs,  
Thank Fortune it was no worse.

'Tis much to be wondred he should leave the  
Rump,  
Though his love to that end has receiv'd a Law  
But that is his god whatever is Trump; (frump,  
Yet his Spirit now was blind.

Had the Rump but once siz'd, 'twas the  
strongest side,  
But a Fart has so routed his Troop in their pride,  
Though infallible (2) Butler was his guide,  
That they are both blown down the winde.

(1) The Bells were rung backward, which alarm'd the City, who  
came in and had beat him, if he had not run away upon the  
noise of it.

(2) Jeremy's Chaplain that prays, and swears, and fights, and  
lies for him in ordinary.

I. Part II. *Rump Songs.* 93

Yet that would be thought a true (1) English-  
Let him make true Latine if he can; (man,  
Yet learned mens lives this Rascal will scan,  
And when he has done it deny it.

This is *Jerry's* Forlorn when brave *Jacks* appears;  
He has little of wit, and lesse of fear,  
And swears for his Collonel by the years;  
And when he is in, he will ply it.

When the Nation was Jaded with a (2) Quaker,  
This *Jippie* forsooth was a great Undertaker,  
And amongst other Trades a Justice-maker,  
(3) *Brewer, Tirrell, and Gaffer Life.*

We're made and created by his stinking breath,  
To sit on the Bench upon Life and Death.  
We'd as good have had a Turd in our teeth,  
Without any further strife,

I thought this Collonel would fail,  
When he was upon his Codpiece-bail,  
He got such a flap with a Fox tail,  
As more at large in your (4) Box, Sir.

But now if we may believe common fame.  
At present they say he's fled for the same,

- (1) Let us shew our selves true English men, is his usual saying  
(2) He that drank so much *Asses* milk, as, without the Parli-  
ment's mercy, he is like to be a Fool for ever.  
(3) Two Justices in Norfolk.  
(4) Master Armiger bath the exemplification of a Verdict in a  
Box, wherein *Lermy's* Bawdery with Foxes wife is set forth.

How

How poorly this Fellow has plaid his Game !  
But let him not scape without knocks, Sir.

Yet he is such a Coward that I dare say,  
He neither dares fight nor yet run away,  
And yet he'd be glad to stand at a stay,  
If he might but have his *Quietus*.

For tell him his baseness but once to his face,  
Y<sup>e</sup> are sure enough he dies on the place,  
If he hangs not himself upon this disgrace,  
'Tis one to a Thousand he'l beat us.

*A Letany for the New-year.*

FROM all and more than I have written here,  
I wish you well protected this *New-year*;  
From *Civil* war, and such *uncivil* things  
As ruine *Law* and *Gospel*, *Priests* and *Kings*;  
From those who for *self-ends* would all betray,  
From such new *Saints* that *Pistol* when they pray,  
From flattering *Faces* with infernal *Souls*,  
From new *Reformers*, such as pull down *Pauls*,  
From *Linsy* woolsy *Lords*, from *Town* betrayers,  
From *Apron* Preachers, and extempore *Prayers*,  
From *Pulpit*-blasphemy & bold *Rebellion*, (ye on,  
From *Bloud* and, -somethings else that I could tell  
From new false *Teachers* which destroy the *old*,  
From those that turn the *Gospel* into *Gold*, (*Trump*  
From that black *Pack* where *Cuts* are alwayes,  
From *Bodies Politique* and from the *Rump*,  
From those that *ruine* when they should *repair*,  
From such as cut off *Heads* instead of *Hair*,  
From

From twelve Months *Taxes* and abortive *Votes*,  
 From chargeable *Nurse-Children* in red *Coats*,  
 From such as sell their *Souls* to save their *Sums*,  
 From *City Charters* that make *Heads* for *Drums*,  
 From *Magistrates* which have no truth or know-  
 ledge,

From the red *Students* now in *Gresham Colledge*,  
 From *Governments* erected by the *Rabble*,  
 From sweet *Sir Arthurs* *Knights* of the round  
 Table,

From *City-Saints* whose *Anagram* is *Stains*,  
 From *Plots* and being choak'd with our own  
*Chains*,

From these, and ten times more which may en-  
 The *Poet* prays, *Good Lord* deliver you. (sue,

### *The New State described.*

**L**O here a *Glorious Realm* subverted stands,  
 Just *Tumbler-like* upon the *Feet* and *Hands*:  
 Once *Europes* *Pride* and *Envy*, now their *Scoff*,  
 Since the base *Entrayles* cut the *Head* on't off,  
 The *Body* lost its form, and's turn'd a *Lump*;  
 Now all the *Limbs* are *Vassals* to the *Rump*,  
 Which all the *Nutriture* devour'd and spent,  
 Yields nothing back but *stink* and *excrement*,  
 And all *returns* that ever this doth send us,  
 Serves only to *defile* us and *offend* us;  
 'Tis by much *pampering* grown a strange *Disease*,  
 Which all *receives*, and *gives* nor food nor ease  
 To th' *pining Body*, but is *craving* still;  
 And we by *feeding* it our selves do *kill*; Which

Which nothing lives by that has any worth,  
 But those base vermin which its stink brought  
 If every Member in this Body would (forth.  
 Withdraw its strength and influence, as they  
 This nasty Highness quickly must abate, (should,  
 And yield to th' Head which only saves the State.

*The Devils Arse a Peake : or, Satans  
 beastly part, or in plain terms, Of the  
 Posteriors and Fag-end of a  
 Long Parliament.*

To be said or sung very comfortably.

To the Tune of Cook Laurel.

O Foolish Brittanicks, where are your hearts  
 What fiend doth the Nation bewitch; (fled?  
 That since you like Rogues cut off your own  
 Your Noses close in with the Britch? (Head,

The Britch! such a bit, Nolls paunch could never  
 For it put him still to his dumps; (brook,  
 And though full meals of Hell-broth he oft took,  
 Yet alwaies he spew'd out the Rumps.

Till Lambert the Knave and Fleetwood the fool  
 ( Though Dick perswaded them from it )  
 Did overturn the Devils Close stool,  
 And like Dogs return to their Vomit.

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 97

No sooner the Councel Table was spread  
With many a vomited gull (Head,  
But the Army turn'd squeezie and turned their  
For they soon had their Belly full.

The Red-coats could never this Rumbling digest,  
Till advis'd by *Old nick* and his train,  
(Who good unwittingly oft may suggest)  
They spew'd up their Vomit again.

Their Surreverence was for a while out of sight,  
Till *Whettam* began to deplore 'um,  
And *Arthur* the Knight of the Spur a bold wight,  
The Rump of a Rump did restore 'um.

Then a pox light on the pittifull Rump,  
That a third time above board vapors,  
Which *Old Nick* blew out; but now turns up  
As *Jone* farted in and out Tapers. (Trump,

The House by this Legion was long time possess'd,  
But at last they were cast out of dore;  
Yet finding it swept, returned a new guest  
Seven-times more a fiend than before.

Away then ye pittifull Citizen slaves,  
Who let such enormities pass,  
Were you but true men or but errant Knaves,  
Fools durst not you ride like an *Ass*.

Then dare to be Honest, and beat up your Drum,  
For when the Rogues hear of your power,  
You'll smell what a scent proceeds from the Bum,  
From *Whiteball*, at least to the *Tower*.

S' foot!

98 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

S' foot! what if these *Art*-worms with gifts of our  
Great *George* to defend them should move (gold  
Our goods & our Liberties, then would be sold,  
And the Devil a *Monk* would he prove.

Then pluck up your Spirits, and draw out your  
'Tis force that must only prevail, ( Swords,  
We have long enough stood out in bare Words,  
Let's now make a Rod for their Tayl.

Then *Vive le Roy* let's merrily Sing,  
Can any Man well in his Wits,  
Think worser of *Charles* our Noble good KING,  
Than those who do govern by Fits?

Search round the great City what ill you can see,  
Which the Rascally *Rump* hath not done,  
And then you will wish with the Nation and me,  
That *CHARLES* had his Heritage won

For Swearing, Sacriledge, Murther, and Lyes,  
KING-Killing, Hypocrisy, Cheats,  
They make no more of these Sins, then of Flies,  
*HELL* is almost out-damn'd by their Feats.

Then fight ye like men for the good of the Nation  
As ye hope to be civilly Drunk, ( tion,  
On free cost at blessed *CHARLES* Corona-  
Pray hard for the trunesse of *Monk*.

Heaven bleſs our good Sovereign, the best of all  
Let the King of our Hearts be Trump, (Men,  
That Peace and Prosperity may come agen,  
Squire *Dun* and *Old Nick* take the Rump.

Then



## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 99

Then let the Knaves shuffle three Kingdoms a-  
Till each Curr at his Fellow snarles, (while  
Ere long they will Cut, and after the Broyle  
The Dealing must fall to KING Charles.

This Flap with a Fox-tail shall have the same lot,  
That unhors'd his Tumble-down Highness,  
For since the rest of the Members are not,  
The Rump must shortly have *FINIS*.

---

### *The Committee of Safety.*

**H** Heard ye not of the Phanatick Committee  
Of Safety, whom London that stiff-necked  
Citty  
Profanely disturbed, and was not that pitty?  
*Oh blessed Reformation.*

This gallant Committee made up of a crew  
Of three and twenty bad men and untrue,  
Would have made both our Church & our State  
for to rue.

*Still blessed Reformation.*

Charles Fleetwood is first and leads up the Van,  
Whose counterfeit Zeal turns Cat in the pan,  
And dame Sankey will swear he's a valiant man.  
*Oh, &c.*

John Lambert at Oliver's Chair doth roare,  
And thinks it but reason upon this score,  
H h That

100 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

That *Cromwell* had sitten in his before.

*Still, &c.*

*Desborough's* a Clown, of whom it is sed,  
That to be a States-man he never was bred,  
For his Shoulders are far better proof than his  
Head.

*Oh, &c.*

But whatever he wants is soundly made up  
By subtle *Sir Vane*, who would bring us to sup  
Large draughts from the whore of *Babylon's* cup.

*Still, &c.*

And under the arm of that masked Turk  
Little *Bennet* creeps in to help on the good work,  
And by voting down Tithes to reform the proud  
Kirk.

*Oh, &c.*

The Tobacco-man *Salway* with a heart full of  
gall  
Puff down Bells, Steeples, Priests, Churches, & all  
As old superstitious Relicks of *Baal*.

*Still, &c.*

*Holland* the Link-boy's a worshipfull Wight,  
For he must stand by to hold them a Light  
While they do their works of darkness and night.

*Oh, &c.*

Next *Steel* the Recorder, whose politic Noddle  
With Out-landish Notions of State doth still  
quoddle,  
Would here introduce the *Venetian* Moddle.

*Still, &c.*

*Brandriff*

*Brandriffe* a harmless and innocent Pigeon  
Most zealously moves, that each ignorant Wigeon  
May have leave to profess and own any Religion.  
*Ob, &c.*

*Wat Strickland* him second's that furious Ram,  
And swears that when first to *Holland* he came,  
All Sects were permitted in *Amsterdam*.  
*Still, &c.*

*Whitlock* that mischievous dangerous Elf  
Never sticks to turn sides to promote his own  
Wealth,  
And hath Wit enough, Law enough to damne  
himself. *Ob, &c.*

*Ludlow's* a Saint of the Levelling mold, (bold,  
And of courage undaunted, for Faith makes him  
Since the fort at *Duncannon* is his strong hold.  
*Still, &c.*

*Thompson* a Person of noted affection, (spection,  
Though suspected as guilty of much circum-  
Yet is one of this Gang for the Peoples correcti-  
on. *Ob, &c.*

Jesuitical *Berry* can hardly afford  
A Gown-man to preach, but will make us accord,  
That *Mars* hath best right to the two-edged  
sword. *Still, &c.*

Poor *Sidenham* would preach and pray too if he  
could,  
But finding he cannot perform what he would,  
*Hh 2* He

102 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

He is bent and resolv'd ne're to do what he  
should *Oh, &c.*

At President *Laurence* let none dare to scoff  
Or abuse his grave Sermons, to call them riss raff,  
Hee's a Father of *England*, and the Horse-men  
thereof. *Still, &c.*

Lord *Hughson* the Cobler's teeth greedily chatter  
To carve up a Prentice's Head in a Platter,  
For he will go through-stitch with the whole  
matter. *Oh, &c.*

*John Clark* in his haft is all lightning and thunder,  
To break all Demuries and weak Scruples asunder,  
While his fingers do itch at the Cities rich plunder.  
*Still, &c.*

No marvel that *Lilburn* is one of this Train,  
As frantick as any, and as crosse in the grain,  
For *Robin* inherits his Brothers mad Brain.  
*Oh, &c.*

The Mountain did travel and bring forth of late,  
What was't but a Moufe? and Sir *Harrington's*  
pate  
Is pregnant with formes of the Utopian State.  
*Still, &c.*

What? A Scotch Rook among all these English  
Jack-dawes,  
The Laird *Warriston's* in for the *Gude Old Cause*,  
To subvert all Proprieties, Charters and Laws.  
*Oh, &c.* A brace

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 103

A brace offage Aldermen act in the Play,  
*Ireton* and *Titchburn* who faithlessly may,  
The *Londoners* Counsellors and Plottings betray,  
*Still, &c.*

So here's a *Committee of Safety* compounded  
Of *Knaave* and of *Fool*, of *Papist* and *Roundhead*,  
On *Base's* of *Treason* and *Tyranny* grounded.  
*Oh, &c.*

These did their *Protestant* Sovereign kill,  
These glory'd the bloud of the Nobles to spill,  
And trampled on *Parliaments* at their own will.  
*Still, &c.*

These were the *Carbuncles* of *Oliver's* Nose,  
And the *Rump's* stinking excrements as we sup-  
Bound up in the linings of *Atkins's* Hose. (pose  
*Oh, &c.*

*Tredeskin* himself never had such a Show  
As this *Knack*, which would all our Rights o-  
verthrow,  
And *Caligula*-like flay three Lands at a blow.  
*Still, &c.*

What *Resolves* and what *Orders* were past I  
shan't tell,  
Nor will any longer on this Subject dwell,  
E're now an Account is given in Hell,  
*Where they'l make a new Reformation.*

For *Monck* charm'd the *Goblin*, and packt it a-  
way

104 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

To its properest Place, with black *Pluto* to stay,  
For which let true *English-men* joyfully say  
*St. George* wrought the true Reformation;

---

*The GANG or the Nine Worthies and  
Champions, Lambert, &c*

To the Tune of *Robinhood*.

**I**T was at the Birth of a Winters morn,  
*With a Hey down down a down down,*  
Before the Crow had pist,  
That nine *Hero's* in scorn  
Of a Parliament forlorn,  
Walkt out with Sword in fist.

*Johnne Lambert* was first a dapper Squire,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

A mickler man of might  
Was nere in *Yorkshire*;  
And he did conspire  
With *Vane* Sir *Harry* a Knight.

*Desborough* was such a Country Swain,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

An Easter Sun nere see;  
He drove on a main  
Without any brain,  
Such a jolt-head Knave was he.

*Kelsey* was a brave Button-maker;  
*With a Hey down, &c.*  
As ever set mould upon Skewer;

And

Part II. Rump Songs. 105

And this Wife-aker  
Was a great pain-taker,  
T make *Lambers*'s Noie look blewer.

The devout and Holy Major *Creed*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

I known't of whar Faith or Sect,  
Had mounted a steed,  
And vow'd he would bleed  
'Fore *Lambers* should be checkt.

*Duckenfield* (Steel was nere so true, )  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

And as wise as ever was *Toby*.

Lay in the Purlew,  
The Cock-pit Avenue,  
To hinder the Speakers Go-by.

A man of Stomack in the next Deal,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

Was hungry Colonel *Cobbet*,  
He would eat at a Meale  
A whole Common-weale,  
And make a Joynt but a Gobbet.

The following Champion is *Barrow*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

An Ominous name for a Swine-Herd,  
He flew like an Arrow,  
Thither whence Lord *Harry*  
But durst not draw his Whinyard.

Room for *Packer* a toying Ditcher,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

Hh 4

He

106 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

He had set his Spade an edge,  
 He hop't to be Richer  
 By being a Richer  
 And *Lambert* his Stake in the hedge.

For Nobilities sake we may not forget,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

That Valiant *Mars* his true Son,  
 His Cobling reat  
 Lackt a Parliament Seat  
 That Marks-man one-eyed *Hewson*:

These being aided with Red Coat and Creepers,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

After a short Dispute  
 The Liberty Keepers,  
 Were made Boo-peepers,  
 And the Speaker stricken Mute.

But well said Sir *Arthur*, what time of the day?  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

The Parliament's now in the Prime  
 They stand at a Bay,  
 And have miss their Prey,  
 And Cowardly curse the time.

*The Second Part.*

**N**OW *Johne* is gone to the North Countrey,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*  
 And glad he is to retire,  
 He cryes *Cramme* O Cree,  
 Have mercy on me  
 set a Fire.

And



## Part II. Rump Songs. 107

And *Desborough* gotten into his Farm,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

Untill they do him need,  
 'Meant the House no harm,  
 But took it for a Barn,  
 His Lord and hee's not agreed.

*Kelsey* is praying for the Dole,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

Of the Hospital that's *Suttons*;  
 He is out of the Roll,  
 And hath ne're a Loop-Hole,  
 And now his Arse makes Buttons.

And *Creed* will now believe Sir *Arthur*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

His Steed is Chopt for a Jade,  
 He will be a Carter  
 Before a Martyr,  
 And is turned *Kegenade*.

*Duckenfield's* in a pittifull Case,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

The *Speakers* Horses and Coach,  
 Were at stake with the Mace,  
 And he's thrown Aums Ace,  
*Tyburn* owes him a reproach.

By being too greedy Colonel *Cobbet*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

Ha's got a Bone in his throat,  
 He hath fighed and sobbed  
 And grievously throbbbed,  
 But it will not help the Choak.

Pray

108 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Pray take your turn too Mr. *Barrow*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

What think you of your Plot?  
Your Sow will not *Farrow*,  
The Hang-man's Harrow,  
That Hurdle will be your Lot.

Tye him up *DUN*, 'tis Goodman *Packer*,  
*With a Hey down, &c.*

That would set up another Nose,  
Had he been a Backer  
As Colonel *Hacker*,  
H'ad liv'd in spite of his Foes.

*Hawson's* Companions as scabby as Coots,  
*With a Hey down down a down down.*  
Have infected him with the mange,  
They have pist in his boots,  
He must cry roots,  
And *TURN OUT* to Turnup must change.

---

*Vanity of Vanities*, or Sir Harry Vane's  
*Picture.*

To the Tune of the *JEWS* Corant

**H**Ave you not seen a Barthol'mew Baby,  
A Pageant of policy as fine as may be,  
That's gone to be Shown at the Mannor of Raby,  
*Which no body can deny.*

There

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 109

There was never such a prostitute Sight,  
That e're profan'd this purer Light,  
A *Hocus-Focus* juggling Knight,

*Which, &c.*

He was taken for a Delphick *Tripus*,  
Another doubt-solving *Oedipus*,  
But the Parliament made him a very *Quibus*,

*Which, &c.*

His cunning State tricks and Oracles,  
His lying Wonders and Miracles,  
Are turned into Parliament Shackles,

*Which, &c.*

Goodly great Sir *Onesimus VANE*,  
The Anointed King of Saints not Reign?  
I see all Godlyness is not Gain,

*Which, &c.*

*John a Leyden* that *Munster's* Jing,  
Was a Fool and an Ass to this pretty Thing,  
But the Parliament hated the name of a King,

*Which, &c.*

This holy Saint hath pray'd till he wept,  
Prophefied and Divin'd while he slept,  
But fell in a T ——— when a side he slept,

*Which, &c.*

He sat late in the House so discontent,  
With his Arms folded and his Brows bent,  
Like *Achitophel* to the Parliament,

*Which, &c.*

He

He durst not speak of a Concubine,  
Nor gave more Council to any Design,  
But was musing on a Hempen Line,

*Which, &c.*

He see Mr. P — take a great deal of Pain,  
To get in with the rest as Members Again,  
But they were Voted as use-less as *VANE*.

*Which, &c.*

They gave him a *Conge* with such a Vote;  
'Twas thought they had learned it by Rote,  
Ever since he went down to *Graves-end* by Bote.

*Which, &c.*

For all his Ceremonious Cringing,  
He shall undergo a notable Swinging,  
There is now no more need of his Engine,

*Which, &c.*

When first the English War began  
His Father was a Court *Trepan*,  
And 'rose to be a Parliament Man,

*Which, &c.*

So from the Father came unto the Son,  
Whom wo and Mis'ry now do wait upon,  
For Counselling Protector *John*,

*Which, &c.*

A *Gemini* they were, *Pollux* and *Castor*,  
One was a Teacher, the other a Pastor,  
And both like R — betrayed their Master,

*Which, &c.*

The

Part II. ! *Rump Songs.*

The Devil ne're see such two Sir Harry's,  
Such a pest'lent pair nor near nor far is,  
No not at the Jesuites Sorbon of Paris,

*Which, &c.*

They talkt of his having a Cardinals Hat,  
They'd send him as soon an old Nun's Twat;  
For turning in pan there was nere such a Cat,

*Which, &c.*

His dainty project of a Select Senate,  
Is Damned for a blasphemous Tenet, ( Benner,  
'Twas found in the budget ('tis said ) of Monk

*Which, &c.*

Of this State and Kingdom he is the Bane,  
He shall have the reward of Judas and Cain,  
And 'twas he that overthrew Charles his Wain,

*Which, &c.*

Should he sit where he did with his mischievous  
Or if any his Councils behind do remain, (brain,  
The house may be called the Labour in Vain,

*Which no body can deny.*

*The*

112 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

*The Glory of the WEST, or, The Tenth  
Renowned WORTHY, and most Heroick  
CHAMPION of this BRITISH  
ISLAND. Being an unparallel'd Com-  
memoration of General MONK'S coming  
towards the City of LONDON.*

**T**O unperplex the Riddles of our State,  
And to discover t'us our hidden part,  
Welcome (we cry) Welcome to *George the Great,*  
*A joyfull fight to see.*

Not like the *Macedon's* impatient sword,  
That solv'd the doubt tyed in the *Gordian Cord,*  
Great *George* doth time proportion due afford,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Wisdoms great pattern bred at *Bellona's* Brest,  
Prudence and Valour joyned in one Rest,  
No more *St. George* shall be but *George the Blest,*  
*A joyfull, &c.*

As *Cesar* did the affrighted Boat-man learn,  
When he sat trembling at the stinking stern,  
My fates Embarqued that do's the world con-  
cern,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

So the wrackt Vessel of the state distressed,  
With Heav'n's angry blasts, now seeks for rest,  
From the *Favonian Gales* of *George o'th' West,*  
*A joyfull, &c.* His

## Part II. Rump Songs. 113

His great excellling merits in the Scale,  
Of our rais'd hope, nor shall the angry *Tail*,  
Of any *Comet* 'gainst our peace prevail,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Another *Fabius*, whose wise delays ( *rayes* )  
( Like a misty morn, guilt with the Suns noon'd  
Have Crown'd him with the Glorious *Bayes*,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

He that has marched quite three Kingdoms o're,  
Subdu'd his great mind for to make them four,  
The signs to bring peace and plenty to our door.  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Let all ancient Glory then be a *Romance*,  
Let old Fame, and craz'd Time, lye in a Trance,  
Nrthing new but *Hony Soit qui maly pense*,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

This is the Noble Champion of the *Garter*,  
The Great Defender of the *Magna Charter*,  
The Sovereign Good came from the *Northerne*  
*Quarter*, *A joyfull, &c.*

To settle a Nation without any Blowes,  
To break down the Bridge of another Nose,  
To do what all wish, but no body Knows,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

To compleat a Design without any Noyse,  
To amuse the Loud cry of *Vive le Roys*, ( *toys*,  
And sport all along with your Common wealth  
*A joyfull, &c.*  
But

## 114 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

But all the grand *Hero's* and wise ones together,  
None had such advantage of Wine and Weather,  
'Tis true he's sprung of a Princely Feather,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Where shall we begin his *Trophees* to raise ?  
Or when shall we make an end of his praise ?  
The blessing and honour and joy of these dayes.  
*A joyfull, &c.*

The untam'd *Scot* ( before his glorious time )  
Has made t'expiate their treacherous crime,  
They own him sole Conqueror of their Clime,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

His great and most powerfull Influence.  
Ha's restrain'd them in their Obedience,  
As if they own'd the *Vice-roy* of their Prince,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

The shifting *Irish* 'bey'd his great command,  
The slaughtered *Dutch*, yet rowling on the sand,  
Crave a reflux, to keep them from his hand,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Thrice did he Victory over them repeat,  
And the almost wearied State were forc'd to treat  
To save them from a final last defeat,  
*A joyfull, &c.*

Whether we conquer'd are, or we must submit,  
By his all-powerfull hand to them that sit,  
We are sure to be eas'd of our present fit,  
*A joyfull, &c.*  
What



## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 115

What if great *George* should come to the City,  
And in all your good humours should presently  
fit ye,  
And I hope he will do; else more is the pity.  
*A joyfull fight, so see.*

---

### *The City of LONDON'S* *New Letany.*

To the Tune of the *Black-Smith.*

**F**ROM *Rumps* that do Rule against Customes  
and Laws,  
From a fardle of Fancies stild a *Good Old Cause*,  
From Wives that have nails which are sharper  
than Claws,  
*Good Jove deliver us all.*

From men who seek Right where it's not to be  
had,  
From such who seek good where all things are  
bad,  
From wise men far worse than fools or men mad.  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out of dores,  
From *Rumps* that stuff Coffers to pleasure their  
Whores,  
Which they secretly squeeze from Common-  
wealth scores,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

116 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

From Ingrossers of wealth to lye by their walls,  
Which they force from poor women for keeping  
of Stalls,  
And choose for to rise by other mens falls.  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From Knaves that doe pocket good Subjects E-  
states,  
From such that give Plaisters when they've bro-  
ken our Pates,  
From *Rumps* that do Vote down our Postes,  
Chaines and Gates,  
*Good Jove, &c*

From States-men that Court the Thing that  
they hate,  
From wofull Repentance that comes too late,  
From those that delight in making of bate,  
*Good Jove, &c*

From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their  
And at last go sneeking without it away, (pay,  
Crying, they hope for a far better day,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From one who brought Forces to fill up the  
Town,  
That when *Rumps* were at highest he might pull  
them down,  
Because he himself doth aim at the Crown,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From Commanders who never drew swords but  
in Schools,  
*Which*

I.

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ping

&amp;c.

S. E.

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2.

# 118 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

From Fools that conceit themselves very witty,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From Oaths and Engagements imposed by force,  
 And broken as fast without any remorse,  
 Alleadging them Ceremonies of course,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From those whose damn'd actions with Treason  
 are Crown'd  
 From such that would Law and Gospel confound,  
 And vow that the City they'll burn to the ground,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From People that murmur with Swords in their  
 hand,  
 And keep an entreating when they may command,  
 Yet had rather loose all than Knaves to withstand,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From *Rumps* that the Kingdoms Revenue have  
 From an everlasting Parliament, (spent,  
 And from an Army full of discontent,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From such who do courtesies with a long pause,  
 From those who condemn before they hear the  
 Cause,  
 And from Trades that are worse than picking of  
 straws,  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From a Foes mercy when one lyes in his power,  
 From a Friends anger in an ill hour,

And

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 119

And from a Fool that's Lieutenant of the *Tower*.  
*Good Jove, &c.*

From men who make use of their Friends in the  
 nick,  
 And when the Brunt's over against them do kick,  
 The thoughts of such Varlets do make my Muse  
 sick. *Good night good people all.*

*The RUMP serv'd in with a Grand Sallet :*  
*or, A New Ballad.*

To the Tune of the *Black-smith.*

1.

*P*oetical *Muses* have fallen heavy as a *Mallet*,  
 Upon the poor *Rump* for disgusting their  
*Pallet,*

To cure the distrellish take now a *Grand Sallet*,  
*Which no body can deny.*

2.

This *RUMP* is deriv'd by lineal descent,  
 As the undoubted *Heir*, and excrement,  
 Of the yet perpetual *Parliament,*

*Which, &c.*

3.

This was such an *Idol*, as the *Zalots* did strain  
 Their *Purses* and *Consciences* for to maintain,  
 Though it prov'd both of *Church* and *Kingdom*  
 the bane. *Which, &c.*

4.  
The tail of the *Dragon's* not so bad as this *Rump*,  
Which hath three such Kingdoms worn to the  
very stump,  
And must leave them for the time a confused  
Lump, *Which, &c.*

5.  
Our Lawes, Lives, Lands, Liberties, were upon  
sale,  
By this everlasting *Rump*, *Fag-end* or tail,  
Yea to save our very Souls they refus'd to take  
bail. *Which, &c.*

6.  
A *Tail* which was eaten up almost of the *Pox*,  
That stunk more like *Carrion*, than ever did *Fox*,  
Or that which was roasted of late at the stocks.  
*Which, &c.*

7.  
A *Rump* that the People did hate, scorn, and  
curse,  
As a Devil incarnate, or of something that's  
worse,  
Of *Schism* and *Rebellion* both Mother and Nurse,  
*Which, &c.*

8.  
The *Orthodox Clergy* was forc'd for to fly,  
They were plundered and sequestred without  
reason why,  
But only because they would not comply,  
*Which, &c.*

9.  
Then as guilty of *Papery* the *Common-prayer-book*  
was damn'd,  
And with all kind of *News-books* the Churches  
were cram'd, *Venting*

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 121

Venting lyes, non-sence, blasphemy, and what's  
not to be nam'd. *Which, &c*

10.

Then the Antient Order of Bishops went down,  
Which in the Church Christian was ever of Re-  
nown,

The Proverb proves true, No *Miter*, No *Crown*,  
*Which, &c.*

11.

In whose stead we planted *Elders* and *Presbyters*,  
Which impow'r'd, brake Princes and People in  
fitters,

And with their *Classes* and *Affes* them all to be-  
squitters, *Which, &c.*

12.

They call'd then a Synod which scarce could a-  
gree.

I'th' space of three years whether there be a TRI-  
NITY,

From such pur-pure-blind *Levites* God bless you  
and me, *Which, &c.*

13.

That Assembly was just like the Members that  
chose it,

Without Learning and Honesty, all the World  
knows it,

Fit Jakes-farmers for the *Rump*, they could twang  
and nose it,

14.

They combin'd with the *Scots* to bring in a Direc-  
tory,

Tending neither to our Good, nor yet to Gods  
Glory;

'Tis a shame that *Tom Fuller* should name't in  
Church-story, *Which, &c.*

15.

For whereas a Christian should be taught how to  
pray,  
And both rightly to believe, and humbly to obey,  
Nor *Lords prayer*, nor *Creed*, nor *Decalogue* have  
they, *Which, &c.*

16.

Then curse ye *Meroz*, in each *Pulpir* did thunder,  
To perplex the poor people and keep them in  
wonder,  
Till all the Reins of Government were broken  
quite asunder, *Which, &c.*

17.

Then *St. Pauls* the Mother-Church of this City  
and Nation,  
Was turn'd to a Stable, O strange Profanation!  
Yet this was one of their best fruits of Reforma-  
tion.

18.

O'all that is Christian they make no great matter,  
So they may but gather they care not who scat-  
ter;  
Their *Tryers* would approve none but such as  
bribe and flatter, *Which, &c.*

19.

Instead of an *Use of Divine Consolation*,  
These *Hypocrites* publisht a late *Exhortation*,  
To trepan and beggar this City and Nation,  
*Which, &c.*

20.

If they be establish'd bid *England* farewell,  
And rather than dwell here i'th' *Suburbs of Hell*,  
Choote



Part II. *Rump Songs.* 123

Choose *Turkey*, or *Tartary*, or any where to dwell,  
*Which, &c.*

21.

This form will ne're suit with the *English* Com-  
pletion,

Which is free and too Heroick to yield base Sub-  
jection,

Or to take from a Pope in each Parish correction,  
*Which, &c.*

22.

Who ever did Lord it like these self-seeking  
Elves,

Which have forc'd us on covenants, vows, oaths,  
and other shelves,

That should warn us for the future to look to  
our selves, *Which, &c.*

23.

All sober men know that 'tis a mischievous fate,

A Kingdom to turn into a popular state,

And *Episcopy* into a *Presbyterate*,  
*Which, &c.*

24.

Yet the Parliament set up the pure Members five  
Both of *Church* and *Kingdom*, the downfall to  
contrive,

That by the Ruines of our *Sion* this their *Babel*  
might thrive, *Which, &c.*

25.

The *Presbyters* 3. years were long since expir'd,  
And yet, as if they had not our patience quite  
tir'd,

To spur-gall us still afresh they have conspir'd,  
*Which, &c.*

26. Then

26.

Then why so many Bonfires of late in this City?  
 Why such ringing of Bells, and rejoycing? 'Tis pity  
 That ye should be so gull'd by the Rump, that  
 does out-wit ye, Which, &c.

27.

For the House is like Hydra, if one head ye kill,  
 Another starts up, another full as ill;  
 So, though one Rump is gone, yet another sits  
 still, Which, &c.

28.

They have altered the scian, the people to please,  
 Because in commotions they must them appease,  
 We have thus chang'd our bed, but not our dis-  
 ease, Which, &c.

29.

Their shifting and shuffling is but to decoy us,  
 While Spiders do spin, their Cobwebs annoy us,  
 If the House ben't swept clean, ere long they'l de-  
 stroy us, Which, &c.

30.

If they mean as they talk of a Parliament free,  
 How comes it that such Qualifications we see,  
 That no one known Royalist can chosen be?  
 Which, &c.

31.

The best things corrupted do ever prove worst,  
 Then that the next Parliament make amends for  
 the first,  
 Let's choose no more Zealots, lest in pieces we  
 burst, Which, &c.

32.

For when as the Schismatics i'th' House do prevail

Then

Part II. Rump Songs. 125

Then the head and all the Members are led by the  
tail,

So that all parts in doing their duty needs must  
fail, Which, &c.

33.

Let the Militia be settled e're you part with your  
Money,

Else you'l find them gall and wormwood whom  
you took for honey,

And the Souldiers will insult 'ore as soon as  
they've undone ye, Which, &c.

34.

'Tis believed the 3. Generals, Fairfax, VValler,  
and Brown,

Are sorry now for what they once helpt to pull  
down,

And 'tis hopt they'l redeem it by deeds of Re-  
nown, Which, &c.

35.

We are sensible now that there is no one thing  
Can full satisfaction to all Interests bring

But onely Charles the second, our known lawfull  
King, Which, &c.

36.

Let's dally no longer, but like Britains let's stand,  
For GOD and KING CHARLES, and the Laws  
of the Land;

Let's up and be doing, let's do't out of hand.

Which no body can deny:

Saint

*Saint George for England.*To the Tune of *Cook Laurell.*

**T**He *Westminster* Rump hath been little at  
*ease,*  
 Of which you have heard enough one would  
 think,  
 And therefore wee'l lay it aside if you please,  
*For the more we do stir in't the more it will stink.*

These County resolves for a *Parliament free,*  
 Makes the Rump smell worse than it did of late,  
 For now it runs down their heels you may see,  
 You may call them our *Privy-Members* of State.

But why should this Rump deal so roughly with  
*Kent?*

When *England* was conquer'd they were *scot-free,*  
 Must they for declaring of all men be shent?  
 But *long-tail* and *bob-tail* can never agree.

'Tis much disputed who *Antichrist* is,  
 I think 'tis the Rump, nor am I in jest,  
 For indeed, although of the number it miss,  
 Of this I am sure 'tis the mark of the *Beast.*

I cannot believe that our *General Monck*  
 Intends to protect it, hee's not such a Fool;  
 For if he were rightly inform'd how it stunk,  
 He never would joyn with such Grooms of the  
*Stool,*

Thought't

## Part II. Rump Songs. 127

Though't be not whole *Anticrist*, 'tis the worst  
part,

By it both the *Pope* and the *Turk* are out-done,  
If it be not the head, nor the feet, nor the heart,  
'Tis the *Rump* of the *VVhore* of *Babylon*.

So pocky, so stinking, so cheating to boot,  
That he that has got but an eye or a nose, (do'r?  
Would never bestride it; Then why should he  
And make the poor *Devil* his stallionship lose;

If I might advise him, he should not come near it,  
The scent of that house is naught for his *Gout*,  
And for his *Army* too; he might well fear it,  
'Tis enough to infect both his *horse* and his *foot*.

Nor would I wish him to come to *VVhiteball*,  
For that hath been an unfortunate place, (fall :  
From thence *Noll* was fetch'd, and *Dick* had his  
And *George* may take heed that it be not his *Cafe*.

I remember the time when he fought for the  
King,  
And the *Cause* was good though he did not pre-  
vail:

(O let not the *Boyes* in the streets now sing,  
He was once for the *Head*, but now for the *Tail*.

Then *George* for *England* strike up thy *Drum*,  
And do they devoir this *Rump* to destroy,  
That Noble King *Charles* the second may come,  
And our *Streets* may eccho with *Vive le Roy*.

And if He should come by thy *Valour* and *Might*,  
In that brave exploit thou'lt have more to brag  
on, Than

## 128 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Than e're had Saint *George* that valiant Knight,  
Who rescued the Maid by killing the *Dragon*.

Then lay by the thought of a *Parliament* free,  
But first bring the *King* in if you be wise,  
For without *Kings & Lords* theres none can be;  
'Twill be but a *Rump* of a bigger size.

You know how to do it, and needs not much  
schooling,  
All that you need to say is, *let it be done*,  
Then why should you stand delaying and fooling,  
You fought for the *Father*, why not for the *Son*?

If you do not do't, much honour you'll lose,  
Which He and We mean you, for this We do  
know,  
That in spite of the *Rump*, and all other his  
Foes,  
He will be brought in whether you will or no.

### *The History of the Second Death of the RUMP.*

To the Tune of  
*The Parliament sure as sung as a Cat.*

I.

COME buy my fine Ditty  
OF News from the Citty,  
As it was told in *Devonshire*,

The

## Part II. *Rump Songs.*

129

The Pimp that whips weekly  
Your Breech Politickly  
Sells not so much truth in a quire.

2.

*Tom Kings-man*; near undone  
With long stay in *London*,  
Last week to the Country did gallop;  
Where he took Cavaliers  
With his News by the ears,  
As they did the Pot to drink all--up.

3.

Quoth he, I once went  
To th' late Parliament,  
Whose Members (when I had seen 'em)  
Made me think of a Rat,  
That was caught by a Cat,  
And eat up the tail, that is venom.

4.

But yet to the stump  
Of that Poysonous Rump,  
Th' *Old Moutb* did soder in season;  
And when that was done,  
Like a *Lay-elder Gun*,  
It stunk at both ends of High Treason.

5.

The Monster did come  
Of mere *Moutb* and *Bum*,  
Most cunningly thus compacted,  
That if question'd it were,  
For mischief done there,  
It might swear, 'twas by *no body* acted.

6.

O' the nature and name  
Of each Member that came

Should

130 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Should I give a full relation,  
 Youl'd guesse by the sink,  
 That I rak't in the sink,  
 And common-shore of the whole Nation.

7.

Religions you might  
 Find all there, but the right;  
 For through the same Sieve they ran,  
 Which *Noll* us'd before  
 To sift the House o'ie,  
 Till nothing was left but the Bran.

8.

But of those they had,  
 Divisions being made  
 By Fortune's hand, (which is uncertain)  
 Some Members got many,  
 Some few, some not any,  
 As *Nevill* complained, and *Martin*.

9.

Indeed from Usurpers  
 They freed us and our Purse,  
 And praise of thanks had been their hire,  
 For taking us thean  
 Out o'th' Flying-pan,  
 Had they not cast us into the fire.

19.

For *Cromwell* they voted  
 A Tyrant, though rotted,  
 'Cause when they first footed their Game,  
 Hee'd not let them carry  
 To prey on the Quarry,  
 But gorg'd himself on the same.

11. And



## 11.

And King *Olivers* Sons,  
 ( Like Prince-playing Whore-Sons,  
 That on too high parts had ventur'd )  
 They strip't with a hiss  
 Of their State-properties,  
 And exeunt two Fools as they enter'd.

## 12.

What else they do,  
 By our Purles we knew,  
 As well as that scribbling Knave *Nedham*;  
 Some good Laws they un-did,  
 And some bad they founded,  
 And shortned our Chain for our Freedom.

## 13.

To quell this fierce Monster,  
 A Knight did anon-stir,  
 Who wanted Arms; yet from a Waggon  
 O' th' Popes hee'd take none,  
 But from *Prestor-John*,  
 And so St: George fell by the Dragon.

## 14.

Then *Lambert's* Wife chid him,  
 And ( like *Cromwell* ) bid him  
 Confound it, and mount the Throne Royal;  
 Your Weapons are long  
 Quoth she, and as strong,  
 My self of 'em both have made tryal.

## 15.

He finds the *Anabaptist*  
 For his purpose aptist,  
 And treads the steps of *Knipper Dolin*,  
 He fasts, and he prayes,

# 132 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

I'th' new canting phrase,  
As if Heaven were taken with drolling.

16

Some Packs he inveigles,  
O'th' blood-coated Beagles,  
To's party, the Rump-men did so to,  
And victualled so well,  
The adjacent fort Hell,  
As if they no other would go to.

17.

Little *John* thus did draw,  
'Gainst th' Out-law,  
( Good King ) to try who should have thy Deer,  
And thus for both poysons,  
A quarrel did rise once  
Betwixt the foul Toad and the Spider

18.

Bold *Lambert* advanced,  
He picquier'd and pranced,  
And's Party with speeches did urge on.  
But though he and *Morley*  
Did snarle and look furly,  
They cheated the Devil and the Chirurgion.

19.

For soon the Red-coat,  
( Who'l not fight, but vote )  
When *Lamberts* tide stronger was found,  
By ( at least ) two foot,  
And a Trooper to boot,  
Did let the Rump fall to the ground.

20.

And with General *Lentball*,  
The House they o're wastall,

# Part II. *Rump Songs.* 133

Religion and Laws they n'ere stood on,  
But fought still to hold,  
Ill got Land and Gold,  
Which first made the *Old Cause* a *Good One*.

21.

So fell the aged sway,  
Of five Months and a Day,  
We yet see no Heir apparent,  
But from Scabberd pregnant,  
Expect *Posthume regnant*,  
If Midwife *Monck* kindly take care on't.

22.

The Sword-men address to's,  
Pleas, and Manifesto's,  
Which shew 'em less honest than crafty,  
Whilst a Tyrannous crew,  
Our dangers renew,  
That's call'd a *Committee of Safety*.

23.

But *Fleetwood* and *Whitlock*,  
(The Laws cunning Pick-lock )  
With *Salloway* and *Vane*, two prime Praters,  
Loved Treason so well,  
That again to't they fell,  
And betray'd ev'n their own Fellow-traytors,

24.

In's villany *Bradshaw*,  
Of constancy made shew,  
For scorning Repentance as fickle,  
His life he soon ended,  
And to hell descended,  
This of my Faith is an Article.

134 *Ramp Songs.* Part II.

25.

Yet *Politician*.  
 ( The Devil's *Succubus*,  
 To teem for his Commendation )  
 Advizes us all  
 To mourn, and we shall,  
 Whilst that Hell-hound yelps in our Nation.

26.

And now *Lambert's* Cohorts,  
 And *Monks* (which makes wo hearts )  
 Do seem to contest, but anon,  
 We ship-wrack't shall be,  
 When they can agree  
 From what coast the storm shall fall on.

27.

Whilst Buff and Red-coats  
 Are sanctified notes  
 Of Christ's and his Gospel's Protectors,  
 But 'mong themselves solely,  
 Do they pass for holy,  
 As *Bessie* and's *Sword-men* for *Heroes*.

28.

They that heard this story,  
 First sighed, and were sorry  
 To hear of poor *Englands* confusion,  
 Then drank a full Bowl  
 To that Royal soul  
 That must settle all in conclusion.

*Vivat.*

*The Arraignment of the DEVIL for steal-  
ing away President Bradshaw.*

To the Tune of, *Well-a-day, well-a-day.*

<sup>2</sup>  
**I**F you'll hear news that's ill,  
Gentlemen, Gentlemen,  
Against the Devil: I will  
Be the Relator.  
Arraigned he must be,  
For that felloniously,  
'thout due solemnity,  
He took a Traytor.

<sup>2.</sup>  
*John Bradshaw* was his name.  
How it stinks, how it stinks,  
Who'l make with blacker fame,  
*Pilate* unknown.  
This worse than worst of things  
Condemn'd the best of Kings,  
And what more guilt yet brings,  
Know 'twas his own.

<sup>3.</sup>  
Vertue in *Charles* did seem,  
Eagerly, eagerly,  
And villainy in him  
To vye for glory;  
Majesty so compleat,  
And impudence so great  
Till that time never met,  
But to my Story,

K k 3

4. Ac-

4.

Accusers there will be  
 Bitter ones, bitter ones,  
 More than one, two, or three,  
 All full of spight.  
 Hang-man and Tree so tall,  
 Bridge, Tower, and City-wall,  
 Kire and Crow, which were all  
 Robb'd of their right.

5.

But Judges none are fit,  
 Shame it is, shame it is,  
 That twice seven years did sit  
 To give Hemp-string dome;  
 The fiend they would befriend,  
 That he might in the end  
 To them like favour lend  
 In his own Kingdom.

6.

Sword-men it must be you,  
 Boldly to't, boldly to't,  
 Must give the Devil his due,  
 Do it not faintly;  
 But as you rais'd by spell  
 Last Parliament from hell  
 Omnipotently.

7.

The Charge they wisely frame  
 ( On with it, on with it, )  
 In that yet unknown name  
 Of Supreme power.  
 Which six weeks hence by Vote  
 Shall be or it shall not,  
 When Monk's to London got  
 In a good hour

8.

But twelve good men and true,  
 Cavaliers, Cavaliers,  
 He excepts against you,  
 Justice he fears.

From Bar and and Pulpit he  
 Craves such as do for fee  
 Serve all turnes : for hee'l be  
 Tried by his Peers.

2.

Satan, y'are guilty found  
 By your Peers, by your Peers.  
 And must dye above ground,  
 Look for no pittie.  
 Some of our Ministry,  
 Whose Spirits with yours comply,  
 As Owen, Caryl, Nye,  
 For death shall fit 'ee.

10.

Dread Judges; mine own limb  
 I but took, I but took.  
 I was forced without him  
 To use a Crutch.  
 Some of the Robe can tell  
 How to supply full well  
 His place here, but in hell.  
 I had none such.

11.

Devil, you are an Ass,  
 Plain it is, plain it is,  
 And weakly plead the case;  
 Your wits are lost.  
 Some Lawyers will out-do't,  
 When shortly they come to't,  
 Your craft, our gold to boot,  
 They have ingross'd.

Kk 4.

12. Should

12.

Should all men take their right,  
 Well-a-day, well-a-day,  
 We were in a sad plight,  
 O'th' Holy Party.  
 Such practise hath a scent  
 Of Kingly government;  
 Against it we are bent,  
 Out of home-Char'ty.

13.

But if I dye, who am  
 King of Hell, King of Hell,  
 You will not quench its flame,  
 But find it worse :  
 Confused Anarchy  
 Will a new torment be;  
 Ne're did these Kingdoms three  
 Feel such a curse.

14.

To our promotion Sir,  
 There are here, there are here,  
 Through some confused stir  
 Doth the high-road lye.  
 In hell we need not fear  
 Nor King, nor Cavalier,  
 Who then shall dominere  
 But we the Godly ?

15.

Truth then, Sirs, which of old  
 Was my shame, was my shame,  
 Shall now to yours be told,  
 You caused his death.  
 The House being broken by  
 Your selves ( there's Burglary )  
 With entered forcibly,  
 And stopt his breath.

16. Sir



16.

Sir, as our President

Taught by you, taught by you,  
 'Gainst the King a way went

Most strange and new :  
 Charging him with the Guilt  
 Of all the blood we spilt,  
 With Swords up to the hilt,  
 So wee'l serve you.

17.

For mercy then I call,

Good my Lords, good my Lords,  
 And Traytors I'll leave all

Duly to end it.  
 Sir, Sir, 'tis frivolous,  
 As well for you as us,  
 To beg for mercy thus,  
 Our crimes transcend it.

18.

You must dye out of hand,

*Satanas, Satanas,*  
 This our Decree shall stand,  
 Without controll,  
 And we for you will pray,  
 Because the Scriptures say,  
 When some men curse you, they  
 Curse their own soul.

19.

The fiend to Tyburn's gone,  
 There to dye, there to dye.

Black is the North anon,  
 Great storms will be,  
 Therefore together now  
 I leave him and th' Gallow :  
 So News-man take 'em thou,  
 Soon they'l take thee.

## The Rota : Or

*News from the Common-wealths-Mens-Club,  
Written by Mr. Henry Stub;  
'Tis better than a Syllibub.*

1.

**A** *Westminster* where we take boat,  
There on the left hand you may note  
The sign of the *Turks Head* and *Throat*.

2.

What Heads and Thoats therein there be,  
If you'll have patience to see,  
These few lines here shall notifie.

3.

Here *Harrington* breeds up his youth  
To the discover of no Truth,  
All *Common-wealths-men* in good sooth.

4.

A question here, though nere so rude,  
Is so belabour'd, and so rew'd,  
And into sundry pieces hew'd.

5.

If un-resolved by I, or Not,  
It must be put to the Ballot.  
'Tis Mr. *Harringtons* own plot.

6.

The finest thing that ere was seen,  
The one side white the other green,  
And there you must put in a Bean.

11. Part II. Rump Songs.

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7.

First *Harrington* doth hawk and hum,  
And tells a story of old *Rome*,  
Which from his own store never come.

8.

He cites *Sigonius* and *Lampridius*,  
Authors which to the Club are hideous,  
And he in quoting most perfidious.

9

But there a sad mishap befell,  
Which much doth grieve me for to tell,  
But I am glad it was so well.

10.

The learned man stood up and spoke,  
That by two Losses he was broke,  
His Reputation and his Cloke.

11.

Quoth he, my Reputation  
I hear is tumbled up and down  
Much like a Foot-ball through the Town.

12.

And for my Cloak, by this good light,  
This Rascal *Miles* but yester-night  
With Coffee did it all bedire.

13.

Next *Polixsen*, that Politician,  
Yet surely he is no *Hebrician*,  
And (as I take it) a worse *Gracian*.

14.

Whom *Αυτοκρατορ* did so fright,  
He was not himself again that night,  
'Twas thought he did himself beslaite.

15.

There's *Poultney* too that man of Law,

12

# 142 Rump Songs. Part II.

In Politicks he is but raw,  
But prattles more than a Jack-daw.

16.

Who speaking once of *Injustice*,  
Made a distinction somewhat nice,  
It was between a *Sin* and *Vice*.

17.

Next comes in *Gold* that brazen-face,  
If blushing be a sign of grace,  
The Youth is in a wofull case.

18.

Whilst he should give us *Sol's* and *Ob's*,  
He brings us in some simple bobs,  
And fathers them on Mr. *Hobs*.

19.

Nay, he hath got the prettiest feat,  
Monarchs out of the world to beat,  
Thus proves they're all a *tacite Cheat*.

20.

If man in state of nature be,  
And one imparts his right to me,  
I cheat him of his property.

21.

The like, if many men possess,  
To one gives all their interest;  
He must be deem'd a Cheat at best.

22.

We want not an Attorney hight,  
*Lame Collins* (if I name him right)  
Oh ! 'tis a very learned Wight.

23.

The subtlest man that ere I saw,  
Did arguments from Scripture draw;  
Religion was before the Law.

Part II. *Rump Songs:* 143

24.

If so Sir *Harrington's* mistane,  
Religion doth the Law sustain,  
Law property, it is most plain.

35.

A *Parson* too, of no small note,  
His sense as thred-bare are his coat;  
And neither of them worth a groat.

26.

The man doth hope in time to be  
*Chaplain* to the *Academy*;  
Hee's fit, for he can scarce tell three.

27.

*Moxley*, who thought to have been one  
Of the Committee, but was none;  
For had he, they'd been all undone.

28.

'Twas well foreseen, for the wise *Knot*  
Thought that the man might have a Plot,  
For to have dipped their *Ballot*.

29.

One in a speech he did rehearse,  
'Gainst the *Pope's* land, he was so fierce,  
He cut it off at least in a teirce.

30.

He said he'd quote Authority,  
That the full lengsh of *Italy*  
Contain'd but threescore miles and three.

31.

A *Cambrobritain* here god-wot,  
Must needs make one of this learned *Knot*,  
But 'twere as good if he were not.

32.

*Taff Morgan*, God her Worship save,

Doth

Doth shie among them very grave,  
He's no great States-man, but great K——

33.

Last, *Skinner* of his Chair grown proud,  
Doth gravely weild the busie croud,  
And still to Orders cries aloud.

34.

To tell you more of Mr. *Skinner*,  
He'd rather talk than eat his Dinner;  
Tis that which makes him look the thinner.

35.

But whilst the Man to *Strafford* cry'd,  
Sir you to Orders must be ty'd,  
Or else you must not here abide:

26.

For our course here, is not to prate  
Of things that do too near relate  
To the Affairs of present state:

37.

Speak to the question, it is found,  
In what of Government the Ground,  
Or the foundation may be found.

38.

*Strafford* with that did lowly bow,  
Good Mr. Speaker calm your brow,  
And of my Argument allow.

39.

For had your Question any sense,  
I should not take the confidence  
To give your Worship ought offence.

40.

But since for non-sense it may passe,  
To speak to you in *Country-Passe*,  
Your Worship is a learned Affe.

41.

Which words he took in so much scorn,  
That nothing else would serve his turn,  
But presently he must adjourn.

42.

*Adjourn*, quoth *Strafford*, in a fright,  
Are you a *Burgeſſe* or a *Knight*?  
Sure I ſhall to the *Tower* to night.

43.

But loe, the worſt of all diſaſters,  
A *Youth* ſtood up, *My learned Maſters*,  
All Governments are much like *plaſters*,

44.

*Plaſters*, quoth *Strafford*, let me dye;  
If not this poor *Academy*,  
Have not ſome grand infirmity.

45.

And ſince it happen to be ſo,  
I may chance be infected too;  
Therefore my *Maſters* all, adieu. *Exit.*

*The Cobler's laſt Will and Teſtament: or,  
the Lord Hewſon's tranſlation.*

1.

**T**O *Chriſtians* all I greeting ſend,  
That they may learn their ſouls to amend  
By viewing of my *Coblers* end.

2.

Fiſt, to the new *Lords* I would give all,  
But that (like me) they're like to fall,  
Though heartleſs *Fleetwood* has no gall.

3. Yet

3.

Yet he deserves this Legacy,  
 ROPE take you all, well may I cry,  
 Hou're Murderers as well as I.

4.

And will thus(*wry-neck*) end your race,  
 Since wilfulful Murther hath no place  
 In the late *Parliaments* Act of Grace.

5.

My *Paring-Knife* I'll *Lambert* give,  
 He may have use on't if he live,  
 For's *throat* as well as his *brow* I believe.

6.

But *Richard* and *Harry* I have forgot,  
 Shall I give them my *Hammers*? No, I will not,  
 For they did not strike while th' Iron was hot.

7.

*Vane* take my *Bends*, and *Wilks* my *Clue*,  
*Atkins* my *Hose* of *Saffron Hue*,  
 But *Gregory* saith my *Clothes* are his due.

8.

My *Cushion* will fit *Q. Dowager Cromwell*, (well,  
 Whilst *Shipton* wives *Prophecie* she doth thumb  
 In Chair of State 'twill ease her Bum well.

8.

For *Oliver* thou didst set me on high,  
 I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,  
 Yet I wish not now to come thee nigh.

10.

For sure ere this thou'lt burn with thy Nose,  
 Which out of thy Nostrils Brimstone throwes,  
 Would thou wert here to sing my Foes.

11.

There is another Lord, that's *Rich*,



II. Part II. *Rump Songs.* 147

To cure the City whose fingers did itch :  
But only I went thorough *stitch*.

13.

And yet they say I was out of my Trade  
When as *Phlebotomy* I Made,  
Some Chyrurgion to do't I'de better have paid.

13

Ill-looking death turn back thy shaft,  
If *Charon* me over *Styx* should waft,  
It would disgrace our Gentle-craft.

14.

I'th' Good Old Cause I traded st'ill,  
But in't my Lordship smelt some ill,  
To mend it though, prov'd past my skill.

15.

Therefore to *Tyburn* I must ride,  
Although it cannot be deny'd,  
But that I have lived single ey'd.

16.

And if my Foes will do me right,  
They'l say, I've set the crooked streight,  
Why then I am a Man upright.

17.

I wish the Jury find it so,  
*John Lilburns* Jury would say no,  
Stitch up the Lord, let the Cobler go.

18.

But 'tis no jesting matter I crow ?  
For I can't laugh although you do;  
Yet may make a wry-mouth, or so.

19

Before, when we debauch't the Nation,  
We could have vouch'd our Reformation,  
By a day or two of Humiliation.

L 1

20, Now

Now 'tis not currant Pay, for I  
Have wail'd my sins, and yet they cry,  
Hang him, he weeps but with one eye.

---

*The Hangman's last Will and Testament,  
with his Legacy to the Nine Worthies  
viz. Col. Lambert, Creed, &c.*

**I** Have lived to see such wretchedness,  
When none but Honesty are Crimes,  
That my Ropes are turned into Rimes.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Things are so carried I can't tell how,  
There's as many above still as are below,  
I have hang'd such in shirts as white as snow.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Oliver he lived by a Plot,  
The Parliament sits still, and why not?  
And I fared well by a bow-knot.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

All my delight was in a Jayl,  
My estate was got at a Cart's tayl,  
I know not what these people ayle.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Oliver he a Coach would drive,

And

I. Part II. Rump Songs. 149

And was honey in the Parliaments Bee-hive,  
Neither he nor I lov'd a reprove.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

I wish I had had his Proteſtors reſt,  
I'de have laid it an earneſt for a jeſt,  
But Sir Harry Vane's worth all the reſt,

*I and my Gallows groan:*

I have chopt off many a worthy Head,  
And thanks to the Sheriffs have been well fed.  
But that I can dock muſt never be ſed.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Lambert I knew was troubl'd with the yellows,  
And more perplexed with his fellows.  
Had I liv'd I'de cur'd him at the Gallows:

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Never was any ſo bad as my Trade,  
The Nine Worthies would have made,  
As a Drudge before ſomething a Jade,

*I and my Gallows groan.*

But I had got nothing by the thing,  
There's indempnity againſt the ſtring,  
But my heir may get by a forward Spring,

*I and my Gallows groan.*

I ſee John Lilburn at a bar,  
And Sir George Booth that man of war,  
But could get neither in my Car.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

# 150 Rump Songs. Part II.

I think the Ordinaries long Prayer,  
Hath spoyl'd frequenting of my fair.  
Till all long-winded R — are there.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

For halftwelve pence half penny wages  
I would have cleared all the Town cages,  
And you should have been rid of all the Sages.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

There was much climbing among the Grantees,  
Yet they all I see know the wood from the trees,  
And all to confound me of my fees.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

The High Court of Justice was out of use,  
The Thieves and the Bench had made a Truce,  
For want of Authority, a lean excuse.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

'Twould vex any body to keep an Axe  
As long as there are any Alderman Packs,  
Or Desborough eke with his wide Sacks.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

That Duckenfield, Packer, and Major Creed,  
Of my helping hand should have such need,  
When I am not able to do the deed,

*I and my Gallows groan.*

Lambert would also borrow the Block,  
As well as my Lady did Olivers Cock,  
But like him I must patiently bear this mock.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

*Fleetwood*

I. Part II. Rump Songs. 511

*Fleetwood* also lacks some of my skill,  
And that I can't do't Folks take it ill,  
I'de hang um all, if I could have my will.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

'Tis vain to look for old mens shooes,  
Else I had had *Hewson* in a noose,  
But my Successor won't him loose.

*I and my Gallows groan.*

*Tyburn* was once in mourning clad,  
For a great Man, and I also very sad,  
A full bunch will make you all glad.

*I and my Gallows groan*

---

A Hymne to the Gentle Craft: or Hew-  
son's Lamentation,

To the Tune of the Blind Beggar.

Listen a while to what I shall say  
Of a blind Cobler that's gone astray  
Out of the Parliaments High way,  
*Good people pity the blind.*

His name you wot well is Sir *John Hewson*  
Whom I intend to set my Mule on,  
As great a Warriour as Sir *Miles Lewson*,

*Good people, &c.*

Hee'd now give all the shooes in his shop  
The Parliaments fury for to stop,

Whip Cobler like any Town-top,

Good people, &c.

He hath been in many a bloody field,  
And a successfull sword did wield,  
But now at last is forced to yield,

Good people, &c.

Oliver made him a famous Lord  
That he forgot his Cutting Bord,  
But now his Thred's twisted to a Cord,

Good people, &c.

Crispin and he were nere of kin,  
The gentle Craft have a noble Twin,  
But he'd give Sir *Hughs* bones to save his skin,

Good people, &c.

Abroad and at home he hath cut many a Hide,  
A Dog and a Bell must now be his Guide,  
They'l lash him smartly on the blind side,

Good people, &c.

Of all his War-like valiant Feats,  
Of his Calves leather and his Neats,  
Let him speak um himself when he repeats,

Good people, &c.

I'll only mention one exploit,  
For which when he begs, I'll give him a Doit,  
How he did the City vex and annoy't,

Good people, &c.

He marcht into *London* with Red-coat and Drum  
During the time we had no Bum,

Being

Being right for an Army as a Cows Thum,  
*Good people, &c.*

And there he did the Prentices meet,  
 Who jeered him as he went through the street,  
 But he did them very well-favouredly greet,  
*Good people, &c.*

Bears do agree with their own kind,  
 But he was of such a cruel mind,  
 He kill'd his Brother Cob. before he had din'd.  
*Good people, &c.*

He strutted then like a Crow in a Gutter,  
 That no body durst once more Mutter  
 The Capon-Citizens, 'gan to Flutter,  
*Good people, &c.*

After he had them thus defeated,  
 To his old Quarters he retreated,  
 And was by Fleetwood notably treated,  
*Good people, &c.*

He is for this I hear Indited,  
 Though the Week before by them Invited,  
 But Wise Men say they had as good as Shited,  
*Good people, &c.*

He cares not for the Sessions a Lowse,  
 They reach not a Peer of the other House,  
 He's frighted to see that he is a Parliament  
 chouse, *Good people, &c.*

And now hee's gone the Lord knows whether,  
 He and this Winter go together,

# 154 Rump Songs. Part II.

If he be caught he will loose his Leather,  
*Good people, &c.*

H'ad best get him in some Countrey Town,  
 And companie keep with *Desbrow* the Clown,  
 You see how the World goes up and down.  
*Good people, &c.*

His Coach and his Horses are gone to be lost,  
 He must vamp it and cart it and thank thee mine  
 There's no more to be said of an old Toast, (host,  
*Good people, &c.*

Sing Hi Ho *Hewson*, the State nere went upright,  
 Since Coblers could Pray, Preach, Govern and  
 Fight,  
 We shall see what they'l do now y'are out of fight,  
*Good people pity the blind.*

*The Rump Ululant : or Penitence per  
 force. Being the Recantation of the Old  
 Rusty-roguy-rebellious-rampant, and  
 now raiuous rotten-rosted R U M P.*

To the Tune of *Gerrards Mistriss.*

**F**arewell  
 False Honors, and usurped Powers farewell;  
 For the Great Bell  
 Of Justice rings in our affrighted ears.  
 The Gripes  
 Of wounded Conscience far exceed all stripes,  
 Yet



Yet are small types,  
Of those sharp pains Rebellion justly fears.  
See how

Th' unmasked people his us out of doors,  
And call us Knave.  
Because though We, their Servants be,  
We made them but our Slaves.

For since  
We laid the Country wast like ravenous Bores,  
They seek our bloods,

Our Hands  
Because they prize their Liberties,  
But to devour their Goods.  
We dip'd in Royal blood, to take his Lands  
At our Commands,  
And made 3. Kingdoms headless at one blow.

The strife  
We caus'd was chiefly to cut off his life,  
With curst Knife;  
He that was Vertues Friend, must be our foe  
made  
Religion do our Drudgery to base Ends.  
But now we find,  
They that do sow pretences, mow  
A Harvest of the wind.

And now  
When clamorous vengeance calling for amends  
Begins our grief,  
Our Friend the Devil, with his Evill,  
Can give us no relief.

Go search  
All Lands beneath the Suns Star-spangled  
( perch,  
You'l

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When clamorous vengeance calling for amends

Begins our grief,

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Can give us no relief.

Go search

All Lands beneath the Suns Star-spangled  
You'l

( perch,

156 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

You'l find no Church

Like ours, while reverend *Bishops* held the chair.  
But those

We know with our designs would never close;  
And therefore chose

In their heads to set up *Extempore* prayer.

Poached Eyes, ( rers Nose

And words twang'd through a whining *Lectur*-  
Did fill our Purses,

That many have Rings, and better things,  
Which now give only curses.

And thus ( Gloze

Hell was our Text, though Heav'n were our  
And Will our Reason,

Religion we made free of *Hocum* trade,  
And voted Loyalty Treason.

Since we ( flee,

With wicked Armes have made the Crozier  
Error is free

To lay hernetts, to make weak minds her prize,  
All Sects,

Schismes cursed Heresies with stubborn necks,  
Corrupt our Texts,

And crane up Scripture to maintain their lyes.  
You see

The crop-ear'd Anabaptist sowing Tares  
In every ground,

Though the Plagues of War, wherever they are  
The Church and State confound.

So do

The Roman Noses vend their Popish wares,  
By twylight still; ( sad,

And the Quaker half mad, though he looks so  
Grinds in the Jesuites Mill. Our

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 157

Our Drums (Plums

Did drown our Process, and our Writs; our  
Bid kiss our Bums,

We sent our Laws and Persons to the Tower,  
From whence

To be deliver'd, 'twas in vain to fence  
By talking sense;

No *Habeas Corpus* in the Court of Power.  
The Gown

Did sloop the Reverend Velvet to a crew  
In short Red-coats,

Who many a day, have made you pay,  
For cutting your own throats.

WVe rob'd

The whole of Food to pamper out the few,  
Exciz'd your Wares,

And tax'd you round, sixpence the pound,  
And massacred your Bears.

But now

Despairs black clouds do hang upon our brow,  
For all do bow

Their hearts to their true Shepherd,  
*Charles* their King.

And we,

The Wolfish Rulers now must Subjects be  
To destiny,

And end our *Junto* in a fatal string.

Then learn

All future Traytors by our Tragick doom,  
E're 'tis too late,

Left when you make Kingdoms to shake,  
You copy out your fate.

WVe

WVe know

(Room

Our high affronts to Church and State make  
For us in Hell;

But yet we'll hope, till the sad Rope  
Saves bid the VVorld farewell.

*Facit indignatio versum.*

### *The Holy Sisters.*

Six of the Femal sex, and purer sect,  
Had conference of late to this effect,  
How they might change the Popish Name of  
*Preaching?*

Then quoth the first it shall be called *Teaching*.

The second newly warm'd with heavenly *Nectar*,  
Fell to commend the sacred name of *Leisure*.

The third not halfso learned, yet full as wise,  
Said, she likt it best to call't *The Exercise*.

Nay, quoth the fourth, the Brethren, as I hear,  
Do term it *Speaking* in *Northampton-shire*.

The fifth with none of these yet did accord,  
But term'd it purely *bandling of the Word*.

Then, quoth the sixth (*Standing*) a name most fit;  
For Preachers in the Pulpit seldome fit.

For Application then, quoth they, we fear  
Our selves not sufficient th' use to bear,

Nor to conceive the meaning of some man;  
Some able Brethren we must have, who can,

Being full of Spirit, Minister supply,  
And help 'gainst our Carnal infirmity;

Repeat

I.  
n  
e

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 159

Repeat the Business, and all faults redresse;  
Such, who with zeal and heat can fully presse  
The Point home, that so the Cause being clear,  
We may remember't sweetly many a year.  
And though in Concord Frailties we oft fall,  
The help of such good men will raise us all,  
By putting in New strength and life, whereby  
Being edified, We grow and fructifie.  
Thus the Six Sisters did at last consent,  
And so departed thence *Incontinent.*

---

of

*The Second Part of Saint George for  
England.*

To the Tune of *To drive the cold Winter away.*

NOW the *Rump* is confounded,  
There's an end of the *Roundhead*,  
Who hath been such a bane to our *Nation*,  
He hath now plaid his part,  
And's gone out, like a fart,  
Together with his reformation,  
For by his good favour,  
He hath left a bad favour,  
But's no matter, wee'l trust him no more;  
*Kings* and *Queen's* may appear  
Once again in our *Sphere*,  
Now the *Knaves* are turned out of door.  
*And drive the cold Winter away.*

at

*Scot, Nevil, and Vane,  
With the rest of that train,*

*Are*

Are into *Oceana* fled,  
Sir *Arthur* the brave,  
That's as arrant a *Knave*,  
Has *Harrington's Rota* in's Head,  
But hee's now full of cares  
For his *Foals*, and his *Mares*,  
As when he was routed before :  
But I think he despairs,  
By his *Arms*, or his *Prayers*,  
To set up the *Rump* any more.

*And drive the cold Winter away.*

I should never have thought,  
That a *Monk* could have wrought  
Such a *Reformation* so soon;  
That *House*, which of late  
Was the *Jaques* of our *State*,  
Will ere long be a *House of Renown*;  
How good wits did jump,  
In abusing the *Rump*,  
Whilst the *House* was press'd by the *Rabble*;  
But our *Hercules Monk*,  
Though it grievously sunk,  
Now hath cleans'd that *Augean stable*.

*And drive the cold Winter away.*

And now *Mr. Pryne*,  
With the rest may come in,  
And take their *Places* again,  
For the *House* is made sweet,  
For those *Members* to meet,  
Though part of the *Rump* yet remain;  
Nor need they to fear,  
Though the *Breeches* be there,

Which



## I. Part II. Rump Songs. 161

Which were wrong'd both behind and before,  
For he saith, 'twas a chance,  
And forgive him this once,  
And He swears he will do sono more.

*And drive the cold Winter away.*

'Tis true there are some,  
Who are still for the *Hum*,  
Such *Tares* will grow up with the *Wheat*,  
And there they will be, till a *Parliament* come  
That can give them a total defeat :  
Eut yet I am told,  
That the *Rumpers* do hold,  
That the *Saints* may swim with the tyde :  
Nor can it be *Treason*,  
But *Scripture* and *Reason*,  
Still to close with the stronger side.

*And drive the cold Winter away.*

Those *Lawyers* o'th' *House*,  
As *Baron Wild-goose*  
With *treason Hill*, *Whitlock*, and *Say*,  
Were the bane of *Laws*,  
And our *Good Old Cause*,  
And 'twere well if such were away:  
Some more there are to blame,  
Whom I care not to name,  
That are *Men* of the very same *Tanks*,  
'Mongst whom there is one,  
That to *Devil Barebone*,  
For his ugly *Ptition* gave thanks.

*And drive the cold Winter away.*

But

But I hope by this time,  
 Hee'l confess 'twas a crime,  
 To abet such a damnable crew,  
 Whose Petition was drawn  
 By *Alcoran Vane*,  
 Or else by *Corbet the Jew*:  
 By it you may know,  
 What the *Rump* meant to do,  
 And what *Religion* to frame;  
 So 'twas time for *St. George*,  
 That *Rump* to disgorge,  
 And to send it from whence it first came, &c.  
*And drive the cold Winter away.*

---

*A New Kickshaw for the queasie Stomack  
 of Sathan and all those that fight under  
 his Banner.*

To the Tune of *Cook Laurell*.

**Y**OU pitifull Rimers now be you all dumb;  
 Let no Dames of the Dunghill sing Ditties a-  
 bout  
*St. George and the Dragon, and little Tom Thumb,*  
*With Wallingford House and the Rump are worn*  
*Here's an Ola Polidra so pleasant and new, (out.*  
*The Tayle of the State had n'ere such a Hogooe.*  
*With a key down down, &c.*

Come listen you Cooks and learn my new Dish,  
 'Tis that that will fill your Guests bellies with  
 laughter, 'Tis

## Part II. *Ramp Songs.* 163

'Tis a meat neither made of flesh nor fish,  
But will make all that tast it to lick their lips af-  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* ter.

First take you three Farts from the Parliament-  
Breech,  
The head of an Onion to rubb on your Platter,  
The Hums and the Ha's of Mr. *Scot's* speech,  
Spoke twice to no purpose, and mince not the  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (matter,

Take the Linings of Alderman *Atkins* his Hose,  
Some oth' cobling Collonei's Shooe-makers waz,  
The juyce of *Tichburn's* and *Ireton's* Toes,  
'Twill settle your Stomack, and strengthen your  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (Backs,

If an Independent Sermon you hear,  
Be sure you take all that is spoke to the Text,  
Some of my Lord *Pride* his Zeal for a Fear,  
And a Prayer by the Spirit made by that Part  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (comes next.

Take *Munson's* chaste motions towards a Wench,  
The Sword of the Spirit handled by *Gough*,  
The fear of the Judges that sate on the Bench  
When the Head of this Isle by the Tayle was lopp'd  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (off.

Take all the old Speaker's Honesty whole;  
For if it be lessen'd 'twill prove little or none;  
And, if you have room, you may stop up the hole  
With the Knighthood and Wisdom of Sir *John*  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (his Son.  
Mm Take

## 164 Rump Songs. Part II.

Take one of Sir *Arthur's* passionate dumps,  
 Sir *Harry Vane's* *Harry Vane's* hearty Prayers for  
*Monck,*  
 The froth of the *Good Old Cause* worne to the  
 stumps:  
 And modest *Harry Martins* discourse for a Punk.  
*Here's an Ola, &c.*

Of Publick Faith an Ounce if you can get it,  
 Stew'd well in an Honest Committee-mans skull,  
 Then with the Coales of *Hugh Peter's* Devotion  
 beat it,  
 'Twill give all the Devils in Hell Belly full.  
*Here's an Ola, &c.*

Take the Whites of a Puritans list'd-up eyes,  
 And the Saffron engendred on a Presbyters gums,  
 Mr *William Lilly's* Astrological Lyes,  
 And the meditations of *Salloway* biting his  
*Here's an Ola, &c.* (thumbs.

Of *Lemert's* Religion as much as a Nut,  
 And of his Wife's Honesty much thereabout,  
 With the spirit that moveth holy Brethren to rut,  
 And maketh the holy Sisters hold out.  
*Here's an Ola, &c.*

Sow it in an Excise-man's Conscience well fear'd,  
 And in a French-man's Codpiece 2. hours let it  
 Then strow it o're with a Puritan's beard; (stew,  
 'Tis a Dish for the Devil and for his Dam too.  
*Here's Ola, &c.*

But

## Part II. Rump Songs. 165

But then if it want a Man to say grace,  
It must be done by one that's a sinner, (place,  
An Independent Doctor just turn'd out on's  
Must needs be most fit to give thanks for this Di-  
ner.

---

England's Triumph : or , The Rump  
Routed by a true Assertor of Englands  
Interest, General George Monk.

### A SONNET.

To the Tune of, *Fill up the Parliament full.*

What makes the Souldiers  
To stand to their Arms ?  
'Tis for what they profess,  
To keep us from harmes,  
The Members seclused  
Comes in by swarmes  
*To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,*  
*To fill up the Parliament full.*

You know that the City Gates  
Late were thrown down  
The Walls too were order'd  
By Parliament frown :  
But General Monk has pleas'd  
Souldier and Gown.  
*And fill'd up the Parliament full, full, full,*  
*And fill up the Parliament full.*

Mm 3 A

A dispute there was had  
 By the Members secluded,  
 Brave *Monk* was the Umpire  
 And found them deluded,  
 But *Englands* great joy  
 Is now wholly concluded :  
*For he's fill'd up the Parl. full, full, full,*  
*For hee's fill'd up the Parl. full.*

Sir *Arthur* the Valiant  
 Must make his Speech large,  
 Lest the Members Excluded  
 Lay Treason to's Charge.  
 Hee'd better have dealt  
 With his *New-castle* Barge,  
*Than to see the Old P. full, full, full,*  
*Than to see the old P. full.*

The Aldermen Grave,  
 And the Commons o'th' City  
 Imprisoned were,  
 The more is the pity,  
 But General *Monk* said,  
 That I will acquit ye,  
*For the P. now shall be full, full, full,*  
*For the P. now shall be full.*

Have you not seen  
 Fresh Flowers in the Springs  
 And have you not heard  
 A Cage-bird to sing ?  
 But if the Cage-Members  
 Would bring in the King.—  
*It would fill up the Parl. full, full, full,*  
*It would fill up the Parl. full.*

I.  
Part II. *Rump Songs.* 167

The Parliament now will  
Come into their Geers,  
For Secluded P——  
( That once lost his Ears )  
Marcht in with his Rapier  
For Commons and Peers,  
*To fill up the Parliament full, full, full, !*  
*To fill up the Parliament full.*

Whose often Declaring  
Has furnisht the Nation  
With Parliament Arguments  
Of the old Fashion,  
And would have both  
King, Lords and Peers in this Nation  
*To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,*  
*To fill up the Parliament full.*

Our brave General Monk  
We bound are to thank,  
The Honest Lord Fairfax  
Has plaid ( too ) his prank,  
No thanks to be given  
To the Rump nor the Shank  
*To fill up the Parliament full, full, full,*  
*To fill up the Parliament full.*

Had the City ne're mov'd,  
Nor the Prentices strove,  
They'd lost their Old Charter :  
But *MONK* had a love  
To challenge the Grand Ones  
Which Mischiefs did move;

*And so fill'd up the Parl full, full, full,*  
*And so fill'd up the Parliament full.* M m 3 The

168 *Rump Songs,* Part II.

*The Parliament-Compliment : or, the  
Re-admission of the Secluded Mem-  
bers to the Discharge of their long retar-  
ded Trust.*

Since sixteen hundred forty and odd, (rod  
We have soundly been lashed with our own  
And we have bowed our selves down at a Ty-  
rants nod, *Which no body can deny.*

Whe have seen a new thing call'd a Council of  
State,  
Upheld by a Power that's now out of date,  
Put to th' Question, by th' Members of Forty  
eight, *Which, &c.*

We have seen what we hope we shall ne'r see  
agin  
Now *Fambert* and *Desbrow* are snar'd in the gin,  
The tayl cunningly pieced unto the skin.  
*Which, &c.*

A sword that has frighted our *Laws* out of door,  
A Back sword I wor, that must cut so no more,  
By the honour of *Mork* now quitting that score,  
*Which, &c.*

A Vote late'y called the Judgement o' th' House,  
To be esteemed and reputed not worth a Louse,  
*And*



Part II. *Rump Songs.* 169

And the Grandee of *Portsmouth* made a fine chouse  
*Which, &c.*

We have seen an Assessment, a thing for Taxes,  
Though the Common-wealth wane the private  
Waxes:

Swords into Plowshares, and such Bills into Axes,  
*Which, &c.*

Another new story of Qualification,  
That belong'd to no honest man of the Nation,  
Like the ill contrived Authors, quite out of Fa-  
shion. *Which, &c.*

Original sin was damn'd by that Law,  
The Son of a Cavalier made a Jack-straw,  
To be chewed again by their ravenous Jaw,  
*Which, &c.*

To fill up the House, and to shuffle the deal,  
New Writs issued out, for their new Common-  
weal,  
But it's not worth asking who is't payes the  
Seal, *Which, &c.*

I wonder who payes the late *Parliament* Printers,  
That Place they may hold as many Summers as  
Winters,  
And wish their Presses were broken in splinters,  
*Which, &c.*

A great many Traytors by them lately made,  
Makes Treason be thought a Common trade,  
M m 4 Sir

170 *Ramp Songs.* Part II.

Sir George Booth and Jack Lambert a while in the  
shade, *Which, &c.*

We shall now sure give over that word *sequester*,  
Now the tail is cured of that rankling fester,  
The twentieth of *April* is much about Easter,  
*Which, &c.*

How many thanks of the House ha' been idely  
spent  
Upon people that still have been Male-contentr,  
But they must fall from those dainties in this  
shriving Lent, *Which, &c.*

That honourable favour no more shall be given  
To the factious merit of a Party Hell-driven,  
For now our twenty years odds will be even,  
*Which, &c.*

Then room for our Prisoners detain'd in the  
Tower,  
And away with the new Lieutenants power,  
Who's minting the widdowed Good Old Causes  
Dower, *Which, &c.*

Sir George Booth shall not think this a hit of fate,  
Nor Excuse his Keeper whose Warrant's out 'f  
We shall see them all cry *Peccavi* too late, (date,  
*Which, &c.*

Eleven years Mischief, tumults and rage, (age,  
Are theſe onely Memorials of this *Common-wealths*  
And all to be thank'd by *Hoffrigg* the sage,  
*Which, &c.*  
Let

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 171

Let our *Liberty-keepers* be chang'd to *Restorer*,  
Let our *Peace* carry *Truth* and *Duty* before her,  
Hee's a *Fool* and a *Knave* that else will adore,  
*Which, &c.*

This *Janus-like* freedom, though it please not all,  
And averſly doth look on the *Scepter* and *Ball*,  
Will shut up his *Temple* at next *Common-hall*,  
*Which, &c.*

Then let's pray to Great *Jove*, that made *Monk*  
so kind  
To our desperate estate, to put him in mind,  
With the rest of our *Worthies* of the *Great Thing*  
behind, *Which no body can deny.*

---

### *The Cock-Crowing at the Approach of a Free-Parliament : Or,*

*Good news in a Ballot,  
More sweet to your Pallat  
Than Fig, Raisin, or stewed Prune is:  
A Countrey wit made it  
Who ne'r got the Trade yet;  
And Mad Tom of Bedlam the Tune is.*

I.  
**M**ORE Wine Boy; to be sober  
Is sottish in my Opinion,

When

When so near we do see  
The day that will free  
Three Kingdoms and a Dominion.

*(and Scots,*  
**CHORUS.** *Then off with your Pots, English, Irish*  
*And loyal Cambro-Britains,*  
*From Lobster-like jump*  
*And the Head-playing Rump*  
*You'll soon have an Acquittance.*

2.  
Though *Monk's* mind lyes not open  
To every mind that's busie,  
A Free Parliament  
Is his intent,  
No *Noll*, nor *Lambert* is he.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

3.  
A Parliament untainted,  
( Away with *secluded Members* :  
New flame it might make,  
Again to untake,  
And stir up rebellious Embers. )  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

4.  
A Parliament of Members  
That in Blood and Estate are no small Boyes;  
The devilish Rump-elves  
Are for none but themselves,  
Those will be ( like God ) for us all boyes.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

5.  
Such a Parliament more happy  
Then Fishes will create you,

Though

I. Part II. Rump Songs. 173

Though no trade you do drive  
But to tippie and swive,  
You'll be plump in flesh and estate too.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

6.

A Hound and a Hawk no longer  
Shall be tokens of disaffection,  
A Cock-fight shall cease  
To be breach of the Peace,  
And an Horse-race an Insurrection.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

7.

The Stages to their Freedom  
Shall be restored soon after,  
And Poets like Lictors  
Shall scourge our Afflictors,  
And make our old Sufferings our Laughter,  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

8.

W ——— P ——— shall be the Master  
Oth' Revells (for' contrition,)  
His Histrio-mastix  
Was one of his rash tricks,  
Er his early circumcision.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

9.

We'll preach and pray 'thout canting,  
In a Language Heaven knows better  
Than ah Lord repeating,  
And Hum and Ha bleating  
With calves of the Lip in the Letter.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

10. Wee'l

174 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

10.

Wee'l no more to enslave us  
Wear Chains, but to boast our Riches,  
We Lobsters will eat,  
And not be their meat,  
When the right *Rump* wears the Breaches.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

11.

All Nations shall adore us,  
Stiff *Don* at our foot shall tumble,  
The Dutch-men shall fear us,  
And all to *Mijn* Here us;  
And French cry *votre tres-humble*.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

12.

The Citizens shall flourish,  
Lord *Majors*, when the office expires,  
Shall a Knight-hood obtain,  
If they're not of the strain  
Of Excise, nor Church-land Buyers.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

13.

This *London* had effected  
E'r now, and honour had got so,  
But for *Knaves Ireton*  
And *Titchburn* were known,  
When the *Drugster's Son* was not so.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

14.

Each year shall bring a harvest  
To th' Plough-man, who was vext ill  
When but every fourth year  
By the Tax-Calendar  
It came like the Biss textile.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

15. H

Part II. *Rump Songs.*

175

15.

His Rent he shall pay duly,  
Nor to spend shall he want his 'groate';  
His Landlord shall be  
Of his Beer to him free,  
And of's flesh to his Wife and his Daughter.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

16.

But now my furious fancy  
A Project is concocting  
When God shall have sent  
A true Parliament,  
What a Rope shall we do with this mocking?

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

17.

Like Mare with dock to th' Manger,  
To shew it no cheat at all is  
It like one doth appear,  
But it is none, and where  
The head should have been, the tail is:

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

19.

Or we'll send for the Ghost of *Lorrell*,  
Who choakt so neatly the Peak-feast,  
And hee'l *Carbonado*  
It with little a-doe,  
To make the Devil a Breakfast.

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

20.

We read of a Rump in *St. Austin*,  
That (before this of ours) out-went all,  
Which sounds did let fly  
As articulately,

As if it had a *Lenthal*

Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

21. But

20.

But nere poor Rump was firked  
Like this by wits, and no wits.

Nor ever was game  
So fit as this fame  
To enter and flesh young Poets.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

21.

More good things I could utter,  
But now I find by a token,  
That the play will begin,  
And good fortune come in  
E'r the Prologue be quite spoken.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

22.

*Charls Wanes's* 'ore the new Chimney,  
The Suns near our Horizon,  
The Fowles of the night  
Are taking their flight,  
Ere *Cheshire* prey they seize on.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

23.

Wee'l drink and pray no longer  
For the King in mystical fashions :  
But with Trumpets sound  
His Health shall go round,  
And our Prayers be Proclamations.  
Cho. *Then off with, &c.*

24.

Now *Lockey, Teag, and Shenken,*  
Shall boast no more of *St. Andrew,*  
*St. Patrick,* or *St. Davie,*  
But *St. George,* who, to save 'ee,  
'Gainst Dragon-Rump like a man drew.

Cho.



Part II. Rump Songs. 177

(Scots,  
Chorus. *Then off with your Pots, English Irish and  
And loyal Cambro-Britains,  
From Loöster-like jump,  
And the Headplaying Rump  
You'll soon have an Acquittance.*

---

1  
*Saint George and the Dragon.*

*To the Tune of, Old Souldjour of the Queens, &c.*

**N**EWS, News: --- Here's the Occurrences,  
and a new *Mercurius*:

A Dialogue betwixt *Hastlerigg the basted*, and *Arthur the furious*:

With *Iretons* readings upon *Legitimate* and *Spurious*,

Proving that a *Saint* may be the *Son of a Whore*; for  
the satisfaction of the curious.

*From a Rump insatiate as the Sea,  
Libera nos Domine.*

Here's the true reason of the *Cities* insatiation:  
*Ireton* has made it drunk with the cup of abomination:

That is, --- the Cup of the *Whore*, after the *Geneva*  
interpretation:

Which, with the Juyce of *Tichburn's Grapes*, must  
needs cause *Intoxication*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Here's

## 178 Rump Songs. Part II.

Here's the ~~Whipper~~ whipt--by a friend to George,  
that whipt Jack, that whipt the Breech,  
That whipt the Nation, as long as he could stand over  
it : --- After which

It was it self Re--jerk'd, by the sage Author of this  
Speech :

Methinks a Rump should go as well with a Scotch spur,  
as with a Switch.

From a Rump, &c.

This Rump hath many a Rotten and unruly Member,  
Give the General the Oath, cries one; --- (but his  
Conscience being a little tender,)

I'll Abjure you, with a Horse-pox, quoth George,--  
and make you remember

The 'Leaventh of February, longer than the Fifth  
of November.

From a Rump, &c.

With that --- Monk leaves ( in Rump assembled ) --  
the three Estates.

But oh, --how the Citizens hugg'd him for break-  
ing down their Gates,

For tearing up their Postes and Chaines, and for  
clapping up their Mates,

( When they saw, that he brought them Plasters for  
their broken Pates. )

From a Rump, &c.

In truth, this ruffle put the Town in great disorder,  
Some Knaves ( in Office ) smil'd, --- expecting

'Twould go further;

But

## Part II. Ramp Songs. 179

But at the last--my life on't, George is no Rumper  
 ---said the Recorder:  
 For there never was either *Honest man*, or *Monk*  
*of that Order.*

*From a Rump, &c.*

And so it prov'd, for *Gentlemen*, says the General,  
 I'll make you amends;  
 Our Greeting was a little untoward, but we'll part  
*Friends,*  
 A little time shall shew you which way my Design  
 tends;  
 And that, besides the good of Church and State, I  
 have no other ends.

*From a Rump, &c.*

His Excellence had no sooner pass'd this Declaration and Promise,  
 But in steps Secretary Scot, — the Rumps man  
*Thomas,*  
 With Luke, their lame Evangelist — (the Devil keep 'um from us,)  
 To shew Monk what precious Members of Church and  
 State the Rump ha's.

*From a Rump, &c.*

And now comes the Supplication of the Members under the Rod,  
 Nay, My Lord, (cries the Brewers Clerk) good my  
 Lord, --- for the love of God,  
 Consider yourself, us, --- and this poor Nation, and  
 that Tyrant abroad;

180 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

Don't leave us:—but *George* gave him a *Shrugg*,  
instead of a *Nodd*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

This mortal *Silence* was followed with a most hideous *Noyse*

Of *Free-Parliament Bells*, and *Rump-confounding*  
*Boyes* :

*Crying*, *Gneld the Rogues*, *Singe their Tayles* ———  
when with a low *Voyce*;

*Fire and Sword*, by this *Light*, cries *Tom*, let's look  
to our *Toyes*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Never were wretched *Members* in so sad a *Plight* :  
Some were *Broyl'd*, --- some *Toasted*, others burnt  
out-right.

*Nay* against *Rumps* so *Pistyleffe* was their *Rage* and  
*Spite*,

That not a *Citizen* would kiss his *Wife* that *Night*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

By this time, *Death*, and *Hell* appear'd in the ghastly  
*Looks*

Of *Scor*, and *Robinson*; ( those *Legislative Rooks* )

And it must needs put the *Rump* most damnably  
off the *Hooks*,

To see, that when *God* has sent *Meat*, the *Devil* should  
send *Cooks*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

But *Providence*, their old *Friend*, brought these  
*Saints* off, at *Last*,

And

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 181

And through the *Pikes* and the *Flames*, ~~mis-dismem-~~  
*bered* they pass,

Although ( God wot ) with many *struglings*, and  
much *Hast*.

( For --- *Members*, --- or *no Members* was but a  
measuring *Cast* )

*From a Rump, &c.*

Being come to *Whiteball*; --- there's the dismal  
mone :

Let Monk be *Damn'd*, cries *Arthur*, in a terrible  
tone :

That *Traitor* : --- and those *Cukoldly Rogues* that  
set him on.

( But, tho' the Knight *Spits blood*, 'tis observ'd that  
he *Draws none*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

The *Plague Bawle* you, cries *Harry Martyn*, you  
have brought us to this *Condition*,

You must be *canting*, and be *Pox'd*, --- with your  
*Bare-bones Petition*,

And take in that *Bull-headed*, *splay-footed Member*  
of *Circumcision*,

That *Bacon-fac'd Jew*, *Corbet* : that *Son of Perdition*.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Then in steps *Driv'ling Mounson*, to take up the  
*Squabble* :

That *Lord*, which first taught the use of the *Wood-*  
*den Dagger*, and *Laddle*,

He, --- that out-does *Jack Pudding*, at a *Custard*,  
or a *Candle*.

N n a

And

And were the Best Fool in Europe, but that he  
wants a Bauble.

*From a Rump, &c.*

More was said, to little Purpose; the next News,  
is a Declaration

From the Rump, for a Free State, according to  
the Covenant of the Nation,

And a Free Parliament, under Oath, and Qua-  
lification,

Where none shall be Elect, but Members of Repre-  
sentation.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Here's the Tail Firk'd; a Piece acted lately with  
great applause,

With a Plea for the Prerogative Breech, and  
the Good Old Cause:

Proving, that Rumps, and Members are antienter  
than Laws:

And that a Bump Divided, is never the worse  
for the Flawes.

*From a Rump, &c.*

But all things have their Period, and Fate,

An Act of Parliament dissolves a Rump of State:

Members grow weak; and Tayles themselves run out  
of Date:

And yet thou shalt not Dye; ( Dear Breech ) thy  
Fame I'll celebrate.

*From a Rump, &c.*

Here lies a Pack of Cheats, that did their Souls, and  
Country Sell

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 183

For Dirt: *The Devil was their good Lord; him they*  
*serv'd well;*  
By his *Advice*, they *Stood*, and *Assed*; and by his  
*President* they *fell*,  
(*Like Lucifer*) making but *one step* betwixt *Hea-*  
*ven*, and *Hell*.

*From a Rump insatiate at the Sea,*  
*Libera nos Domine.*

---

### *A Free-Parliament Letany.*

To the Tune of, *An old Soldier of the Queens.*

1.

**M**Ore Ballads;—here's a pick--and--span  
*new Supplication;*  
By Order of a Committee for the Reformation,  
To be read in all Churches and Chappels of this  
Nation,  
Upon pain of Slavery, and Sequestration.  
*From Fools and Knaves, in our Parliament-free*  
*Libera nos Domine.*

2.

From those that ha\* more Religion, and lesse  
Conscience than their Fellows;  
From a Representative, that's *fearfull*, and *jealous*;  
From a starting *Jadish* People, that is troubled  
with the *yellow*s,  
And a Priest that blows the Cole—( a Turd in  
the Bellows. )

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

N n 3

3. From

3.  
From Shepherds, that leade their Flocks into  
the Briers;

And then, Fleece 'um. — From Vow-breakers,  
and Ring-tryers:

Of Gburch and Crown-lands from both Sellers and  
Buyers:

From the Children of him, that's the Father of  
Lyers.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

4.  
From the Doctrine and Discipline \*Sedgewick  
of \*now, and anon;

Preserve us, and our wives: from || John a Nokes.

|| John T & Saint † John † John a Styles.

Like Master, like Man, every way  
but one:

The Master has a large Conscience and the Man  
has none.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

5.  
From Major Generals, — Army-Officers; and  
that Phanatique Crew:

From the Parboyl'd Pimp Scot; and from Good-face  
the Jew:

From old Mildmay, that in Cheapside \*Repulsed by a  
mistook his \*Queen, Citizens wife.

And from him that w<sup>o</sup>nt Plodge — give the  
Devil his due.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

6.  
From long-winded Speeches, and not a wise  
word,

From a Gospel-Ministry settled by th' Sword,  
From



## II. Part II. Rump Songs. 185

From the A& of a Rump, that sinks when 'tis  
flir'd;

From a Knight of the Post, and a Cobling Lord,  
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

7.

From all the Rich People that ha' made us Poor;  
From a Speaker that creeps to the House by a  
Back-dore:

From that Badger Robinson, (that limps, and  
bites sore:)

And that dog in a doublet *Arthur*, — that will  
do so no more

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

8.

From a certain Sly Knave with a Beastly name:  
From a Parl'ment that's wilde, and a People that's  
tame.

From Skippon, Titchbourne, Ireton, — and a-  
nother of the Same;

From a Dunghill Cock, and a Hen of the Game.  
From Fools and Knaves, &c.

9.

From all those that sate in the High Court of  
Justice;

From Usurpers, that stile themselves the Peoples  
Trustees;

From an old Rump, in which neither Profit nor  
Gust is;

And from the recov'ry of that which now in the  
Dust is.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

10.

From a back-sliding Saint, that pretends t' Ac-  
quiesce;

N n 4

From

# 186 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

From crossing of Proverbs (let 'um *Hung* that  
confess)

From a *Snivelling Cause* in a *Pontifical dress*;

And two || *Lawyer's*, with the Devil, || *Jack's bath*.  
And his Damm in a mess.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

11.

From those that trouble the Waters to mend the  
Fishing;

And fight the Lord's Battels, under the Devill's  
Commission;

Such as eat up the Nation, while the Govern-  
ment's a Dishing,

And from a People when it should be Doing  
stands Wishing.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

12.

From an *everlasting* Mock-Parliament, — and  
from none;

From *Straffords* Old friends, — *Harry, Jack*  
and *John*.

From the *Sollicitor's Wolfe Law*, deliver our  
*King's Sonne*;

And from the Resurrection of the *Rump* that is  
*dead and gone*.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

13.

From Foreign Invasion and Commotions at  
Home;

From our present Distraction, and from worse to  
come;

From the same hand again, *Smethwicke* or the  
*Bumme*;

And

## Part II. Rump Songs. 187

And from taking *Geneva* in our way to *Rome*.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

14.

From a Hundred thousand pound Tax, to maintain Knaves and Whores :

( But it is well given to These, that turn'd Those out of Doors )

From undoing our Selves, in plastring old Sores :  
He that set them a work, let him pay their Scores.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

15.

From Saints, and Tender-Consciences in Puff;  
From *Mounson* in a Fume; and *Haslerig* in a Huff;  
From both Men and Women that think they never have Enough.

And from a Fools Head that looks through a Chain and a Ruff.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

16.

From those that would divide the Gen'ral and the City;

From *Harry Martins Whore*, that was neither Sound nor Pretty;

From a Faction, that ha's neither Brain nor Pitty;  
From the Mercy of a Phanatique Committee.

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

17.

Preserve us good Heaven from intrusting those,  
That ha' Much to Get, and Little to Loose;  
That Murther'd the Father, and the Son would Depose.

( Sure they can't be Our Friends, that are their Country's Foes, )

*From Fools and Knaves, &c.*

18. From

18.

From Bradshaw's Presumption, and from Hoyle's  
Despairs;

From rotten Members; blinde Guides; Preaching  
Aldermen; and false May'rs;

From Long Knives, Long Eares, Long Parlia-  
ments, and Long Pray'rs,

In mercy to this Nation, ——— Deliver us  
and our Heirs.

From Fools and Knaves, &c.

*Libera nos Domine,*

*A Dialogue betwixt TOM and DICK :*  
*the former a Country-man, the other a*  
*Citizen. Presented to his Excellency*  
*and the Council of State, at Dra-*  
*pers-Hall in London, March 28.*  
**1660.**

**To the Tune of I'll never love thee more.**

Tom. **N**OW would I give my life to see  
This wondrous Man of might.

Dick. Dost see that Jolly Lad? That's he;  
I'll warrant him hee's Right.

There's a true Trojan in his face:

Observe him o're and o're.

Dick. Come Tom; If ever George be base, }  
Ne'r trust good-fellow more. } Chorus

Hee's

## Part II. Rump Songs. 188

Hee's none of that Phantastique Brood,  
 That Murther while they Pray;  
 That Trusse and Cheat us for our Good;  
 ( All in a Godly way, )  
 He drinks no Blood, and They no Sack  
 Into their Guts will poure.  
*But if George does not do the Knack,* } Cho.  
*Ne'r trust good-fellow more.*

His quiet Conscience needs no Guard;  
 Hee's Brave, but full of Pitty.  
*Tom.* Yet by your leave he knock'd so hard,  
 H'ad like t' awak'd the City.  
*Dick* Fool, 'Twas the Rump that let a Fart,  
 The Chaines and Gates it tore,  
*But if George bears not a true heart,* } Cho.  
*Ne'r trust good-fellow more.*

*Tom.* Your City blades are cunning Rooks;  
 How rarely you collogue him?  
 But when your Gates flew off the Hooks,  
 You did as much be-rogue him.  
*Dick* Pug'h——'Twas the Rump did only feel  
 The blows the City bore.  
*But if George ben't as true as Steel,* } Cho.  
*Ne'r trust good-fellow more.*

*Tom.* Come, by this Hand, wee'l crack a quart,  
 Thou'lt pledge his health, I trow.  
*Tom.* Tope boy, *Dick*——A lusty dish my heart,  
 Away w'ot; *Tom*—— Let it go.  
 Drench me you slave in a full Bowl,  
 I'll take't and 'twere a score.

Nay.

Dick. *Nay, if George be not a hearty soul,* } Cho.  
*Ne'er trust Good-fellow more.*

Tom. But hark you, Sirrah, we're too loud,  
 Hee'l Hang us by and by.  
 Me'thinks; he should be vengeance Proud?

Dick. No more than Thee or I.

Tom. Why then I'll give him the best Blade  
 That e'er the Bilbo wore.

Dick. *If George prove not a Bonny Lad,* } Cho.  
*Ne'er trust Good-fellow more.*

Tom. 'Twas well he came, we'd mawl'd the Tail.  
 ——— We've all thrown up our Farms,  
 And from the Musket to the Flayl,  
 Put all our Men in Arms.  
 The Girls had ta'en the Members down,  
 Ne'er saw such things before.

Dick. *If George speak not the Town our own,* } Cho.  
*Ne'er trust Good-fellow more.*

Dick. But prethee, are the Folk so mad?

Tom. So mad say'st? ——— They're undone,  
 There's not a Penny to be had,  
 And ev'ry Mothers Son  
 Must fight, if he intend to eat,  
 Grow Valiant now he is Poor.

Dick. *Come---yet if Geore don't do the feat,* } Cho.  
*Ne'er trust Good-fellow more.*

Tom. Why Richard, 'tis a Devilish thing,  
 We're not left worth a Groat.  
 My Doll has sold her Wedding-ring,  
 And Sue has pawn'd her Coat.

The

## Part II. Rump Songs. 191

The Sniv'ling Rogues abus'd our Squire,  
And called our Mistriss Whore.

Dick. Yet— if George don't ~~what we~~ require,  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. By this good day; I did but Speak,  
They took my Py-ball'd Mare;  
And put the Carri'on Wench to th'squeak;  
( Things go against the Hair. )  
Our Prick-ear'd Cor'nel looks as bigg  
Still, as he did before.

Dick. And yet if George don't hum his Gigg, } Ch.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

'Faith, Tom our Case is much at one;  
We're broke for want of Trade;  
Our City's baffled and undone,  
Betwixt the Rump and Blade.  
We've emptied both our Veins & Baggs  
Upon a Feetious Score.  
If George compassion not our Raggs } Cho.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But what dost thou think should be the Cause  
Whence all these Mischiefs spring?

Dick. Our damned breach of Oaths and Laws;  
Our Murder of the King.  
We have been Slaves since Charls his reign;  
We liv'd like Lords before.  
If George don't set all right again, } Cho.  
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Our Vicar — (And hee's one that knows)  
Told me once, — I know what. —  
And

( And yet the Thief is woundy Close )

Dick. 'Tis all the better; — That  
H'as too much Honesty and Wit,  
To let his Tongue run o're;  
*If this prove not a lucky hit,*  
*Ne're trust Good-fellow more.* } Chorus.

Tom. Shall's ask him, what he means to do?  
— 'Good faith, with all my heart;  
Thou mak'st the better Leg o'th' Two:  
Take Thou the Better part:  
I'll follow, if thou'lt lead the Van.

Dick. Content; — I'll march before.  
*If George prove not a gallant man,*  
*Ne're trust Good-fellow more.* } Chor.

My Lord; — in Us the Nation craves  
But what you're bound to do.

Tom. — We have liv'd Drudges: Ric. — And we:  
Btb. We would not dye so too.

Restore us but our Laws again;  
Th' unborn shall thee adore;  
If George denies us his Amen,  
*Ne're trust Good-fellow more.* } Chorus



*A Psalm of Mercy.*

Ufula, (*who cry's Ends of Gold and Silver*) reads, and all the Sisters sing.

To the Tune of, *Now thanks to the Powers below!*

Sing it in the Nose.

**W**Hat a Reprobate crew is here,  
Who will not have *Jesum* Reign?  
But send all our Saints  
To Bonds and Restraint,  
And kill 'um again and again?  
Let's rise in a holy fear,  
And fight for our heavenly King;  
We will ha' no power  
But *Vane* in the Tower  
To rule us in any thing!  
Come Sister, and sing  
An Hymne to our King,  
Who sitteth on high Degree;  
The Men at *Whitehall*,  
And the wicked shall fall,  
And hey, then up go We.  
A Match, quoth my sister *Joyce*,  
Contented, quoth *Rachel* too;  
Quoth *Abigaile*, yea, and *Faith*, verily,  
And *Charity*, let't be so.

Our

Our Monarchy is the Fifth,  
Shall last for a thousand years;

O'th' wicked on earth

There shall be a dearth,

When *Jesur* himself appears!

And we are the Babes of Grace,

The fruits of an holy Seed;

For old Father *Cann*

(That Reverend man)

Begat us in Word and Deed.

The earth is our own,

For Title there's none,

But in the right Heirs of *Sion*;

Then let us be free,

For verily we

No King ha' but *Judab's* Lion.

'Tis verity, quoth old *Joane*,

And Sooth, quoth my sister *Prue*,

'Tis manifest truth, quoth mortified *Ruth*,

And the Gospel is so, say's *Su*.

The Bishops and Bells shall down,

For we have an holy Call;

The Saints are beyond

All Order and Bond

Of duty to Priests of *Baal*.

Their Pipes and Organs too,

Their Superstitious Shirt,

Their Canons and Bulls,

(To cozen poor Gulls,)

Wee'le trample 'um in the Dirt.

No Ordinance shall

Command us all;

## Part II. *Rump Songs.* 195

For we are above their thrall. !  
We care not a Straw  
For Reason or Law;  
For Conscience is all in all.  
Ay marry, quoth *Agatha*,  
And *Temperance*, eke also,  
Quoth *Hanna*, it's just, and *Mary* it must  
And shall be, quoth *Grace*, I trow.

The Steeple-house Lands are ours,  
Kings, Queens, Delinquents too,  
And *James's* and all  
The Court at *White-hall*,  
And *Somerset-house* also.  
For *Torbalds* it is our right,  
And *Marrow-bone-Park* to boot,  
And *Eltham's* our own.  
At *Endfield* there's none,  
But our selves that shall grub a root.  
And *Greenwich* shall be  
For Tenements, free  
For Saint to possess *Pell-mell*.  
And where all the Sport  
Is at *Hampton Court*,  
Shall be for our selves to dwell.  
'Tis blessed, quoth *Bathsheba*,  
And *Clemence*, w' ar' all agreed;  
'Tis right, quoth *Gartrude*, and fit say's  
(sweet *Jude*.  
And *Thomazine* yea indeed.

For Husbands we shall have have none,  
But Brothers in purity;

196 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

We will not be Wives  
 And tye up our Lives  
 To Villanous slavery;  
 But couple in love and fear;  
 When mov'd by the spirit to;  
 For there is no sin  
 To let a Saint in;  
 When he has the grace to do'r,  
 And thus are we taught,  
 No folly is wrought,  
 When Brothers will excise,  
 Both *Kiffin* and *Hills*  
 ( No Printer of Bills )  
 Have prov'd it in ample wise.  
 'Tis true, quoth *Elizabeth*,  
 And 'tis very good, quoth *Pri*,  
 And *Aquila* too will have it be so,  
 And so will my Sister *Sis*.

What though the King Proclaim's  
 Our Meetings no more shall be;  
 In private we may  
 Hold forth the right way,  
 And be, as we should be, free,  
 Our Husbands wee'l make believe,  
 We go but to take the aire,  
 Or visit a Nurse,  
 And lighten their Purse  
 With a little dissembling Prayer.  
 Or if they be crosse,  
 ( Let um stand to the losse )  
 We'l tempt our Apprentices,  
 ( By writing a Dash,  
 To cozen the Cash, )

And

Part II. *Rump Songs.* 197

And make 'um meer Novices.

Oh very well said, quoth *Con*,

And so will I do, say's *Franck*.

And *Mercy* cry's I, and *Mat*, really;

And I'm o' that mind, quoth *Thank*.

Wee'l cut off the wicked Rout, •

And bath us all in their Blouds;

Their Houses and Land

Wee'l have at Command.

And common upon their Goods

No mortal King nor Priest,

No Lord, nor Duke wee'l have,

Wee'l grind 'um to Grist,

And live as we list,

And we will do wonders brave;

Come *Dorcas* and *Cloe*,

With *Lois* and *Zoe*,

Young *Letice* and *Beterice* and *Jane*,

*Phill*, *Dorothy*, *Mawd*,

Come troupe it abroad;

For now is our time to reign.

Sa, sa, quoth my sister *Bab*,

And Kill 'um, quoth *Margery*;

Spare none, cry's old *Tib*, nor quarter

(say's *Sib*;

And hey ! for our Monarchy.

Let's all take the Sacrament,

That we to each other be true,

And kill without pity

In Country and City;

The wicked ungodly Crew.

We'll favour no Sex, nor Age,

O o 2

No

198 *Rump Songs.* Part II.

No Quality, nor Degree;  
 But all shall to Pot,  
 Both *English* and *Scot*,  
 That hinder our Liberty.  
 The Maior of the Town,  
 (That terrible *Brown*,)  
 And Cox and the Captains all,  
 Wee'l torture and slay  
 In a merciless way,  
 And mince 'um, like herbs, as small.  
 Ay, that is the way, quoth *Emm*,  
 Quoth *Phæbe*, we conquer shall;  
 Say's *Lucy*, 'tis well; quoth *Jylian* and  
 (Nell,  
 'Twill make us amend for all.

*A Loyal Wish.*

What Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 Fanaticks in Truth profess,  
 By *Germanie's* Woe,  
 And our *Rebels* || here too, || or, *Sisters, Utrum,*  
 Well may we do more than guess *horum, harum.*  
 Th'ar' just like *Gadarens* Swine,  
 Which the Devils did drive and bewitch :  
 An Herd, set on evil,  
 Will run to the Devil, \* *Brains*  
 And's Dam, when their \* *Tails* do itch :  
 The let 'um run on!  
 Say's *Ned*, *Tom*, and *Iohn* :  
 Ay ! let 'um be hang'd, quoth *Mum* !  
 Th'ar' mine quoth old *Nick*,

And

## Part II. Rump Songs.

199

And take 'um *sayes Dick*,  
And well come! quoth worshipfull *Dum*,  
And God bleſs King *Charles*, quoth  
(*George*,  
And ſave him, ſay's *Simon and Sill*,  
I, I, quoth old *Cole*, and each loyal Soul,  
And Amen, and Amen, cry's *Will*.

### *The Honest Mens Resolution.*

But what, ſhall we doe with our Wives,  
That ſit up and down the Town?  
And one is for *Bowles*,  
And t'other for *Knowles*,  
But all againſt *Cox and Brown*?  
They cheat us all with their looks,  
And ſnivell and ſnot by roate!  
And nothing but ſqueak,  
For *Venner and Feake*,  
And for a Lac'd Morning-Coat,  
For ſuch a Bell-dam,  
*Sayes Sylas and Sam*,  
Let's have an *Italian Lock*!  
No, no! It's far better,  
Quoth *Robin and Peter*,  
To take 'um all down ith' Dock!  
But that will not do, ſayes *Nump*,  
Then nothing, ſayes *Roger and Raph*!  
Let's lay 'um, ſayes *Nat*, and ſplay 'um,  
(ſayes *Wat*,  
And then we ſhall make 'um ſafe.

But

But, Faith, y'are all our oth' way!

The Sisters have such a Trick!

No Instrument will

Seclude 'um from ill,

But still against P——'s; they'l kick.

What shall we do then? quoth *Hall*;

Let's cope up their Lecherie!

Sayes *Rowland* we may,

Be Masters, that way.

\* *Theophilus*.

But will not last long, quoth \* *The*.

What shall we do then,

Quoth *Cutbert* and *Ben*.

Let's do 'um like men, quoth *Dan*,

Let's fill up their Chincks,

Sayes *Mytical Sphynx*.

Quoth *Taffie*, then I'm your man!

And I am as cut, quoth *Cad*,

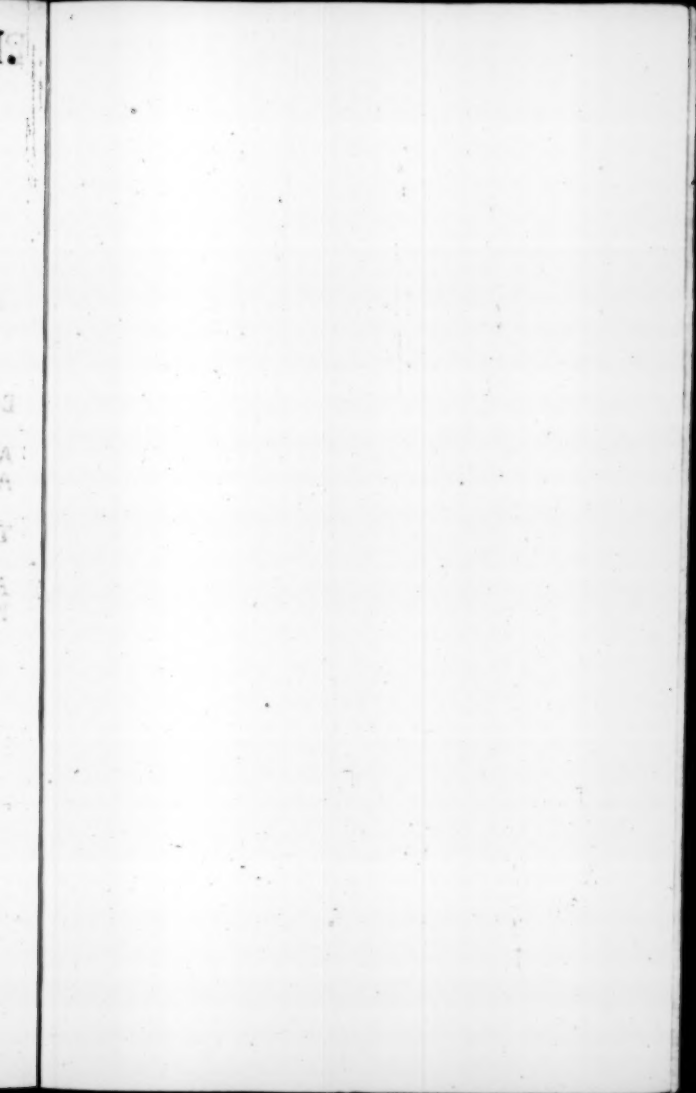
And *Shenkin*, *Me vat-a-wbe*.

*Ap Howel*, it's true, and *Morgan & Hugh*

*Y Cambrie*, *Dien*, *Dalb-a-wbe*.

**F I N I S.**







HEH  
Japs